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Olive Goodman, *Secretary*

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CIVIL RIGHTS: THE CONTINUING REVOLUTION

BY EVERETT C. LADD, JR.

THROUGHOUT our history the relations of Negro and white have been caught up in change. In *The Strange Career of Jim Crow* C. Vann Woodward reminds us that the "traditional" Southern solution—the "Jim Crow" system which required segregation and gross exclusion—had in fact a rather short life. Implemented in the late 1890's, it had experienced substantial modification by the end of the Second World War. A series of periods can be identified, each with its own definition or competing definitions of "correct" race relations. And though in each period those speaking for Negro Americans have disagreed over many specific approaches and objectives, in each there has been general agreement both on the content of the racially just society and on the broad outlines of a program for realizing it.

The Supreme Court decisions of May 17, 1954, define the beginning of one such period, a period of revolutionary assault on the Jim Crow system. We are concerned here, of course, with a flow of history, and history rarely stops abruptly only to move on in another direction. The beginning and ending of historical periods usually is blurred over months and years. But the Court action against school segregation does indicate in a general way the beginning of a significant departure in American race relations. And in the same way, it will be argued here, the civil rights legislation of 1964 and 1965 points to the ending of this

period and to a charting of a new course for the civil rights movement. The breadth of the assault on Jim Crow in the last decade and the intensity of the struggle for leadership within the civil rights movement might create doubt that any unifying theme—beyond agreement that second-class citizenship must go—existed. But now as this period ends, we become aware that it was a *period,* with its own visions and hopes and a distinctive approach. The changes in objectives, orientation and techniques that herald movement into a new period will be described here, for together they define a dramatically new direction for what is a continuing revolution.

The civil rights movement during the period that is ending as throughout our history looked South. This is hardly surprising. The problems confronting Negro Americans in the South were of a radically different—and far more deplorable—dimension than in the North. It was not wrong to see the North as a purgatory to which Negroes could flee from a Southern hell. Civil rights organizations like the NAACP were founded as *Northern-based* instruments for changing conditions *in the South.* But race advancement is being nationalized and we find ourselves in the mid 1960's at last pushed to a realization that the struggle is not regional. The period into which we are moving is identified first of all, then, by the inadequacy of a "Southern strategy."

The vast migration of Negro Americans in the last half century forms the backdrop for the nationalizing of the politics of race advancement. In 1830 about 93 percent of all Negro Americans lived in the South, and the figure had dropped only to 85 percent ninety years later. But during the First World War Negroes began moving in large numbers from the South, and this migration continued in the 'twenties and speeded up greatly in the 'thirties and 'forties. In the mid-'sixties, for the first time in our history, a majority of Negro Americans (51 percent) were recorded living outside the eleven states of the old Confederacy. And this migration from the rural South to cities South and North continues. So in the first instance the great regional differences historically associated with the race advance-

ment struggle have been blurred because Negroes now are living in large numbers in major cities throughout the country.

But the nationalizing of the politics of race means more than this. The political position of the Southern Negro has been strengthened enormously while that of his Northern counterpart has remained essentially static. In 1954 the North and the South still were two different worlds when measured in terms of Negro political power. In the North Negroes were part of the old New Deal coalition and were able to reap benefits from this. Far from being denied the vote, they were carefully cultivated. But in the South the Negro was powerless. Few white politicians would make any concession to his interests because to do so was to commit political suicide. Today, Northern Negroes remain part of the Democratic coalition, but some of their partners in that coalition are becoming increasingly restive as the civil rights movement pushes for objectives well beyond those of the limited welfare state—those, that is, that the coalition initially was built to achieve. In contrast, there has been a dramatic expansion of Negro political power in the South, well illustrated by developments in electoral politics. Two and a half decades ago fewer than 250,000 Negroes were registered in Dixie, about 5 percent of those of voting age. Spurred by such landmark decisions as *Smith v. Allwright* (1944), which ended the white primary, Negro registration climbed slowly, and stood at about a million for the 1952 presidential election. Over the next ten years the number increased by 400,000. But in the two years preceding the 1964 presidential election, nearly 900,000 additional Negro voters were added to the lists in the South, and the total registration—2,250,000—represented 45 percent of all voting-age Negroes in the region.

In some rim-South cities Negro electoral power is even more impressive than the South-wide data would indicate. In Winston-Salem, North Carolina, for example, 14,300 Negroes are registered. Almost one registered voter in three is a Negro. In all the major rim-South cities Negroes have unrestricted access to the ballot box. The relatively high socio-economic position of the Negro population has meant the development of a Negro

middle class sufficiently large to give effective political leadership. In general, a pattern of race relations has developed which regards Negro participation in electoral politics as legitimate. In many of these cities Negroes are now holding elective office and positions in the Democratic Party organization as well as on city boards and commissions. The Negro vote frequently is highly cohesive, going by overwhelming margins to the favored candidate. It is no longer the kiss of death for white politicians to receive and even solicit formal Negro support. In mayoralty elections in Winston-Salem in 1957, 1959, and 1961, the victorious Democratic candidates received substantially less than half of the white vote. They were elected on the basis of smashing 95 to 5 percent margins from Negro voters. In the 1963 mayoralty race the Democratic candidate made very substantial and specific commitments to Negroes (that the city's swimming pools would remain open on an integrated basis, that a biracial committee would be appointed, and that two additional Negroes would be appointed to the city-county school board) and he was rewarded with 93 percent of the Negro vote. His margin of victory was about 4600 votes; 4100 of these came from Negroes. Negroes could have defeated him and he knew it. He fulfilled his promises.

This is not to say that the South has become a haven for the oppressed Negro. And a Piedmont North Carolina city like Winston is a quite different place from Selma, Alabama. But it is important to recognize that the Southern Negro is no longer powerless, no longer a blank. The revolution in race relations in the American South can be understood in many ways, but above all as a revolution in political power. The power position of Negro Americans North and South has become increasingly similar, and now in the mid 1960's we have reached a point at which it makes no sense, except for a section of the deep South, to distinguish between the efficacy of the sanctions available. This contributes importantly to the nationalizing of the struggle for racial advancement.

The "Southern strategy" of the civil rights movement in the

past has been made necessary as well by the central preoccupation of the movement—the destruction of the Jim Crow system. "Jim Crow must go!" A decade ago Southern Negroes were just beginning to win an occasional battle against Jim Crow. The system still stood. *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka* sounded a call to arms. The North had discrimination but never the Jim Crow system, so in racial terms North and South were different worlds. But in the last decade gross exclusion barriers have fallen throughout the South, and in the problems beyond gross exclusion North and South are markedly alike.

The great civil rights battles of the last decade were battles against Jim Crow: the Brown decision; Montgomery; Little Rock; the sit-ins which began January 31, 1960, at a Woolworth's in Greensboro; Oxford, Mississippi; Birmingham. And we must add to this list the battle of Washington, culminating in the enactment of major civil rights legislation. For the 1964 and 1965 civil rights legislation was directed primarily at ending gross exclusion in the South. This legislation represents the culmination of the Southern strategy. It is hardly surprising that the legislation in a sense followed the fact, coming as mop-up action—still vitally important—after the Jim Crow system had been toppled.

Negro Americans still face gross exclusion barriers, as Selma so clearly showed; but Selma has become the exception. (I found it striking to read in North Carolina newspapers editorials lecturing Mississippi and Alabama in terms almost identical to those used by Northern papers against North Carolina half a decade ago.) Large parts of the South are now "open," most major public facilities admitting Negroes. The dramatic gains of spring and summer, 1963, have been extended by the substantial compliance which followed the 1964 legislation.

But the demise of Jim Crow has not brought the racially just society, and Negro leaders North and South have turned their attention increasingly to the problems which remain after gross exclusion has been ended. A new world of racial problems has

been opened. These problems have always been present, of course, but now they have been thrust to the forefront by the collapse of gross exclusion.

Much was heard in 1964 about a "civil rights backlash": the strong showing of George Wallace in the Democratic presidential primaries in Wisconsin, Indiana, and Maryland; the overwhelming defeat of open housing ordinances in a number of cities including Seattle and Tacoma, Washington; the repeal of the Rumford Fair Housing Act by California voters. But the term backlash was an inaccurate one. Whites did not draw back, but rather refused to move forward with Negroes to the objectives which the latter are now seeking. The attack on Jim Crow was carried out in a manner consonant with the demands of what Gunnar Myrdal calls the American Creed. "Treat Negroes like any other citizen," the movement insisted. It was the white Southerner who was denying the American Creed, not the Negro. It does seem doubtful that many whites had difficulty justifying to themselves the Jim Crow system, but it is still true that the Negro attack readily found support within American ideology.

Today, however, civil rights leaders are beginning to recognize publicly that "treating Negroes like everyone else," while infinitely better than treating them as inferiors, is not enough. Paul Parks, Education Secretary of the Boston NAACP, spoke for many in the movement when he argued that the end of a formal discriminatory policy in pupil assignment is only part of the answer: "The real problem is that kids (Negro and white) are growing up in Boston separated. If we want to talk about the social structure of tomorrow, then we must have children growing up in competition with no real feeling of race, with a teacher standing in front of the class who understands the situation, one who will batter down feelings of inferiority which the Negro may have, one who will overcome the condition of the child's home and eliminate feelings of race. Otherwise we will stay on the same carousel. . . . We can't start in the home. The Negro is immersed in a culture imposed upon him by a white majority. He accepts the way he is trained to act. This is the

best way to gain acceptance. From morning to night the Negro lives in an adult white world, apart from that world." What is argued here for education is being advanced for other areas such as housing and employment. One of the most forceful and cogent general statements of the need for compensatory treatment can be found in a recently published book, *Equality,* by Robert L. Carter, Dorothy Kenyon, Peter Marcuse, and Loren Miller. Remedial action is necessary. It is not enough after three centuries of discriminatory treatment to decide suddenly to treat Negroes "like everyone else."

When the movement asks for compensatory treatment of the kind it must seek, it will encounter strong opposition from "friendly" whites as well as from racists. The American Creed —which is, after all, primarily unreconstructed Liberalism— makes no provision for such demands. The freedom envisioned by the Creed is "negative" freedom, freedom from formal restriction of the individual's pursuit of happiness. Jim Crow imposed this type of restriction, but the problems beyond gross exclusion typically do not. Most white Americans, North and South, will not see that the simple removal of gross exclusion barriers is insufficient in view of the experience of Negro Americans over the last three centuries. Their response to Negroes' demands for compensatory treatment, and it is the Creed's response, will be, "Help yourselves, the opportunity is there." Indeed, this response can already be heard. Witness the hostility to the campaign led by the Rev. Milton Galamison against de facto segregation in the New York school system. In the November, 1964, issue of *Commentary,* Nathan Glazer found fault in the "almost Talmudic arguments about *how many* Negro students make a school 'de facto' segregated. . . ." What Glazer is so easily dismissing here is the growing recognition of the crushing legacy of the ghetto school, and the absolute imperative of ending it. Many liberal whites recently have been discovering self-help when confronted with Negro demands for compensatory treatment. No one, of course, should question the desirability of activity designed to increase race pride, to provide higher motivation, to encourage hard work. But when self-help is

posed *as an alternative* to compensatory treatment, it can only indicate how ill-equipped we are intellectually to meet the problems beyond gross exclusion.

This lack of awareness of the depth of our race problem, and hence of a political will for solution, confronts the civil rights movement at precisely the time it is beginning to demand an infinitely greater commitment of the country's resources for the eradication of problems more involved and deep-rooted than those of the past period. The old gross exclusion problems, however agonizing, were straightforward. Discrimination in the economic sphere meant such things as the refusal of Hanes Hosiery Company in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, to hire a Negro in any other than a janitorial capacity. The abuse was flagrant and a remedy was at hand. Hire qualified people without regard to race. This is not to make light of the resistance that Negroes and their white allies faced. Still, any man of the most modest intelligence could understand the problem and its solution. When Negroes are excluded from good jobs, however, because of insufficient training, training which they lack because of problems of education and motivation which go to the very core of what it has meant to be black in white America, then simple solutions are not to be found. We can no longer avoid the full enormity of the economic difficulties of Negro Americans. In 1964 when the median income for white families was over $6800, the median income for Negro families was about $3800, 55 percent as great. Moreover, the gulf separating Negroes and whites has been widening in dollar, though not in percentage, terms. Between 1959 and 1964, the median income for white families was raised by $1023 while that for Negro families was increasing by only $597. Fewer than 37 percent of our Negro families earned over $5000 in 1964, a level reached by 69 percent of the white families. Negroes are victimized by an unemployment rate higher today than it was a decade and a half ago, despite some improvement in the last 24 months. Negro Americans suffer an unemployment rate more than twice as high as the rate for white Americans.

Mechanization and automation continue to eliminate jobs in the unskilled and semi-skilled categories. It is now estimated that there are fewer than half as many such positions as there are high school dropouts. This presents a particular problem for Negro Americans, since the 1960 census found 78 percent of those twenty-five years of age and older with less than a high school education, and 47 percent with less than an eighth grade education.

Our economy is producing new jobs, but the increase has been greater in white collar employment. In the last eight years, we have added 5.4 million white collar positions while only one million blue collar jobs. Sometime around 1955, we became a nation with more white collar than blue collar workers. Boeing Aircraft illustrates the rapidity and extent of this employment trend: In 1940 it employed three blue collar workers for every one in a white collar, but today there are three in white collars for every two in blue. Many of the new white collar positions are of a routine nature, to be sure, and are not necessarily beyond the reach of the American poor, white or Negro. But these positions often do present an added hurdle in requiring, in varying degrees, interpersonal manipulation. The mechanics of operating a cash register can be taught with relative ease, but the handling of customers may take much longer.

And even more important, we lack objective and external standards for evaluating performance in many white collar positions. One's success in manipulating people necessarily involves *their evaluation of him* rather than of some act performed. He must be accepted as legitimate. The plumber does his job if the sink does not leak. The client's reaction to him is distinctly secondary. The initiate in a corporation bureaucracy lacks such tangible testimony to his worth. He must sell himself. Prejudice toward Negroes presents a somewhat more formidable barrier, then, in white collar than in blue collar employment.

It is problems such as these that the civil rights movement must now face. As long as attention was directed largely to gross discriminations in the economic sphere, the lack of training, the

generally poor educational background and that crippling of motivation that is a legacy of the American racial way of life could be partly ignored. The demand could be simply to admit those who could qualify, to take down the big keep-out signs that confronted all Negroes. But as those who have somehow overcome the enormous burdens of American racism are able to achieve positions roughly commensurate with their talents—and we still have a long way to go even here, of course—the problems of the mass become inescapably central. For it is the shocking but unavoidable fact that if all employers began today to hire solely on the basis of merit, the vast majority of Negro Americans would remain trapped at the bottom of our economic ladder. A growing awareness of this contributes a distinctly new flavor to the period into which we are now moving.

How well are we equipped for meeting the economic problems of Negro Americans that remain beyond gross exclusion? Few whites seem ready to endorse preferential hiring policies for Negroes. Few corporations appear ready to commit a portion of their enormous resources to a resolution of the economic difficulties of Negroes through remedial training programs. To be sure, some corporation leaders have had much to say about the joining of corporate power with social responsibility. The pages of *Fortune* and other business journals are filled regularly with discussions of how corporations can justify their enormous economic, social and political power by submitting to the guide of moral conscience, by using the power to promote values which transcend production and profits. Russell Davenport wrote somewhat poetically about the "greatest opportunity on earth" opening here for the corporation:

> It was the belief of the founders of this country, well-substantiated until the rise of the corporation, that men and women could be relied upon to keep the state at arm's length. It is now time for the business community to show that corporate action, which is still private action, and which emanates from individuals, can achieve the same result: that the Rights of Man can be made as safe in corporate hands as they were in individual hands. . . . Indeed, the vista will become immeasurable, once American enterprise awakes to the realization that in the "social problem" it is in fact faced with the greatest opportunity on earth.

But practice usually has been quite different. Andrew Hacker, a thoughtful student of the corporation, concluded that "corporations have the power to enforce the principle of equality in hiring and upgrading, but with one or two exceptions they have decided to play along with white supremacy. . . ."

> Since the end of World War II northern based corporations have been opening branch plants in the South. In return for tax concessions and a docile labor force, these companies have agreed to accept the racial patterns of the region. In some areas the branch plants of corporations do not hire Negroes at all, in others they are kept in custodial positions . . . . To be sure, as in the case of civil liberties, company policies guaranteeing civil rights would encounter local opposition. But if, as Mr. Gossett of Ford [William T. Gossett] claimed, a large corporation "holds power in trust for the whole community" then it is reasonable to expect that such power will be used to promote the values inherent in the nation's Constitution. However, the rhetoric is vapid, and there is some suspicion that the men who utter the aristocratic words know that this is the case. A corporation is, by construction and temperament, unfitted to represent the fundamental values of a free society.

Paul H. Norgren and Samuel E. Hill agree that those corporations who have in fact implemented fair employment practices have had little difficulty in overriding opposition. They found that in the South as well as in the North, when employees are confronted with the choice of accepting fair employment practices or quitting, they invariably have chosen to withdraw their initial objections and to keep their jobs. Nor has there been a shortage of new white applicants.

Some spokesmen deny emphatically that the corporation should be expected to resolve our racial difficulties. A colleague not long ago toured a large and highly mechanized oil refinery and, noting the absence of Negroes, inquired why of the personnel executive who was his host. He was told that jobs at the refinery were highly desirable, that applications far exceeded openings, and hence that candidates had to meet unusually high standards. "Most Negro applicants simply do not score high enough," the executive concluded. "We would be more than happy if they did, and we would most certainly hire them." My colleague then suggested that perhaps the company should take

into its training programs Negroes not scoring as well and should give them compensatory training, as its contribution to redressing long-standing injustices. "That's not our job," he was told. Perhaps it isn't. Perhaps one should not expect corporations to do more than produce goods and services for a profit. But this does mean, since the private corporation is our central economic institution, that progress will come slowly. And we cannot expect the corporation to pioneer as we move toward economic advancement for Negro Americans.

Similarly, the civil rights movement must now grapple with facets of educational and residential segregation that are of a more frustrating complexity than the gross exclusion of Jim Crow; that require, if they are to be resolved, a far greater commitment of the nation's resources; and that cannot be resolved simply by treating Negro Americans "like everyone else," but only through remedial action of a more extensive kind than we have envisioned. It was still possible in the 1950's to think of school segregation primarily in terms of policies deliberately designed to maintain rigid school segregation. This is no longer possible. To be sure, school officials continue to discriminate in assigning students. Even when proximity to the school is a guide faithfully followed, the "neighborhood" frequently is defined in a way minimizing integration. The Rev. Robert F. Drinan, Dean of the Boston College Law School and Chairman of the Massachusetts Advisory Committee to the United States Commission on Civil Rights, maintains that "very simple rezoning" would help measurably in promoting racial balance in the Boston schools; and this is probably valid for others as well. But given the extent of residential segregation, North and South, a residential assignment policy will invariably mean—regardless of how the lines are drawn—a continuation of marked racial imbalance, and specifically of the ghetto school. The civil rights movement in this next period will be primarily concerned with achieving integrated schools *in the face of segregated residential areas.*

We are not lacking in testimony to the disastrous results of

keeping Negro youths in ghetto schools. The Rev. Milton Galamison, who heads the City-Wide Committee for Integrated Schools in New York, argues forcefully that the low expectations of both teacher and student necessarily produce poor education. "You just can't lump together 800 children who differ from the national norms and standards in almost every way and manufacture a graduating class that matches national or city-wide norms," Mr. Galamison has said. Awareness of this has given intensity to the search for programs to overcome de facto segregation, and a host of proposals have been advanced: busing, "Princeton Plans," innumerable variations in grouping, zoning, and pairing. More will be offered. All will require a commitment of resources far greater than did the attack on Jim Crow in education. And all will generate strong resistance, North and South.

Paradoxically, at the very time the civil rights movement is turning its attention to solutions for school segregation produced by the existence of the ghetto, solution is being pushed further and further from reach by increased residential segregation and the increasing size of the ghetto. The proposals now being offered could have been implemented far more easily, from a technical standpoint, two decades ago than today in most cities.

The United States has been built on waves of immigration and migration, and the continuing movement of Negro Americans from the rural South to cities South and North is one of the most important of these waves. The flight of Negroes to the cities is occurring in the midst of the suburbanization of white America, and the two together have had an enormous impact on residential segregation. Negroes have found themselves concentrated in central city ghettos, geographically more divorced from the white population than ever before. Between 1950 and 1960, New York City lost 450,000 white residents while gaining 300,000 non-whites. Washington's Negro population increased from 35 percent to 54 percent of the total in this same decade. Negroes have found themselves barred from suburban living not only by their economic plight but as well by the frequently strong opposition of suburban dwellers to even the most limited

residential integration. The resistance of one prosperous suburb, Deerfield, Illinois, is described in an excellent little volume by Harry and David Rosen, *But Not Next Door.*

Before the Second World War, Negroes and whites lived in fairly close proximity in many Southern cities. Old-South cities like Charleston had a "backyard" pattern, with the Negro population scattered fairly uniformly throughout. The homes of Negro servants, indentured and then free, were located in the backyards of the wealthy whites for whom they worked. The more common pattern in the prewar South was one which Charles Johnson calls "urban clusters." Most Negroes residing in the city lived in one to three large clusters, but significant numbers were in smaller clusters—as many as twenty—scattered throughout the city. Although neighborhoods were segregated, substantial numbers of whites lived close to Negroes. These patterns persist today, but there clearly is movement toward further separation of white and Negro residential areas. Clusters are expanding, merging, forming nuclear ghettos. As the South urbanizes, newer residential areas are constructed around the older central cities; and these areas are lily-white, like the suburbs that ring the central cities in the North. When the urban white in the South goes home at night, it typically is to a home further removed from Negro residential areas than at any time in the past.

Poverty and gross racial oppression continue to drive Negroes from the rural South. Low income and opposition to residential integration keep them restricted to physically declining sections of central cities, North and South. The urban Negro population continues its rapid expansion. The central fact of the expanding ghetto confronts the civil rights movement, and will preoccupy it in the period into which we are moving. To paraphrase the Rev. Mr. Galamison, "You just can't lump together thousands of people who differ from national norms and standards in a number of very important ways and manufacture a group that matches national norms." The ghetto feeds on itself. It compounds the disadvantages of a disadvantaged people. It perpetuates the very elements of the legacy of the last three centuries

that we are working to eliminate. It kills hope. The riots that have occurred in Northern cities and in Los Angeles were not—as has often been pointed out—race riots. They did not bring gangs of whites and Negroes together in sections where white and Negro residential areas meet. All these riots occurred in the heart of the ghettos, and the only whites around were policemen. They were essentially spontaneous expressions of the very great discontents and frustrations of ghetto life, of what we euphemistically call severe social dislocation. Bayard Rustin observed pointedly that the riots were "outbursts of class aggression in a society where class and color definitions are converging disastrously."

The problems of Harlem, and of every other large ghetto, will not be solved as long as the ghettos exist. For the problems cannot be solved within the ghetto context; not by anti-poverty programs, or by more public housing, or by Princeton Plans. The solution lies in ending the process that herds more and more thousands of Negro Americans into urban slums.

The civil rights movement in the period which is ending mobilized growing resources for an attack on the gross denials of the old biracial system: the big keep-out signs that barred Negroes from theatres, schools, restaurants, hotels, playgrounds, and other public accommodations and facilities. War was waged on a system that was obviously and unabashedly discriminatory, that was founded on the assumption of basic inequality. The movement has had great success. The old biracial system has collapsed.

The central objectives in the attack on Jim Crow were status objectives, of the greatest importance to individuals frequently and deeply humiliated. These status goals can be readily seen and understood, and permit solutions that are direct and rapidly achieved. Moreover, the solutions can often be realized through the activity of individuals with no resources but courage.

The goals of the new period, in contrast, blend status and welfare into a complex whole. The enemies in the new period fre-

quently will seem benevolent, a gloved hand extended rather than a mailed fist raised. For the central problems will involve inaction or insufficient action in the face of the bitter fruits of discrimination, rather than action that is obviously anti-Negro. The task of assuring substantial equality of opportunity for Negro Americans will tax our ingenuity, and no direct or immediate solutions will be found. The new period will be one of endless experimentation. Individual frustration may increase because the individual, while able to integrate a lunch counter, cannot abolish a ghetto, cannot substantially affect the conditions that keep Negro family income nearly 50 percent below that of whites. The objectives of the new period will require the commitment of massive resources.

The end of the Southern strategy through the nationalizing of the race advancement struggle; the infinitely greater complexity of the goals that will preoccupy the civil rights movement beyond gross exclusion; the different and generally expanded commitment of resources required by these goals; the new definition of the racially just society which makes necessary compensatory treatment and hence which comes into conflict with the American Creed; and in general the inability and/or the unwillingness of most white Americans, liberals included, to recognize even the legitimacy of the kinds of programs and policies that the civil rights movement must now demand and which it will demand with greater urgency in the next years: these changes are ushering in a new period in American race relations.

The new period, even more than the old, will teach Americans how demanding "equality of opportunity" is. White America could glory in being swept along by the tide of egalitarianism which in the eighteenth century was ridden by the middle class over the nobility, and in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries by the white working class over the middle class. But it is more likely that we will hang our heads and lament that what once was a quite straightforward Southern problem is now one confronting the entire nation with all its enormity and complexity.

JAMES THURBER AND THE ART OF FANTASY

By CHARLES S. HOLMES

JAMES THURBER is the outstanding American humorist of the twentieth century. It would be hard to find anywhere an image of modern life at once more perceptive, more amusing, and more unsettling than we are given in his work. Literary recognition is sometimes rather grudgingly accorded the humorous writer, but Thurber's importance as an interpreter of the American scene was recognized early, and it is a safe guess that his life and work will receive increasing attention from critics and historians of American culture as time goes on. The best of his work is already, in Charles Brady's phrase, part of "the living folklore of the present": Walter Mitty is a more significant culture figure to twentieth-century Americans than Rip Van Winkle, and in the predicaments pictured in Thurber's tales and drawings, we recognize ourselves.

He wrote chiefly about the conflicts and frustrations of everyday life. He once defined his special area as "the pathways between office and home," "the little perils of routine living," and particularly "that part of the familiar which is humiliating, distressing, and even tragic." But it was one of the special marks of his genius that he always managed to suggest the universal in the commonplace. His central concern is the predicament of man in a baffling and alien world. Cut off from the simpler, stabler order of the past, modern man lives a precarious existence. He is trapped in a world of machines and gadgets which challenge his competence and threaten his sanity, a world of large organizations and mass-mindedness which threaten his individuality, and —most painfully—a world of aggressive women who threaten his masculine identity. Maladjusted and apprehensive, the Thurber man suffers from a "twitchiness at once cosmic and mundane," and his life is a series of "confusions . . . panics . . . blunderings and gropings." It is around this image of mod-

ern man as comic victim, non-hero, outsider, that the themes of Thurber's earlier work develop.

But Thurber's later work, reflecting his growing concern for the quality of life in America in the era of the Cold War and "the dark age of McCarthy," pictures man as less the victim of a too-complex society, and more a creature given over to folly and self-destruction. The major theme of his later pieces is cultural breakdown, the progressive vulgarization and dehumanization of modern life. The humor is still there, wild and inventive, but it is often in the service of anger ("which has become one of the necessary virtues") and the didactic impulse.

Like all genuine artists, Thurber looks at life in a highly original way. What he sees is a curious blend of reality and fantasy. He was a journalist by profession, and he placed a high value on the accurate observation of the real: the best comedy, he maintained, should represent "the recognizable American Scene." On the other hand, he was unusually responsive to the world of dream and fantasy, and it is no coincidence that he was a lifelong admirer of Lewis Carroll, the great master of purposeful nonsense. What he said of his friend John McNulty, that "his world bordered on Oz and Wonderland," is even more true of Thurber himself. Fantasy is the distinguishing quality of his imagination, which at its best transmutes the familiar into the strange and the real into the sur-real.

Nowhere is this more obvious than in his famous drawings, which haunt the imagination because they are pure dream-stuff. Their queer, childlike simplification of the look of things sets them at a long remove from reality, and their subject matter is most characteristically the material of the unconscious—neurosis, dream-image, hallucination. Two of his most famous, "All Right, Have It Your Way—You Heard a Seal Bark," and "That's My First Wife Up There, and This is the *Present* Mrs. Harris," for example, project a dream-like intrusion of the macabre and the fantastic into the commonplace. Thurber himself refused to explain his more enigmatic drawings, describing them as "accidental" and "more or less unconscious."

The strong bias of Thurber's imagination toward fantasy is

equally evident in his fables. The fable form, in which truth is refracted through the glass of fantasy, was particularly congenial to him, and the Aesopian *Fables for Our Time* and *Further Fables for Our Time* and the longer fairy tale narratives like "The Last Clock" are among the best things he ever wrote. Taken as a group, the fables are probably Thurber's most representative body of writing; and certain individual pieces stand out with particular authority as quintessential expressions of his themes and values. "The Unicorn in the Garden," for example, could well serve as an introduction to Thurber's work as a whole. It tells the tale of man who looks out one morning to see a unicorn in his garden, eating roses. Happy at the sight, he tells his wife, who says only, " 'The unicorn is a mythical beast,' " and turns her back on him. When he returns with the news that the unicorn has eaten a lily, his wife looks at him coldly and says, " 'You are a booby, and I am going to have you put in the booby-hatch.' " When her husband leaves the house, she has "a gloat in her eye," and she telephones the police and a psychiatrist, telling them to bring a straitjacket. The police and the psychiatrist arrive, and when she tells them that her husband has seen a unicorn, they seize her and put her in the straitjacket. They ask the husband if he told his wife that he saw a unicorn. He says, " 'Of course not. The unicorn is a mythical beast.' " They take the wife away to an institution, and the husband lives happily ever after. Here, the battle of the sexes is presented as a part of the larger conflict between fantasy and reality; and—significantly—the fantasy-principle (male, loving, peaceable) triumphs over the reality-principle (female, cold, hostile).

This conflict betwen the world of fantasy and the world of reality (and the worlds of husband and wife) is the theme of Thurber's most famous story, "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty." Inadequate to the demands of the real world, Walter Mitty finds both refuge and strength in fantasy and daydream. His wife bullies him, the parking lot attendant sneers at his awkward efforts to park the car, he cannot remember the shopping list. But in his secret world of fantasy, derived largely from bad movies, he triumphs over the humiliating forces of the actual. Driving

his wife to town, he is Commander Walter Mitty, taking the SN 202 through the worst storm in twenty years of Navy flying; passing the hospital, he is the celebrated surgeon, Dr. Walter Mitty, coolly taking over at a critical operation when two colleagues lose their nerve; reading a magazine in the hotel lobby, he is Captain Walter Mitty of the RFC, casually tossing off a brandy before undertaking a suicidal mission (" 'It's forty kilometers through hell, sir,' said the sergeant. . . . 'After all,' he said softly, 'What isn't?' "). Mitty's daydreams are the veriest claptrap, and their triteness serves to underline the pathos as well as the comedy of his situation, but at the same time they are a source of strength, the means by which he makes his life significant. The issue is not as clear-cut here as in "The Unicorn in the Garden," because Mitty is so obviously, by the standards of the world, a pathetic and inadequate figure; but as the closing image of the story suggests, he is in a deeper sense triumphant, and thus the point of the two tales is essentially the same:

> "To hell with the handkerchief," said Walter Mitty scornfully. He took one last drag on his cigarette and snapped it away. Then, with that faint, fleeting smile playing about his lips, he faced the firing squad; erect and motionless, proud and disdainful, Walter Mitty the Undefeated, inscrutable to the last.

Fantasy is at the center of Thurber's work as a whole. It is not only the esthetic hallmark of his drawings and his prose, but it is also a principle, a standard of value, a quality of experience richer than that offered by everyday life. In "The Admiral at the Wheel," Thurber describes the wonderfully strange world revealed to him when he broke his eyeglasses: "I saw a cat roll across the street in a small striped barrel, I saw bridges rise lazily into the air, like balloons." He contrasts this with the world of things-as-they-are: "With perfect vision, one is inextricably trapped in the workaday world, a prisoner of reality, as lost in the commonplace America of 1937 as Alexander Selkirk was lost on his lonely island."

The fantasy principle is, in fact, the keystone of a set of closely related values which, until his later years, Thurber habitually champions in opposition to the dominant values of contem-

porary society. In a world committed to logic, organization, conformity, and efficiency, Thurber stands for fantasy, spontaneity, idiosyncrasy, and confusion. "Confusion" is a bad word in the world's dictionary, but it is an honorific in Thurber's lexicon. It represents the forces of the irrational and the unpredictable which are always upsetting the world of convention, order, and system. Hence Thurber's fondness for situations involving eccentric behavior, elaborate practical jokes, breakdowns of communication, and the disruption of bureaucratic machinery. The challenge to order and system by fantasy and confusion is the theme of "Destructive Forces in Life," an essay which exposes the basic fallacy of the popular psychology books which tell us how to dominate life through Masterful Adjustment. The central anecdote tells the story of how a prankster named Bert Scursey, who "enjoyed fantasy as much as reality, probably even more," completely destroys the neatly ordered world of Harry Conner, a devotee of Masterful Adjustment. Scursey, an accomplished mimic, calls the Conner apartment, and without having planned to, finds himself impersonating Edith, a colored woman in search of work. Within a short time he has set in motion a series of wild misunderstandings which ends up with the too-confident Conner at cross-purposes with himself, his wife, and the whole of New York City. The point of this cautionary little tale is clear: Scursey represents the unpredictable, the principle of fantasy and confusion which the worshipers of logic and efficiency ignore at their peril.

The whole of *My Life and Hard Times,* Thurber's wonderful account of his youthful days in Columbus, Ohio, is a celebration of oddity, eccentricity, chaos, and confusion. The titles of the separate pieces are indicative: "The Night the Bed Fell," "The Day the Dam Broke," "The Night the Ghost Got In," "More Alarms at Night," and so on. All of these episodes show the disruption of the orderly pattern of everyday life by the idiosyncratic, the bizarre, the irrational.

"The Night the Bed Fell" deals with chaos in the domestic circle: Father's unwonted decision to sleep in the attic, Mother's certainty that the attic bed would collapse, cousin Briggs Beall's

neurotic fear that he was likely to cease breathing at any time during the night and hence needed a bottle of spirits of camphor at his bedside, and the sudden collapse of the youthful Thurber's bed during the night set off a chain reaction reminiscent of the scenes of comic anarchy in G. W. Harris' Sut Lovingood tales, or in Faulkner's "Spotted Horses." In "University Days" the theme is the disruptive impact of the atypical Thurber (the principle of Individual Difference) on the university system (the principle of Mass Production). Thurber's inability to see through a microscope in the botany lab is a challenge to the basic assumptions of science and higher education that the professor is unprepared to meet:

"We'll try it," the professor said to me grimly, "with every adjustment of the microscope known to man. As God is my witness, I'll arrange this glass so that you see cells through it or I'll give up teaching. . . ." He cut off abruptly for he was beginning to quiver all over, like Lionel Barrymore, and he genuinely wished to hold on to his temper; his scenes with me had taken a great deal out of him.

The characters who populate the world of Thurber's youth are a notable collection of originals and eccentrics. There is Grandfather, the Civil War veteran, who was never quite sure whether he was living in 1864 or 1910, and whose efforts to drive the electric automobile exhibit the family incompetence with machines and gadgets in its purest form; there is the maternal grandmother, who was convinced that electricity was dripping out of empty light sockets; there is Aunt Sarah Shoaf, who went to bed every night fearing that a burglar was going to get in and blow chloroform under her door with a tube, and so piled all her valuables outside, with a note reading "This is all I have. Please take it and do not use your chloroform, as this is all I have"; there is Aunt Wilma Hudson, whose reluctance to part with the smallest sum of money "could lift a simple dollar transaction into a dim and mystic realm of confusion all her own"; and there was Thurber's mother, who raised the practical joke to the level of art—on one notable occasion, during a lecture by a popular faith healer, she had herself taken down the aisle in a wheelchair, and at the climactic moment, leaped from the chair crying that

she could walk again. The lecturer shouted, "Hallelujah, sister!" and a man at the back said, "Hey, that's my wheelchair!" The mild insanities and picturesque obsessions of these people are not only diverting to Thurber in his role of observer of the human comedy, but they also represent a particular kind of value to him—in an age increasingly given over to standardization of character and behavior, they stand for the spontaneous, the idiosyncratic, the fantasy principle.

One of Thurber's major subjects is the use and abuse of language, and here, too, his treatment of the real leads out toward the sur-real. Because as a writer he valued language as a necessary principle of order, and as an instrument of precision and beauty in its own right, he was acutely aware of its possibilities for muddle, chaos, and confusion. The precarious nature of language, where the thinnest line separates sense from nonsense, is one of his central concerns, and in "Such a Phrase as Drifts Through Dreams" he plays gloomily with the possibilities for chaos inherent in the change of a single letter in a word: " 'A stitch in time saves none . . . There's no business like shoe business . . . Don, give up the ship.' " The likelihood that people will misunderstand more often than they will understand each other is the theme of one of the grim little parables in *Further Fables for Our Time,* "The Weaver and the Worm." The weaver, admiring the silkworm spinning its cocoon, asks, " 'Where do you get that stuff?' " The silkworm answers, " 'Do you want to make something out of it?' " Both think they have been insulted. "We live, man and worm, in a time when almost everything can mean almost anything, for this is the age of gobbledygook, doubletalk, and gudda."

Thurber took language seriously, because he saw it as an instrument of order, clarity, and good sense, but at the same time he was fascinated by its capacity to create an Alice-in-Wonderland world where ordinary rational communication is transcended, and the real gives way to the sur-real. In the sounds of words and in the chains of association set in motion by unexpected combinations of familiar words, he found a special ave-

nue to the world of fantasy. Lewis Carroll is the presiding genius here, as he is in so much of Thurber's work. His classic nonsense poem "The Jabberwock" is a kind of imaginative touchstone for Thurber, the definitive creation of a fantasy-world through language. A relatively early piece, "What Do You Mean It *Was* Brillig?," explores the comic possibilities of the nonsense associations set off by the distortions of ordinary English words in speech. To talk with Della, the colored cook, is to enter a strange and mysterious world. She has a brother who "works into an incinerator where they burn the refuge," and a sister who "got tuberculosis from her teeth, and it went all through her symptom." Her cryptic announcement that " 'They are here with the reeves,' " sends Thurber to the dictionary.

"Are they here with strings of onions?" I asked. Della said they were not. "Are they here with enclosures or pens for cattle, poultry, or pigs; sheepfolds?" Della said no sir. "Are they here with administrative officers?" From a little nearer the door Della said no again. "Then they've got to be here," I said, "with some females of the common European sandpiper. . . ." "They are here with the reeves for the windas," said Della with brave stubbornness. Then, of course, I understood what they were there with; they were there with the Christmas wreaths for the windows.

Thurber sums up these exchanges with Della as "the most satisfying flight from actuality I have ever known."

One of Thurber's most original experiments with language is the series of drawings with captions titled "A New Natural History." It is essentially an exploration of the comic possibilities of word-association, in which the interplay between the caption, representing conventional denotative meaning, and the picture, representing the surprising meanings suggested by the sound of the words, constitutes a highly sophisticated form of punning. Thus, "The Dudgeon" (perhaps suggesting "Gudgeon"?) is pictured as a fish feeding in some reeds. "The Femur (left) and the Metatarsal" are visualized as a small fox-like creature ("Lemur"?) and a scaly, prehistoric-looking one (some sort of "saurus"?). More fanciful conceptions, where the gap between picture and label is even wider, are the scene in which two improbable creatures looking out of the high grass are described as

"A Scone (left) and a Crumpet, peering out of the Tiffin," and the face-to-face confrontation of two animals labeled "A Trochee (left) encountering a Spondee." In these strange conjunctions of word and picture, Thurber is—like Joyce—remaking language, allowing the pressure of subconscious association to force new meanings onto familiar words and phrases, and, in effect, transforming the real into the sur-real.

Thurber's sight began to fail in the late 1940's (during the last ten years of his life he was almost totally blind), and as he became progressively isolated from the world of the eye, his imagination grew more and more responsive to verbal experience. The sound of words, the meaning of words, words as the medium through which we know reality become a major subject in his work after 1950. His comic method undergoes a significant change: whereas his earlier work depends chiefly on character and anecdote, his later pieces make their points through conversational repartee, intricate puns, elaborately garbled quotations, anagrams, and other kinds of complicated verbal games. The word-game piece, a bravura display of dictionary learning, wit, and verbal acrobatics, becomes one of Thurber's most characteristic forms. The setting is usually a half-drunken conversation late at night, where the inhibitions of logic and custom have been melted away, or the lonely hours waiting for sleep, during which the insomniac's mind plays fast and loose with whatever it contemplates.

The prototype of these word-game pieces is "Do You Want to Make Something Out of It?," a lively exercise in word-making which shows Thurber's linguistic originality and inventiveness at their best. The first part of the essay describes a highly sophisticated spelling game in which the players are required to start in the middle of a word and spell backwards and forwards. Asked to spell something with *sgra,* Thurber exhausts the possibilities sanctioned by the dictionary with *disgrace, grosgrain, cross-grained,* and *misgraff,* and then, leaving the realm of the actual behind, he begins to invent, offering a list of what he calls "bedwords," make-believe *sgra* words which have come to him in the small hours of the night. All of them are combinations of

familiar everyday words into fanciful compounds, and Thurber presents them in mock-dictionary style:

BLESSGRAVY. A minister or cleric; the head of a family; one who says grace. Not to be confused with praisegravy, one who extolls a woman's cooking, especially the cooking of a friend's wife; a gay fellow, a flirt, a seducer. *Colloq.*, a breakvow, a shrugholy.

FUSSGRAPE. 1. One who diets or toys with his food, a light eater, a person without appetite, a scornmuffin, a shuncabbage. 2. A man, usually American, who boasts of his knowledge of wines, a smugbottle.

And there are such other expressive coinages as *Kissgranny, Pussgrapple, Cussgravy, Bassgrave,* and *Hossgrace.* All of these comic compounds show Thurber's interest in remaking language, playing with the relationship between sound and meaning, pushing back the limits of the familiar, and transforming the terrain into something strange and new.

In "Here Come the Tigers" two tipsy friends descend upon Thurber late at night announcing that they have discovered a new dimension of meaning in the old word-game of anagrams. The key to the game is in the haunting quatrain:

> There are lips in pistol
> And mist in times
> Cats in crystal
> And mice in chimes.

Developing the theme that there are animals hidden in a wide variety of common words, the guests identify the wolf in "flower," the gander in "danger," and the frog in "forget." Moving on, they discover a startling constellation of entities in the single word "crystal": salt, slat, cyst, and cart, as well as star, cry, and satyr. At the end, Thurber is tossing restlessly in bed, hunting for the tiger in three six-letter words. The game of anagrams (or complicated versions of it) becomes an obsessive activity in Thurber's later work. There is a kind of desperation in the restless energy with which he takes words apart, spells them backwards, and rearranges them into new patterns, as though he were looking for the key to reality in the structure of a word. The anatomy of the word "music" in "Conversation Piece: Connecticut" is a case in point:

The word is icsum and mucsi. . . . It is also musci and scumi. If you say 'sicum!' your dog starts barking at nothing, and if you say 'sucim,' the pigs in the barnyard start squealing and grunting. 'Muics' is the cat's miaow. Say 'miscu' and your fingers are fungers, say 'umski' and the Russians are upon you. As for mucis—my God, are you ready for another drink already?

Here, as in most of Thurber's explorations of the hidden world of language, the effect is to transform the familiar into the strange, to move from the everyday into the world of fantasy. The sheer abundance, brilliance, and virtuosity of Thurber's verbal antics is dizzying, and after reading two or three of these word-game pieces in succession, one feels lost in a strange country where everything always seems to be turning into something else.

Thurber's later work is darker in tone, harsher in judgment, and more penetrating in moral wisdom than the work of his early and middle years. (One has only to compare such representative collections as *The Thurber Carnival* (1945) and *Lanterns and Lances* (1960) to see the differences.) He saw the postwar world as a time of intellectual and moral confusion. "I think there's been a fall-out of powdered fruitcake—everyone's going nuts," he remarked in an interview. Yet the vein of fantasy and the antic humor run as strongly as ever through his work. The comedy of these later years is a wild, dark comedy, often playing on the brink of hysteria, and in its bizarre anecdotes and extravagant verbal effects suggesting a world collapsing into chaos.

The most characteristic form of this later period is the conversation piece, an invention of Thurber's own in which all sorts of fantastic variations are played upon a central theme. The setting is usually a party or other convivial occasion, and the talkers are expansive and uninhibited, creating out of the play of wild generalization, false example, garbled quotation, and outrageous pun a strange and dream-like world.

"Midnight at Tim's Place" is typical of the surreal quality of many of these later pieces. The line between reality and fantasy blurs and shifts as the conversationalists assume false names, get

off complex and subtle puns, and engage one another in contests of fanciful invention. The man across the table pretends to take Thurber for Bing Crosby. "How are you, Bing?" he asks. *"Non sum qualis eram sub regno bony Sinatra,"* replies Thurber, mixing ancient and modern cultures in an impressive display of linguistic virtuosity. The central anecdote, an unsettling parody of modern man's search for guidance and reassurance, deals with the experience of the man across the table when, on the edge of a nervous breakdown, he went to see his old philosophy professor, "the greatest symbol of security in my life." The professor, who specialized in such inspiring mottoes as "You can keep a stiff upper lip and smile too!" seemed totally unchanged after twenty years as he sat in his study, except that he was wearing two hats. "They were both gray felt hats, one on top of the other. The terrifying thing was that he didn't say anything about them. He just sat there with two hats on, trying to cheer me up." At the close of the sketch the worlds of fantasy and reality collide. Moved by the story of the mad professor, Thurber leaves the party wearing two hats, and hails a cab. The driver looks at him and says, "Not in this cab, Jack."

"The Waters of the Moon" is perhaps the most brilliant and elaborately worked of the conversation pieces. The scene is a literary cocktail party, an appropriate setting for extravagant conversational encounters, parody, hoax, and esoteric literary allusion. In the swirl of pretentious intellectual party talk ("I had broken away from an undulant discussion of kinetic dimensionalism and was having a relaxed moment with a slender woman . . . who described herself as a chaoticist. . . .") Thurber encounters an intense, self-important editor who is obviously determined to trap him into a discussion of "the male American writer who peters out in his fifties." Moving expansively into his subject, the editor says that he would like to see the subject considered "from the viewpoints of marriage, extra-marital relations, the educational system, home environment, the failure of religion, the tyranny of money, and the rich breeding ground of decomposition . . . to be found in syphilophobia, prostatitis,

early baldness, peptic ulcer, edentulous cases, true and hysterical impotence, and spreading of the metatarsals."

Thurber then embarks upon an elaborate hoax, playing a series of deliberately absurd variations on the editor's theme. There is the case of "poor old Greg Selby," for example, whose first wife claimed to have discovered that "his last book, 'Filiring Gee,' was his next-to-last book, 'Saint Tomany's Rain,' written backward"; or the strange case of Greg's second wife, the author of the successful mystery novel, "Pussy Wants a Coroner." After her marriage, her books began to take on "a curiously Gothic tone," and she explained to her publishers that she was "trying to write for the understanding of intellectuals a thousand years ago." The editor (the reality-principle, although somewhat befuddled by drink) is suspicious, but Thurber (the fantasy-principle) presses on more and more recklessly, pitting his creative powers as a hoaxer against the common-sense resistance of the editor. The climax of the hoax, the sad case of Douglas Bryce, whose career ended in "the Lawrence Stone incident," depends upon an elaborately subtle series of references to Browning's poem, "Let Twenty Pass." When the editor recognizes the line which is the clue to the joke ("Let twenty pass and stone the twenty-first") he retires with alcoholic dignity. "I happen to be familiar with Browning," he says, and the game is over.

The most striking formal characteristic of the conversation pieces is the ceaseless play of pun, twisted quotation, and literary allusion, in which familiar patterns of sound and meaning are constantly shifting and changing. There are the concise, classic puns which are woven into the very texture of Thurber's prose —"We battle for the word while the very Oedipus of reason crumbles beneath us," and so on. Thurber's most elaborate and original puns, however, depend upon famous quotations and titles, or familiar adages. Most often the quotations are garbled or twisted to fit an incongruous situation, and the effectiveness of the device depends upon the unexpected and ludicrous significance given to a familiar line or saying. In "Get Thee To A Monastery," Thurber and the pedantic Dr. Bach conclude an in-

volved discussion of the fate of Shakespeare in the woman-dominated theater of today: "The rest is silex," intones Dr. Bach as he goes off to make himself a cup of coffee; "Good night, sweet Prince," says Thurber, picking up the cue from *Hamlet,* "and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest." Here, the effect is that of burlesque. The famous lines from Shakespeare are twisted out of shape and made to bear an incongruous meaning. In Bergsonian terms what takes place is a sudden transposition of key, from a higher to a lower level of discourse. In a more subtle variation of the method, the quotation is given intact, but a preposterous meaning is assigned it, as in "The Danger in the House," where Thurber describes a curious dream about a woman in a long white dress who appears to be holding some sort of mechanism in her right hand, and Dr. Prell, the heavy-footed Freudian psychologist, asks whether the mechanism might not have *been* her hand, quoting T. S. Eliot's famous lines in evidence:

> When lovely woman stoops to folly
> And finds herself again alone,
> She combs her hair with automatic hand
> And puts a record on the gramophone

Titles of well-known books, songs, and plays undergo the same sort of antic transformation: the anxieties of the Cold War bring on dreams in which familiar titles become strange and unsettling —*Alias in Wonderland, Traitor-Island, Look Homeward, Agent,* and so on. Television's tendency to make the classics into Westerns raises some distressing possibilities—*Trelawney of the Wells Fargo . . . She Shoots to Conquer . . . The Sheriff Misses Tanqueray.* The obsession of the modern theater with neurotic and morbid themes suggests such revisions of popular titles as *Abie's Irish Neurosis* and *Oklahomasexual.*

The puns, quotations, and literary allusions of these later pieces are not isolated jokes or simply decorative flourishes, but a central part of Thurber's literary method. His mind was a storehouse of quotations from the standard authors, particularly Shakespeare and the nineteenth-century writers. A rough count

of the literary references in his work puts Henry James, his favorite author, in first place, followed by Lewis Carroll, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Henley, Wordsworth, Shelley, Poe, and Landor. (There are scattered references to such twentieth-century figures as Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Fitzgerald, and Hemingway.) Authors, titles, and familiar quotations were an important part of Thurber's imagination, and so, when he wished to make a point, comic or otherwise, it is entirely natural that he would set it in the context of famous literary treatments of the subject.

If one were to look for the quintessence of Thurber's later world-view, it would most likely be found in one of the apocalyptic fables—"The Human Being and the Dinosaur," for example, or "The Shore and the Sea." The best and most typical of these, in its blend of comic fantasy and cosmic pessimism, is "The Last Clock" (1959), a tale about an ogre who becomes a compulsive eater of clocks, and the total inability of the intellectual elite of the community to cope with the problem. The story is full of such fresh comic details as the effect of a heavy diet of clock oil on the ogre's speech: " 'Wuld wuzzle?' the ogre wanted to know. He hiccupped, and something went *spong!*" The dominant theme of the fable is the fate of a culture which worships specialization; the underlying theme is the inexorable running-out of time. When the ogre's wife calls a doctor to treat her husband's strange malady, the doctor says, "This case is clearly not in my area," and recommends a clockman. The clockman appears, but turns out to be a clogman, a specialist in clogged drains: "I get mice out of pipes, and bugs out of tubes, and moles out of tiles, and there my area ends." A general practitioner comes, but announces that he treats only generals. The wife next calls upon "an old inspirationalist," representing the moral and spiritual wisdom of the community, but his inspirationalism has become "a jumble of mumble," and all he can offer is "The final experience should not be mummum." Soon the ogre eats up all but one of the clocks in the town, and in accordance with the dream-like logic exhibited by all the representa-

tives of official culture in the story, it is classified as a collector's item, and put in a museum. Life comes to a standstill.

The close of the fable presents a comic and frightening image of the ultimate meaning of our civilization. Before long the town is buried under the sands of a nearby desert. More than a thousand years later, when explorers from another planet are digging at the site, they find a clock (whose function they do not recognize) and the papers of the old inspirationalist, which include fragments of poetry summing up the wisdom of the culture for which he was the spokesman. The last words he had put down were

> We can make our lives sublime,
> And, departing, leave behind us,
> Mummum in the sands of time.

The world of "The Last Clock" is the world reduced to non-meaning, chaos, the absurd. What more grotesque epitaph for our civilization could be imagined than a garbled fragment of a second-rate nineteenth-century poem celebrating optimism and moral uplift? This final sequence is remarkably similar to the closing moment of Ionesco's play *The Chairs,* in which the Orator, who is to put into magnificent words the significance of the life of the old man and his wife, can only utter unintelligible grunts. Although it will not do to claim Thurber for the cult of the Absurd in modern literature (Thurber having formed his view of life independently and long before the Absurd became a literary movement), the world of his later work is nonetheless close to the world as we find it in Ionesco—the apocalyptic vision, the fascination with the breakdown of communication as the primary symptom of a cosmic sickness, and the comic virtuosity are present in both.

But such parallels should not be pushed too far. The sense of modern life as too bizarre and outrageous to be presented as anything other than a grotesque comedy is, in fact, a striking characteristic of much postwar writing, and Thurber's brilliant expression of this sense is not a matter of literary fashion, but an independent response to a common cultural and philosophical

situation. In any case, the world of Thurber is larger than that of Ionesco. The dark fantasies and the melancholy strain in his work are balanced by a basic sanity and a positive relish of the whole human scene. The essential quality of Thurber's imagination is the tension between a strong sense of fact (throughout his life he considered himself primarily a journalist) and a strong bias toward fantasy. In his earlier career he searched out and celebrated disorder, illogic, and confusion, feeling that these qualities were desirable counterbalances in a society over-committed to logic and organization. Later, as history changed the world he knew, and as illogic and disorder on an international scale threatened to engulf mankind, he began to champion those things which hold a society together, and his fantasies and his brilliant images of disorder became warnings and distress-signals rather than signs of revelry.

But he never lost his compensating faith in the saving power of humor and intelligence. "Let us not forget the uses of laughter or store them away in the attic," he wrote in "The Duchess and the Bugs." Comedy, humor, and laughter he saw as essential to the health of any society, because they demolish humbug and reveal the truth. The title of his last collection, *Lanterns and Lances* (1960), with its suggestion of attack and illumination, defines the role he thought comedy should play; and his basic faith in comedy, in intelligence, and in life is finely expressed in the advice he gives to the reader in the Foreword of that volume: "In this light, let's not look back in anger, or forward in fear, but around in awareness."

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER: TOWARD AN ECUMENICAL SYMBOL

By ROBERT HOUSTON SMITH

THE Church of the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem is at present undergoing massive renovation. It is high time. Seldom has so venerable a church been so ravaged by man and nature. More than once invaders have sacked and burned the building. Earthquakes have shaken the walls, fires have calcined the stones, and dampness has eaten away the mortar. Builders have cluttered the interior with unattractive partitions which restrict light and air. The church has not been kept in proper repair, in part because the religious communities which use it—primarily the Greek Orthodox, Armenian Orthodox, and Roman Catholic—have for centuries expended much of their money and energy in competing with one another; to this competition is due the present complicated division of the church into areas owned by the communities individually and areas held in common.

Until the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Church of the Holy Sepulcher stood in much the same form as it had stood when the Crusaders left Jerusalem in A.D. 1187. Important parts of the church, chiefly the shrine and rotunda which surround the tomb of Jesus, were Byzantine work of the eleventh century and earlier, while the choir and façade were Crusader construction of the twelfth century. Although it had suffered from deterioration with the passage of time, this core of the church was of sound workmanship. In 1808, however, a fire started by a careless priest swept through almost the entire church, feeding on accumulated quantities of wood, cloth, and oil, and seriously damaged the structure. Immediately after

the fire the Greek Orthodox, eager to reinforce their claims to proprietorship in the church, obtained permission from the Turkish authorities to repair the damage. They brought in an architect named Kommenos from western Turkey, who completed his work within the remarkably short period of eighteen months. The total cost was $2,000,000, of which three-fourths was spent, according to the then-patriarch of Constantinople, Kallinikos, on lawsuits and bribes for Turkish officials. Kommenos followed the architectural taste of his day, liberally applying colorful stone and painted plaster to the fire-shattered church in a heavy-handed "neo-Byzantine"—some critics bluntly call it "bastard"—style. He did not bother to replace weakened columns but simply encased them in bulky rectangular pillars of plaster and cement. By the time he finished Kommenos had effectively obscured much of the medieval church.

Its deterioration thus concealed but not corrected, the church inevitably suffered from a severe earthquake which shook Jerusalem on July 12, 1927. The tremor so weakened the dome over the Crusaders' choir that British officials persuaded the communities to permit a new dome to be installed. While supervising the replacement of the dome, engineers discovered that many columns and walls of the church were also cracked. They expressed their alarm to the Mandatory Government which finally—in 1934—engaged an expert named William Harvey to survey the church's condition. Harvey spent nine months making a thorough examination, the findings of which he published in an illustrated report in 1935. Parts of the church, he asserted, were so damaged that they were in imminent danger of collapse.

Aware of the embarrassment which they would suffer if the Church of the Holy Sepulcher collapsed during the Mandate, the British hastily instructed their Office of Works to bolt a $12,500 girdle of iron beams around the threatened portions of the church to prevent further displacement of the stones. At the same time the officials began to urge the major communities occupying the church to solicit funds with which to undertake permanent repairs. And so began a process of debate and inaction which was to last almost three decades.

All of the Christian communities claiming rights within the Church of the Holy Sepulcher—not only the three major ones but also the Copts, the Syrians, and the Abyssinians—agreed that repairs were in order; they did not, however, unanimously accept Harvey's belief that the church was in danger of collapse, and they showed little enthusiasm for extensive renovation. The Greeks, generally distrustful of change and specifically fearful of exposing Crusader construction in the church lest this give the Latins fresh claims of ownership, were interested only in patching up the existing structure. The Latins (as the Roman Catholics are regularly called in the Holy Land), who had a penchant for tearing down aging buildings and constructing new ones, were not sure that restoration of the church would serve any useful end. First from the Franciscans (the traditional Roman Catholic representatives in Palestine) and then from the Vatican itself came the official Latin position: that instead of repairing the existing building, which with only a few exceptions was "unworthy of the precious memories which it contains," the Mandatory Government should rather consider the possibility of seeing a new church rise on the site. The upshot of these differing views was that the communities could not agree on any action. Since the government was unwilling to take unilateral action, nothing happened.

Another earthquake in 1937, though slight, reawakened fears of the collapse of the church. Again Harvey came at the government's request and surveyed the condition of the church, again he uttered dire predictions, and again the Office of Works got out its girders. The second round of shoring was more extensive than the first, and included many heavy wooden beams as well as iron supports. By now the Office of Works had succeeded in transforming the church into a cubist Sherwood Forest. One wonders if the Mandatory officials did not faintly hope that by cluttering the church in this way they would force the communities to undertake repair. Possibly to exert further pressure the government decided to close the church on the Latin Easter weekend of 1938, averring that the church was so near collapse that occupancy was dangerous. The announcement of

this decision painted a bleak picture. "It is impossible to say," it observed gloomily, "whether the Katholikon dome, with its high vaults and heavy masonry, will fall first or the many piers of the rotunda or of the apse. There is also danger of the vault of the south transept sliding telescopically to the ground or of the iron galleries giving way and allowing the stone stairway to fall." But the government had not reckoned with the religious communities, and a day later ruefully issued a modified statement granting permission for the clergy to conduct services in the church, though at their own risk—a meaningless qualification, since the clergy had always carried on their rites in the church at their own risk. The public was still excluded, but even that decision was soon modified to one in which visitors were allowed inside the church for ten minutes at a time. The attempt to close the church was not repeated in subsequent years.

By now the plight of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher had become widely known, and many persons were insisting that some constructive action be taken. Henry Bordeaux of the Académie Française, freshly triumphant over his having "saved" the columns of the Temple of Jupiter at Baalbek in Lebanon by drawing public attention to their need of repair, in a 1938 issue of *L'illustration* called for a "new crusade" to prevent the Church of the Holy Sepulcher from collapsing. Bordeaux soon learned, however, that the church could not be repaired at one man's behest, however impassioned the plea. Specific suggestions for saving the church were many, such as the recommendation by one scholar that something called a Knapen Siphon be used to dry out the place; this device had, it was said, worked wonders in the soggy palace at Versailles. This scholar did not say what should be done to repair the existing damage to the church. In any case, there is no record that the siphon was ever employed. Indeed, the communities continued to show little inclination to take action. When the British precipitously departed from Palestine in 1948 they left little to show for their efforts at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher except a mass of shoring. They were unwilling, however, to accept

responsibility for the lack of repair to the church, feeling—reasonably enough—that the care of the church was the duty of the Christian communities using it.

Under the Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan, which succeeded the Mandatory Government, the Church of the Holy Sepulcher initially looked forward to a very uncertain future. The Muslim regime showed itself, however, to be eager to preserve the church, partly from the utilitarian value it had as an attraction to tourists—who soon became Jordan's biggest source of income—but also partly out of a concern to act responsibly toward the Christian minority in the country. The biggest question was whether or not the communities had matured sufficiently to make possible any cooperation in the long-needed repairs. Almost all seasoned observers were highly dubious. One noted Dutch expert on Jerusalem's history commented in 1950 that "any agreement between the rival confessions to repair or to replace the crumbling structure is at present outside the sphere of psychological possibilities." But at that very moment an interesting development was taking place which presaged new things.

In the summer of 1950 the Apostolic Delegate of the Vatican to Palestine, Gustavo (later Cardinal) Testa, sponsored the publication of *Il Santo Sepolcro di Gerusalemme: Splendori—Miserie—Speranze,* a book which revived the Latin longing for a completely new Church of the Holy Sepulcher. One thousand copies were printed and distributed to ecclesiastical leaders and heads of government throughout the world. The volume had originally been scheduled for publication in 1949, on the eight hundredth anniversary of the consecration of the Crusaders' choir, but for some unexplained reason its publication had been delayed. Perhaps Roman Catholic authorities sought to release the volume at the moment when it would be most likely to appeal to readers, since at the time of its publication the question of the fate of Palestine was under debate in the United Nations and there seemed to be likelihood that Jerusalem would be internationalized and new arrangements would be made for the care of the holy places.

The plan itself was daring. Drawn up by A. Barluzzi and L. Marangoni, the latter of whom was an architect known for his successful work of restoration at St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice and one upon whom the Latins had called for advice back in the 1930's, it required the razing of the present church and also of a considerable portion of the houses and shops in the northwestern quarter of the city around the church. In the space thus opened there would be erected a vast interfaith complex built on the ground plan of a Latin cross, with Calvary and the tomb of Jesus near the center in separate shrines. The Latin church was to lie on the longest extremity of the cross and would be the largest building; the Greek and Armenian churches would be on the southern and northern arms of the cross, respectively, and the Abyssinians and Syrians would be on the west in smaller buildings. In the northwestern and southwestern angles formed by the arms of the cross would be the churches of the Copts and the Anglicans. Other Christian communities would be free to build on the perimeter of this sacred area, as in fact the Lutherans had done many years earlier. Said to be based on St. Mark's Cathedral, the plan included a large dome above the tomb of Jesus and four tall steeples placed symmetrically among the churches in the central complex.

So far as the other communities were concerned, a more unacceptable plan could hardly have been devised, giving prominence as it did to the Roman Catholics. Outside the communities, architects and laymen alike generally found Testa's proposed buildings unesthetic; some critics likened the steeples to minarets and others applied to the layout terms such as "unpleasant" and "extraordinarily ugly." It was, furthermore, unthinkable that a large section of Jerusalem would be razed, especially since the area includes three mosques. Some observers have assumed that Testa did not hope to have his plan adopted even if the United Nations did successfully internationalize Jerusalem, but only wanted to stir up the communities to undertake some positive program of repair to the existing church. If this was his intention Testa may have succeeded, for there were soon signs that the other communities were beginning to reconsider the state of the church and the matter of repairs.

By December, 1953, it was evident that something had to be done. Hassan el Kateb, the *Mutasarref* (Governor) of Jerusalem, representing the Jordanian Government, stepped into the picture. He called upon the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians and informed them that there would be a meeting on July 7 of the following year to discuss a program of repair to the church, at which time they would need to have architects on hand to represent them. The appointed day arrived and His Excellency presided over a group of representatives which was subsequently designated The Tripartite Commission of Experts on the Consolidation of the Edifice of the Holy Sepulcher. The representatives not only discussed those parts of the church which especially needed attention, and what might be done, but also agreed that each community would establish a technical bureau which would be responsible for repairs in its own parts of the church. A common technical bureau was to be set up to supervise the repairs of those parts of the church held in common—the south transept, the area around the tomb, and various other chambers and passages. Thus an important part of the machinery essential to the cooperative repair of the church came into existence.

The fact that it was the Governor of Jerusalem who had called the communities together indicated that the Jordanian Government had become aware that it would have to intervene if the communities were to reach any agreement on repairing the church. How far the government was willing to go in order to see that repairs were made became apparent to the communities before long. On its own initiative the government called in an English engineer, C. T. Wolley, as consultant. When Wolley, who had examined the church in 1947 at the request of the Mandatory Government, arrived in June 1955, the Governor of Jerusalem told him bluntly that "the Government of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan had decided that action must be taken to repair the church and that the Government would itself assume responsibility for the execution of the necessary works," adding that "the Religious Communities had been invited to put forward the views of their experts regarding the necessary repairs, but the Government considered that they were opinions only and were not governed by technical requirements which

must be overriding." The government also secured the services of Basil Spence, the architect of the modern Coventry Cathedral, in order to have sound architectural advice alongside the views of engineer Wolley.

Thoroughly aroused now that there was evidence that the Jordanian Government would, if necessary, repair the church as its experts saw fit, the principal communities set earnestly to work on their own proposals for repair. The Latins impressively gathered from the "Catholic Nations" of the world—Belgium, Spain, the United States, France, Great Britain, Holland, and Italy—seven prominent architects who were experts in the care and restoration of historical monuments. These men met August 20-24, 1955, and presented their ideas, which proved to be so diverse that no single plan could be drawn up. Though not reviving Testa's plan for a completely new church, they tended to propose such radical modifications as the demolition of many of the private areas of the church (particularly the Greek, Latin, and Armenian monasteries attached to the building) as well as the laying out of large colonnaded courts and the construction of new chapels. The Latins invited representatives of the Greek Orthodox Church to join them, an act which was an interesting step in the direction of decreasing old tendencies toward secret councils.

The Greek Orthodox did not officially comment upon the Latin proposals but issued their own opinions concerning the repair of the church. The Greek architects, A. Orlandos and P. Paraskevopoulos, proposed no alterations but stressed the "consolidation," i.e., repair, of the existing structure. Indeed, the use of the term "consolidation" in the title of the Tripartite Commission had been due to the Greeks' refusal to consider extensive modification of the church. But although still speaking only of consolidation, the Greeks actually had by this time shifted to a more liberal position. In concurrence with the other communities of the Tripartite Commission they had decided that it was no longer of importance to preserve the appearance of the church, save in the case of any parts which had archeological importance. This meant that the Greeks were agreeing, in principle, that the plasterwork of Kommenos could be stripped

away to expose the finer workmanship of earlier centuries beneath it. This consensus of the Tripartite Commission marked, as the Jordanian Government did not fail to note, an "important departure" from the presuppositions which had determined earlier discussions. In view of this development, the government and the communities not surprisingly began to use the word "restoration" alongside the terms "consolidation" and "repair."

Still not chosen was an expert to serve as the chief supervisor of the work. During 1956 the principal communities and the government had a series of meetings to try to resolve this problem. Old habits of saying "no" cropped out and agreement was difficult. The first idea was that one of the communities' own architects be selected, and the Latins—apparently in a gesture of goodwill—proposed the name of the Greek architect Orlandos. Orlandos replied, however, that other commitments prevented him from actively participating in the undertaking, and put forward the name of Jean Trouvelot, a Latin architect; but the Greeks and Armenians rejected the name, expressing a preference for a "neutral" person. The Greeks then suggested the London firm of Freeman and Fox, to be represented by Basil Spence; the Jordanian Government was especially favorable to this suggestion, but the Armenians rejected the proposal. The search for an architect who was both competent and neutral led next to Lebanon; the Latins presented the Lebanese architect Amin Bizri and the Armenians a Swiss architect named Marcel Steiger who was living in Beirut; but some objected that Bizri, who was thirty-six, was too young, and others feared that Steiger was inexperienced in the sort of repair needed in the church. The Greeks then proposed Austin Harrison, the English architect who had designed the much-admired Palestine Archeological Museum and Government House in Jerusalem, but the Latins objected to the introduction of a new name. Heading toward an impasse, the communities finally agreed to commence the restorations without a chief architect, allowing their own technical bureaus to make and execute plans jointly. It seemed a risky venture, but eventually it would prove to be highly successful.

The first joint endeavor of the Tripartite Commission was not, properly speaking, repair at all, but only preparation for repair. In 1956 they entrusted to Father Charles Couasnon, the Latin representative on the commission, the task of shoring up the south transept of the church, which had for some time been in a precarious state. The task was commenced slowly and was not finished until 1958, but its successful completion at least marked the first cooperative effort of the communities. The project also demonstrated that cooperative action supervised by an architect of only one of the communities was practical. But once more plans for the restoration of the church began to slip into inertia and quibbling.

In September 1960 an impatient Hassan el Kateb summoned the communities and reportedly delivered an ultimatum: the representatives could not leave the chamber until they had agreed upon a plan of repair for the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Recalling the willingness of the government to make repairs itself if the communities took no action, the representatives signed an agreement providing for the commencement of repairs. The program which they set into motion called for an estimated expenditure, according to press reports, of the equivalent of a million and a half dollars—the same amount, interestingly enough, which the Muslim leaders were expecting to spend repairing the deteriorating Dome of the Rock mosque in Jerusalem. What the total cost actually would be no one could say, for the work was to proceed on a non-contractual basis, each new repair to the church being made after evaluation of the preceding repairs. The communities agreed that each week their representatives would assemble to sign vouchers authorizing payment for the work done during the preceding seven days.

At the outset the Greeks had unexpected difficulties finding a suitable architect as the head of their bureau. The first architect they appointed was a native Greek who prepared numerous plans of the church but refused to make them available to the other communities; the others thus found him impossible to work with, and he soon departed in a huff—carrying with him the plans which he had made, claiming that they were the property of the Greek government. His replacement was an engineer

who had more interest in building materials than in the preservation of the historic style and fabric of the church; his strong insistence upon the use of quantities of concrete seemed unesthetic to the other communities and he, too, soon departed. Frustrated, the Greek Church found itself assigning more and more responsibility to a young Greek architect named Leonidas Collas, who had come to the church only temporarily to prepare some plans. In 1961 they turned over to Collas, who had attained the ripe age of twenty-five, full responsibility as their architect in the program of repair. The Armenians were by this time represented by D. Voskertchian, a pleasant-mannered architect who lived in Amman, two hours' drive from Jerusalem, and only occasionally put in an appearance, and the Latins by Father Couasnon, who had been with the project from its early stages. Under this team the actual restoration commenced, after intervening months of further surveying and planning, in October 1962.

The first work of actual restoration upon which the communities had agreed was modest enough: each of the principal communities was to repair one of its private holdings in the church, the expectation being that as the architects gained experience in their work and as the communities saw the hoped-for success of the cooperation further repairs would seem feasible. At the same time the architects began the task of undergirding the foundations of the church where they were weak. As the programs moved along smoothly in the following months the architects turned to the south transept of the church, where Couasnon had previously installed wooden shoring, and began the repair of the crumbling dome above it. To almost everyone's surprise, the work progressed rapidly with a minimum of friction. What had so recently seemed impossible was actually being done.

When I visited the Church of the Holy Sepulcher in 1964, some eighteen months after the actual work of repair had begun, I was astonished to see how much progress had been made. As I entered the courtyard of the church I found the eastern side of the pavement occupied by a large shed of corrugated steel in

which half a dozen masons were rhythmically chipping away at large blocks of limestone to be used inside the church. Here I met Father Couasnon, a wispy man in his fifties with cropped, graying hair and a Vandyke beard, who had foregone his Dominican's robe for a more practical outfit of wash trousers, bulky blue woolen sweater, and battered black beret. We talked briefly about the work going on in the courtyard. Father Couasnon spoke highly of the skill of the masons, who were native Jordanians from the village of Beit Jala near Bethlehem. Though they lacked experience in such restoration, he explained, they worked under the supervision of a French expert named Deschamps who had done similar repairs at the Abbey of St. Denis and the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Couasnon hurried off to attend to some urgent matter. I approached the door of the church, where I was greeted by the familiar cloying odor of incense. I entered the massive portal and stood inside the dark, cavernous south transept. Ahead was the Crusader's choir, now obscured by scaffolding; farther off, to the left, was the rotunda containing the tomb of Jesus; immediately on my right, up a narrow flight of steps, was Calvary. In a chapel beneath Calvary an old mason was painstakingly carving a floral design on a new block of limestone which had already been inserted as a replacement for a crumbling Crusader stone. He had to bend his knees awkwardly to get the proper angle for his mallet, and struck his blows upward at about a forty-five-degree angle. The job appeared to be backbreaking. I asked him how long it would take to carve the stone. "About a month," he replied, adding that more complicated designs took much longer.

Calvary presents, I later discovered, some typical knotty problems of restoration. No repairs have yet been undertaken in the Greek and Latin chapels which stand side by side at this spot. Eventually, however, some changes will be necessary, for the stairways leading to the chapels are not only small but unattractive and even dangerous. The architect Kommenos built these stairways in 1809-10 by appropriating nine feet of space from the south transept, directly inside the east portal. He could do

so without difficulty, for the eastern half of the great entrance had been sealed shut since the conquest of Saladin in 1187, thus creating useless space on the east side of the transept. To remove the unsafe old steps would at the same time make possible the opening of this long-closed door, something the architects would undoubtedly like very much to do. The only problem is where to locate the new stairways, for the Calvary chapels are so hemmed in that there is no extra space. The English architect David Stokes suggested some years ago that a kind of catwalk be constructed from Calvary to the part of the church west of the transept, where there would be room for a large stairwell, but this proposal would require the confiscation of property now held by the Copts and hence would probably be too radical for adoption.

I raised this problem one day with Father Albert Rock, a Franciscan priest of Arab lineage who is the liaison officer for the Latins with the other communities. Lanky to the point of seeming not to fill his brown friar's robe entirely, Rock is a gentle, thoughtful man with a broad outlook. He and I met, at his suggestion, in the Latin Chapel on Calvary. The south wall of the chapel contained a barred window which looked into a tiny chamber of Crusader construction called the Chapel of the Franks. I had often noticed this chapel from the courtyard, for it projects from the façade of the church like an appendage. Through the window I could see handsome stone carvings which seemed pretentious for so small a chamber. Father Rock explained that originally this chamber had been a vestibule which provided direct access to Calvary from the courtyard. The window at which we stood was originally a doorway between the vestibule and Calvary.

The Chapel of the Franks, Father Rock pointed out, offered a possible solution to the problem of finding a new means of access to Calvary. By opening this old doorway between the chapel and Calvary the architects would achieve the better circulation which they wanted. But, Rock went on to note, there was a catch. The Chapel of the Franks has been Latin property during most of the past eight hundred years, and the Greeks would

undoubtedly be unwilling to allow the Latins possession of a special entrance to Calvary. (The secretary of the Greek Patriarchate later confirmed that this was indeed the Greeks' feeling.) I asked why the chapel could not be turned into common property. This, Rock said, the Latins would find unacceptable. So there is, at least for the present, a stalemate over the use of the Chapel of the Franks because of the unwillingness of the communities to relinquish any of their rights.

One day, while calling upon Father Rock in the Terra Sancta High School in Jerusalem of which he is principal, I posed a blunt question about the extent of cooperation among the communities. Had there really been any improvement lately in the relations of the religious communities? Seated in an easy chair and, with his usual tact, appearing to have nothing to do but to chat with me, Father Rock replied enthusiastically. "Indeed there has," he said in his fluent English. "It has been ten years now since any really unpleasant difference of opinion arose among the communities in the church. The biggest single factor has been our discovery of the importance of keeping channels of communication open. Previously the communities had very little contact with one another, even when rubbing shoulders every day inside the church. Now the representatives of the communities regard each other as personal friends. We may have different views, but we stay on friendly terms. We have also begun to learn the importance of not reacting to all new proposals with an immediate 'No.' If we take time to think things over and explore various possibilities in a relaxed atmosphere, we often find cooperation possible."

A few days after this conversation I had a chance to see this new kind of diplomacy in operation when I stopped by the office of the Common Technical Bureau, located in a Greek compound called the Convent of Gethsemane, due south of the courtyard of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. This little monastery is laid out as a typical Palestinian town house, with rooms radiating from a small central court. I went up a flight of stairs to a smaller courtyard formed by the roof of one of the lower chambers, and was admitted to a plain room which had

been outfitted with a large draftsman's table, a secretary's desk, some collapsible steel shelving, and two large pieces of late Victorian furniture of local manufacture. Above the door hung a huge photograph of a Greek patriarch, a bit of adornment which (I later learned) was there when the architects moved in. On the wall was an enlarged photograph of a fine Crusader capital from the church and a calendar with the past days marked out with big red X's.

Architects Couasnon and Collas were coming and going in the course of their daily activities, and before long Father Rock, who happened to be in the vicinity, dropped in. Without any previous plans to have a meeting the three men began chatting about the problems of the repairs, with Collas doing most of the talking in rapid French. It was my first opportunity to see Collas at close range. A small man, he was dressed that morning in a gray single-breasted suit, dark tie, and black shoes, and looked very much a man-about-town. His wavy black hair showed only a few strands of gray, and his eyes were dark and intense. He moved energetically, sometimes with a trace of impatience, and one could tell that his mind operated quickly. Rock sat quietly, now and then taking out a cigarette and smoking it and occasionally interjecting an insight; only his clenched left hand betrayed a bit of tension. Couasnon, today wearing his off-white Dominican robe (beneath which a heavy pair of desert boots incongruously projected) moved about like a bird, flitting from place to place and occasionally smoking a cigarette. Like Rock, he spoke seldom but followed the discussion closely.

I sat quietly, feeling myself something of an intruder into a private council, busy most of the time struggling to follow the discussion of details which meant little to an outsider. Thick, sweet Arab coffee was sent in from a nearby cafe, but no one bothered with the convention of making only light talk during the drinking of it. The conversation touched on many things at random, beginning with the problem of the stairways of Calvary which Father Rock and I had been discussing. Gradually the men moved on to the question of whether or not the Jordanian Government should pay for the repairs in parts of the church

owned by the minor communities—a subject which surprised me, for I would have supposed that a policy-decision of this sort would already have been thrashed out. They also discussed the problem of how to make further repairs in the south transept with the least disturbance to the eight large oil lamps which hang above the stone of unction. It became apparent that the architects and the communities for which they work are feeling their way slowly on all issues, each new day bringing new problems which must be faced, analyzed, and eventually solved. Only after nearly an hour did the conversation fall into a lull. Not one point, however minor, had been settled conclusively, for final decisions on most of these matters would require the official approval of the cooperating communities; but the talk had obviously helped to sharpen the issues and clear the air. Such a scene would have been unthinkable only a few years ago.

In those parts of the church owned by the communities individually repair can proceed at a somewhat faster pace. Evidence of immense progress is already apparent in the Crusaders' choir which lies in the midst of the sprawling church. For centuries this choir has been owned by the Greek Orthodox, who call it the Katholikon. With restoration in full swing, the place is now a shambles most of the time. Workmen have pushed liturgical equipment to one side. Ladders, boards, and piles of discarded plaster are everywhere, and dust from walls which are being removed covers the marble floor and the old wooden choir stalls along the sides. A handsome chamber is already emerging out of the confusion. New limestone pillars and arches, exact replicas of those of Crusader construction which had been badly crumbling, have already been installed. Occasionally an original stone has been left in place, blending quaintly with the new stones. Many partitions added in later centuries are being removed so that the graceful lines of the medieval construction can be clearly seen. A large nineteenth-century iconostasis still dominates the interior, but as the restoration continues that, it is hoped, will be replaced with a smaller, more tasteful screen. It is a triumph of art and goodwill over emotion for the Greeks to permit the Romanesque work to reappear so prominently in

the Katholikon, in view of the traditional Greek antipathy toward things Crusader.

Before I left Jerusalem I was privileged to spend a morning touring the church under the guidance of Leo Collas. I arrived at the Technical Bureau at an arranged hour, carrying a bundle of old clothes which the young architect had suggested I bring along. Collas appeared in overalls, and while he took care of some routine office matters I went into a blueprint room and changed clothes. Then we went down into the courtyard of the church.

We paused for a moment to look at the façade. Here there was no sign of repair; the familiar jungle of iron girders all but blocked the entrance to the church. To my surprise Collas said that the network could soon be taken down. I recalled that Harvey had found that the façade leaned six inches away from perpendicular, and wondered how it would be possible to remove the shoring without rebuilding the entire wall. Collas pointed to the lower part of the façade. "Look at it," he said in his flawless English. "It is in excellent condition. There is no need to do anything more than make some minor repairs. We will have to replace some stones in the upper part, where the fire of 1808 poured out of the windows and calcined the stones, but even that portion is still basically sound. We could take away the girders now," he added, "if it were not for having to rebuild one key pillar behind the façade which workmen removed after the fire of 1808. That replacement has slowed us down six months. But it will be finished before long." I remembered having seen photographs of the portals of the church which showed their columns badly cracked—damage which is no longer easily visible because of patchwork done in the 1930's—and wondered if the façade was really as sturdy as it looked. Collas obviously thought that the Mandatory Government had erected more shoring than had really been necessary. In favor of the props, however, was the fact that if another severe earthquake had come the girders and beams would perhaps have prevented a catastrophe. Certainly earthquake is the greatest single threat to the church.

Collas explained to me clearly the steps now being taken to prevent future damage by earthquake. Around and through the church he and his colleagues are installing huge beams of reinforced concrete, invisible from inside and outside, which will lock the whole building into a unit. If an earthquake should come the various parts of the church will not be able to slip apart, and serious damage will, the architects hope, be impossible. The installation of these bands of iron and concrete is already in progress above the south transept, but the whole project will not be completed for several years. As a supplement to this girdling, additional structural modifications are being made, such as the careful weighting of the domes in order to wedge their stones so tightly together that they cannot shake apart. This represents, I later discovered, a different approach from that formerly suggested by architects, who felt that in the face of danger by earthquake the domes should be as light as possible. Experience has shown that light domes in the church have been more susceptible to collapse than heavy ones.

I followed Collas into the church, through the south transept and into the rotunda which surrounds the tomb of Jesus. Here, too, there was the usual mass of supports installed by the British, and as yet no sign of restoration. Eventually the architects will turn their attention to this part of the church, where they hope to expose the Byzantine columns which are at present encased by the unattractive pillars of Kommenos. When the restoration is complete the rotunda should have much the same appearance as it had before 1808.

Collas led me through a passage on the north side of the rotunda and into the Latin convent which occupies the northeast section of the church's confines. Here there was a great deal of evidence of restoration which Father Couasnon had been supervising. Some of the masonry in the convent goes back to the earliest church built on the site, that of Constantine in A.D. 326. Couasnon's work is impressive, for dank chambers which have long been uninhabitable are being transformed into useful parts of the monastery.

We turned sharply to the left inside the convent and stood facing a dingy wall which contrasted greatly with the clean new

stone of the restored parts of the building. A heavy ancient iron door, so small that one had to stoop to enter it, led into a dark recess. We clambered through and entered a part of the church owned by the Greeks but never used publicly. When we were inside, I realized that we were standing behind the rotunda of the church. Beneath our feet was not paving but soil and debris deposited there centuries ago when this area had been open to the air, part of a court which had separated the church from a row of monks' cells. The architects had been supervising some modest excavations in this area in recent months, as trenches dug around the foundations of the rotunda indicated. The vaulting above our heads, Collas explained, was probably Byzantine work of the seventh and eleventh centuries. The more or less circular wall of the rotunda against which this late work rested was quite another matter; it consisted of large, fine stones which had been fitted together so closely that the proverbial penknife could not be inserted among them. This excellent masonry was comparable with the best Crusader work in the church, but it was much older. It dawned on me that I was looking at remains of the Constantinian church. I recalled the church historian Eusebius' statement that Constantine had ordered a semicircular wall erected around the tomb of Jesus.

We walked on, following the bend of the rotunda. Now we were at the westernmost end of the church, actually beneath the shops of Christian Street in the Old City, but no sound of the busy life above filtered through the thick walls. There were ancient monks' chambers on our right, empty and unused for centuries save for one room filled with huge pottery jars containing oil for the lamps in the church, each large enough to hold a man. I thought of the danger of fire and hoped that none of the Greek priests ever smoked in this part of the church. Only a moment later Collas drew my attention to a part of the Constantinian wall in which the stone was badly flaked away. "Fire did this," he said.

In another chamber the rock had been cut in the form of shallow pits and channels to create an oil or wine press, perhaps made as early as Constantinian times and now long in disuse. In

an adjoining chamber was a handsomely plastered bin cut deep into the bedrock, its recently-exposed walls and floor as smooth as if they had been plastered yesterday. In one corner of the chamber was the lower portion of a large jar in which, to my surprise, I saw a skull and some bones. I remembered the statement of a nineteenth-century monk that in earlier centuries priests were sometimes buried in the cellars of the church. Beside the bones was a fragment of a green-enameled plate which —if indeed it belonged with the bones—suggested a medieval date for the burial. The little pile of bones looked rather forlorn, yet I thought that many a Christian would have given much to be buried so near the tomb of his Lord.

We left the dark chambers and retraced our way to the courtyard, where I expressed my appreciation for having seen the archeological aspects of the restoration. I assumed that my tour was at an end, since we had been gone almost two hours, but Collas indicated that there was something else he wanted to show me. He walked over to a manhole in the pavement and called for a light, then led the way down a ladder into what proved to be a dry cistern, twenty feet deep and nearly sixty feet long and about half as wide, which lay beneath the eastern half of the courtyard. Although the cistern was partly built of masonry, the lower part was cut from the bedrock and the whole interior had been carefully plastered so that it would hold water. Two rows of thick columns supported the arches upon which the pavement of the courtyard rested. Collas was proud of the cistern, and when he explained to me its state only three years earlier I understood why. In recent centuries it had become filled almost to the top with mud and filth. When the architects began their repairs to the church they needed to know how strong the foundations of the church were, so they had no choice but to clean the cistern and determine how far beneath the church it extended. Regular workmen refused to undertake the job. Finally the architects contracted with a band of gypsies, who performed the unpleasant work in good order. When the task was finished the supervisors discovered a sizable cave ad-

joining the cistern on the north and running directly under the center of the façade of the church. Obviously this posed a threat to the south transept, so with little delay Collas and Couasnon had masons construct a sturdy pillar from the floor to the roof of the cave, thus forestalling the collapse of the ground above.

The clearing of the cistern had, however, importance beyond matters of engineering. Its northeastern corner lies only a few yards from Calvary, and therefore offers for the first time some indication of the original shape of the site of Calvary. The masonry of the northern wall of the cistern appears to be Constantinian, or possibly even Roman—conceivably a part of the substructures of a temple of Venus which stood on this site in the second and third centuries—and is therefore extremely important for the history of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. By cutting exploratory sections into the wall, Collas and his colleagues were able to determine that when the cistern was installed the bedrock sloped down in the direction of Calvary to a depth of some seven or eight yards below the level of the tomb of Jesus. Soundings which they had earlier made around the Calvary chapel inside the church had shown similar depths. These discoveries were surprising, for it had always been supposed that most of the church rested on bedrock, or at least close to it. The new evidence suggests that when Constantine built his church the ground to the southwest of Calvary sloped down sharply, so that Calvary itself jutted up as a striking peak some thirty to forty feet high. Constantine's workmen, while having to cut away the rising slope of the hill to the west of Jesus' tomb, had to fill in a large area around Calvary in order to have a level surface for their buildings and courtyards. The significance of this discovery to students of the life of Jesus is considerable. Since the Gospels do not actually say that Calvary was a hill, some scholars have thought that Jesus may have been crucified on a level plot of ground. Now all the evidence seems to indicate that Calvary was indeed a hill, and a more striking promontory than anyone had suspected—the very sort of place, one thinks, which would have appealed to the spectacle-loving Romans for crucifying a man.

One wonders how so strange a pinnacle could have been formed. The architects seem to have found the answer to that question. In the exposed bedrock in the cistern's cave are long, irregular vertical cuts in the rock made by masons' tools. This area was, then, once a quarry. Precisely why the ancient workmen left one bit of rock standing to such a height one cannot say, and perhaps one will never know, but somewhat similar peaks have been found in other quarries in Palestine. Possibly there was something either very sacred or very profane connected with that particular spot which caused the masons not to wish to touch it.

The clearing of the cistern and cave have offered valuable data on the old question of the authenticity of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher as the site of Jesus' crucifixion and tomb. Quarrying would not have been practical within the city itself. Furthermore, the architects tend to think that before quarrying was begun the cave had been a tomb cut into the hillside, and tombs were regularly placed outside the city walls. No traces of buildings have been found under the church, though if this area had been within Jerusalem in Roman times one might reasonably expect some remains of construction to appear. There is thus increasing support for the traditional belief that the Church of the Holy Sepulcher occupies an area which was outside Jerusalem in Roman times and does indeed stand where Jesus died and was buried, the skepticism of various scholars in the last two hundred years notwithstanding. Conclusive proof is, of course, lacking, and probably will be.

"It seems to me," I ventured to Collas as we climbed out of the cistern, "that the most important thing you could do now is to draw a plan and elevation of the bedrock around Calvary." Collas agreed. "That is what the Director of Antiquities of Greece suggested when he visited here recently. But we just don't have the time or personnel to do everything we would like to do. A proper plan, and for that matter further investigation of the area around Calvary, will have to wait a while. What the restoration of the church really requires is a whole team of architects, engineers, archaeologists, and draftsmen." I detected a note of weariness in his voice, and was not surprised.

Couasnon had once suggested that the work at the church, if continued at the present rate, might take another ten years. It seems that there is real question as to whether or not the two architects can endure the hectic pace for so long.

Seen in the broadest perspective, the restoration of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is a reflection of the rapidly changing attitudes of the Eastern and Western branches of the Christian Church which have appeared so dramatically during the last few years. The part of the church in this larger movement is bound to be modest, yet Jerusalem has not lost its position as the holiest city in Christendom, nor its distinctive power to act as a magnet for the diverse Christian communities. The Church of the Holy Sepulcher can still serve as the stage on which some ancient tensions among Christians may be resolved. It is not without significance that the meeting of Pope Paul VI and Archbishop Athenagoras of Constantinople last January took place in Jerusalem; it is only regrettable that the meeting did not take place in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, where it rightly belonged. The church has a promising future as an ecumenical symbol, though whether or not it will become a place for the meeting of minds and spirits as it has long been a physical meeting-place of the Christian communities depends upon the bold exercise of initiative by the leaders of the respective communities. The communities still have a long way to go along the road of cooperation, for the present restoration does nothing to attack the problem of the fragmented ownership of the church; yet in the final analysis that is the most important problem of all. The hope that sectarianism will one day disappear entirely from the Church of the Holy Sepulcher may seem beyond all realization, yet all Christians acknowledge the teaching of Jesus that "if you have faith, you will say to this mountain, 'Move hence to yonder place,' and it will move." Perhaps the mountain has begun to move just a bit.

ROBERT FROST: SOME DIVISIONS IN A WHOLE MAN

By ISADORE TRASCHEN

ROBERT FROST wrote some of the finest verse of our time. He created his own extraordinarily flat, "unpoetic" variant of the conversational idiom which has become the medium of most modern poetry. He restricted himself to the homeliest diction, to words largely of one or two syllables, a remarkable feat. And he countered this simplicity with a highly sophisticated rhetoric, with the devious twistings of the poem's development, with the irony of simple word and subtle thought. His diction was just right for the rural scene he chose in the face of the intimidating international subjects of Eliot and Pound, and just right, too, for its simple particulars. He was no doubt our master of the realistic particular. Things magnified at his touch; they seemed to live. His themes were familiar to most, and appealed—though in widely varying degrees—to everyone: the exhaustion of living, the sense of imminent danger (large as the ocean, small as a spider), personal isolation, the need for community, etc. Frost is so good, so much pleasure to read that you wonder why he needs to be defended so often. What is it about him that makes even enthusiastic admirers like Randall Jarrell—whose appreciation, "To the Laodiceans," should be read by everyone—begin by acknowledging his limitations? After all, everyone has them. Is there some really critical defect in him, one that might explain why Frost never had the passionate following Eliot had? Why didn't Frost so affect us, so transform us that we had no choice but to be his?

What I want to do is to develop an aspect of Frost's poems which I feel represents such a defect. I am aware of the exceptions to what I have to say: these will be occasionally noted. My principal argument is that Frost never risked his life, his

whole being; he was never really lost, like the Eliot of *The Waste Land.* He remained in control, in possession of himself. He did this by keeping himself from the *deepest* experiences, the kind you stake your life on. And this is reflected in various ways, all of which point to a central division in Frost's experience, in himself. He has been represented, by himself as well as by others, as one able to integrate his life. "Drink and be whole against confusion," he advised in "Directive," written during the Second World War; and confused as we were, we were grateful for the recipe. Again, in "Education by Poetry," he says the "Greatest of all attempts to say one thing in terms of another is the philosophical attempt to say matter in terms of spirit, or spirit in terms of matter, to make the final unity . . . it is the height of all poetry, the height of all thinking." But when we read his poetry we encounter division of several kinds.

To begin with, it has been pointed out that though Frost looks at nature closely, and renders it faithfully, he often fails to fuse his idea of it with his feeling. Thus poems like "Tuft of Flowers," "Two Tramps in Mud Time," and "Hyla Brook" divide in two: the things described, the pure existent, free of any abstraction, and the abstract comment, the moral or philosophical lesson in the tradition of Longfellow and Emerson, whom he admired. Take "Hyla Brook," less known than the others:

> By June our brook's run out of song and speed
> Sought for much after that, it will be found
> Either to have gone groping underground
> (And taken with it all the Hyla breed
> That shouted in the mist a month ago,
> Like ghost of sleigh-bells in a ghost of snow)—
> Or flourished and come up in jewel-weed,
> Weak foliage that is blown upon and bent
> Even against the way its waters went.
> Its bed is left a faded paper sheet
> Of dead leaves stuck together by the heat—
> A brook to none but who remember long.
> This as it will be seen is other far
> Than with brooks taken otherwhere in song.
> We love the things we love for what they are.

The poem is a marvel of simple particulars enhanced by homely metaphors and the distinctively Frost idiom, concluding with the abstract comment. In this case the comment is at odds with the spirit of the poem: if we love the things we love for what they are we had better resist setting up a philosophy about them. Often, in this way, Frost does not resolve his identification with particulars and his separation from them by laying on a general meaning. His poetry reveals a division between the imagist and the commentator, between the man who is involved and the man who observes, between the naturalist and the rationalist. In some remarks on Edwin Arlington Robinson, Frost says, "I am not the Platonist Robinson was. By Platonist I mean one who believes what we have here is an imperfect copy of what is in heaven." But the structure of many of his poems, an ascent from matter to idea, is Platonic. I do not mean to imply that Frost thought matter inferior to the idea; he is frequently skeptical about the mind's way of knowing, as in "Bond and Free," where love is superior to thought by virtue of its existential involvement: by "simply staying [it] possesses all." Still, it is fair to say that the structure of his poems often gives the impression that matter, or, more generally, existence is an illustration of an idea.

The dramatic narratives ("The Death of the Hired Man," "A Servant of Servants," etc.) are exceptions to Frost's Platonic structure. Because of the form, probably, the action is sustained all the way; no formulation is tagged on; these poems are memorable in themselves, free of abstract wisdom. Of course this fusion of image and idea happens on occasion in the lyrics, as in "The Silken Tent" and "The Most of It," and with fine effect. Here is the less known "Silken Tent," in which the theme of love and bondage is fused in a one-sentence sonnet with the metaphysical skill of Donne or Marvell.

> She is as in a field a silken tent
> At midday when a sunny summer breeze
> Has dried the dew and all its ropes relent,
> So that in guys it gently sways at ease,
> And its supporting central cedar pole,
> That is its pinnacle to heavenward

And signifies the sureness of the soul,
Seems to owe naught to any single cord,
But strictly held by none, is loosely bound
By countless silken ties of love and thought
To everything on earth the compass round,
And only by one's going slightly taut
In the capriciousness of summer air
Is of the slightest bondage made aware.

But this fusion is not characteristic. Generally there is a division between subject matter and idea, and the poem suffers. The abstract ending contracts the poem; it freezes and flattens the feelings set in motion, channeling them into an idea, as though the idea were the really important part of the poem, its telos.

This division in Frost is reflected in the frequent disjunction between his subject matter and his verse rhythms. The meter is varied from poem to poem; the iambic measure has a human voice, a quiet one which secures a tension between the dramatic substance and its own effortlessness. Yet as we read a number of poems at a stretch, another effect emerges, one of monotony—especially, as Yvor Winters points out, in those in blank verse. It is as though Frost brings an *a priori* rhythm to each poem, a further Platonic tendency: the *idea* of a rhythm distinct from the matter it will give form to. You get the same rhythm in a poem of rural manners like "Mending Wall," with its theme of community, as you do in a quasi-tragic piece like "An Old Man's Winter Night," with its theme of isolation. The poems call for different intensities of feeling, but there is little evidence of this in the rhythms. Compare Frost's verse to that of Shakespeare and Donne:

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action.

Batter my heart, three-person'd God; for, you
As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend.

Among other things, what makes the earlier poets unmonotonous in their rhythms is the weight of the stressed syllables; this further breaks the even flow. Frost rarely breaks up, rarely staggers under the burden of his subject; his tone is level even when the theme is disintegration. The effect of his rhythms is

generally one of understatement—all to the good in the modern canon. But continual understatement acts as an anodyne, beguiling us into what we like to believe is the quiet voice of wisdom. This may have been all right in more contemplative times; but I would think our age is more authentically expressed through pain, through the pure, simple scream it would have been so *pleasant* to hear at times in Frost's poems. Frost's level tone works well in poems of trance-like surrender, as in "After Apple-Picking" or "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening"; here there is a happy conjunction of rhythm and subject matter. Frost's "monotony" may be connected with his philosophic attitude, an even-tempered skeptical rationalism which has been the dominant tradition in Western culture since Plato and Aristotle. It has little in common with another tradition, that of the great howlers who risked everything: the Old Testament prophets, Job (the triviality of "A Masque of Reason" is revealing in this connection), the Greek tragic playwrights and Shakespeare, or romantics like Blake and Rimbaud.

Frost's incapacity for the tragic howl is of a piece, I believe, with the sentimentality which marks a further division in him, the separation of fact and feeling. A typical instance is "The Road Not Taken," with its elegiac air:

> I shall be telling this with a sigh
> Somewhere ages and ages hence:
> Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
> I took the one less travelled by,
> And that has made all the difference.—

Frost acknowledges that life has limits ("knowing how way leads on to way"), yet he indulges himself in the sentimental notion that we could be really different from what we have become. He treats this romantic cliché on the level of the cliché; hence the appeal of the poem for many. But after having grown up, who still wants to be that glamorous movie star or ball player of our adolescent daydreams? In "The Jolly Corner" James saw the other road leading to corruption, the fate of those who deny themselves, who suffer a division of the self.

These divisions in Frost may help us see what is unsatisfactory about a finely wrought poem like "The Onset."

Always the same, when on a fated night
At last the gathered snow lets down as white
As may be in dark woods, and with a song
It shall not make again all winter long
Of hissing on the yet uncovered ground,
I almost stumble looking up and round,
As one who overtaken by the end
Gives up his errand, and lets death descend
Upon him where he is, with nothing done
To evil, no important triumph won,
More than if life had never been begun.

Yet all the precedent is on my side:
I know that winter death has never tried
The earth but it has failed: the snow may heap
In long storms an undrifted four feet deep
As measured against maple, birch, and oak,
It cannot check the peeper's silver croak;
And I shall see the snow all go down hill
In water of a slender April rill
That flashes tail through last year's withered brake
And dead weeds, like a disappearing snake.
Nothing will be left white but here a birch,
And there a clump of houses with a church.

Frost is again divided in his response. He resists winter a
welcomes spring; he welcomes life but does not see that death
organic to it. Later, in "West-running Brook," he was to say tl
"The universal cataract of death" sends up our life. But Fr
largely flirted with the dark woods that appear with some f
quency in his poems; he was not lost in them so deeply, as Da
was, for them to transform him. Instead, he made a "strate
retreat."

If Frost's resistance to death is unnatural, his sense of spring
"The Onset" is incomplete. It lacks the organic singleness
spring and winter of Dylan Thomas' "The force that throu
the green fuse drives the flower / Drives my green age; tl
blasts the roots of trees / Is my destroyer." What is also lacki
is the pain of birth, as in Lawrence's "Tortoise Shout." Here
the tortoise

. . . in the spasm of coition, tupping like a jerking leap, and oh!
Opening its clenched face from his outstretched neck
And giving that fragile yell, that scream,

Super-audible,
From his pink, cleft, old-man's mouth,
Giving up the ghost,
Or screaming in Pentecost, receiving the ghost.

Some of this is prosy, but it has a power which if Frost had exercised it might have shaken many of his admirers. For Frost spring is simply another occasion for his even-tempered reassurance, compounded in the idyllic image of houses and church worthy of Rockwell Kent. Quietly brought in, sparely set down, pretty to contemplate . . . yet effective only if we allow ourselves to be coerced by the idyl of the American village. But after Winesburg and Spoon River and Lardner? The village church is pretty to look at, but too often filled with people divided in their own ways: loving mankind but fearing if not hating Catholics, Jews, and Negroes, not to speak of foreigners. As a matter of fact, in "A Star in a Stone-Boat," in the same *New Hampshire* volume, Frost is ironic about those who "know what they seek in school and church."

Now "The Onset" hints at difficulties, but these are overlooked or forgotten in the interests of the pleasant solution. The speaker says he is like one who "lets death descend / Upon him where he is, with nothing done / To evil, no important triumph won, / More than if life had never been begun." This is a characterization of the Laodicean temper comparable to Yeats' "The best lack all conviction," or Eliot's "We who were living are now dying / With a little patience." But Frost does not draw the conclusions Yeats and Eliot do, or Marlow in *Heart of Darkness*, or Baudelaire, Dante, and St. John. April's slender rill will still return as life-giving as ever, untouched by Laodicean lifelessness; April will not be the cruelest month, bringing a rebirth we do not want and cannot stand. Frost's Chaucerian response to spring is simply no longer possible, even before the fallout, except to one who has seriously isolated himself from our times, a division I will say more about.

We have no right to demand anything of a poet but what he gives us, although we do have an obligation to define what he is giving us. Frost himself invites us to judge him, in the terms

I have set forth, in one of his great poems, "The Gift Outright." He says that before we were the land's

> Something we were withholding made us weak
> Until we found out that it was ourselves
> We were withholding from the land of living . . .

You must give yourself, surrender yourself, fully to realize yourself. Curiously, this is the point of the first poem, "Into My Own," in Frost's first volume; by going into the woods he will be "more sure of all I thought was true." But Frost generally separates himself from nature, as when he speaks with an oddly exploitative élan of our increasing "hold on the planet"; unlike Wordsworth, who identifies with nature as his spirit is "Rolled round in earth's diurnal course, / With rocks, and stones, and trees." Now there is a sense of fully meeting nature in "After Apple-Picking," but usually, as in "Come In" or "Stopping by Woods," the poet only seems to give himself, while actually withdrawing. Robert Penn Warren explains the withdrawal in "Stopping by Woods" as "man defining himself by resisting the pull of nature." No doubt we must *distinguish* ourselves from the rest of nature, but we cut ourselves off from a critical part of our existence if we do this by *resisting*. This may lead, for example, to the kind of alienation Lawrence dramatizes in "Snake." A venomous, golden snake appears and "The voice of my education said to me / He must be killed." He throws a log at it, forcing the kingly animal to retreat, "convulsed in undignified haste." He has despoiled nature, and it weighs on him like an albatross: "I missed my chance with one of the lords / of life. / And I have something to expiate; / A pettiness." Sometimes, as in the beautiful "Oven Bird," Frost seems to identify with nature, but even here he is really personifying the bird, imposing his philosophical mood of the moment: "The question that he [the bird] frames in all but words / Is what to make of a diminished thing."

The difference between Frost and Lawrence and Thomas is critical. Lawrence defines his humanness in a mutual encounter with nature, Frost by resisting it. The tortoise's pain is Lawrence's, as Thomas is bent by the same wintry fever as the

crooked rose. Both become more profoundly human by surrendering, or at least immersing themselves in nature. They *grow* out of their relation to it; Frost does not because he is curiously divided from it, observing it to introduce his own ideas. He does not sink to come up new; he cannot lose himself, follow his own advice and surrender himself; he will not let go of himself, allow nature to work on him and change him. As a skeptic, the poet of the middle way, not committing himself to extremes—passional or intellectual—Frost remains separate from the objects he looks at, unchanged. There is no mutual penetration which transforms subject and object. Instead, Frost puts on his armor of ideas to confront nature with; perhaps, strangely, to protect him from it. Two impulses work against each other, the naturalistic and the civilized, and the latter prevails. Despite all the suggestions of disaster in his poetry Frost does not really disturb us. He is all too frequently prepared to reach some reasonable agreement. Problems—yes; but solutions too.

What all this comes to is a detachment which in its cultural context is a poetry of isolationism. This is obviously appealing to an American audience. The title of his first volume, *A Boy's Will,* alludes to the favorite American poet of the nineteenth century, Longfellow, and to the poem which appeals to our nostalgia as well as our Edenic impulse. Succeeding titles—*North of Boston, Mountain Interval, New Hampshire, West-running Brook*—all reassure us of the importance, the validity, the worth not merely of our country, but of that part where we began and where our virtues were seeded and flourished. Nor do the images which trouble that scene—the hired man, the servant of servants, and the others—trouble Frost's audience; on the contrary, the harsh realism validates its nostalgia. Rural America is offered as the theatre of this world, appealing to anyone who would like to forget the world.

Delmore Schwartz once called T. S. Eliot our international hero; Frost is our national, isolationist hero, withdrawn as Americans generally are from the dialogue of ideas which give form to living not only in our time but at least as far back as the Old Testament days. Typical of Frost's attitude are the words

of the wife in "In the Home Stretch": "New is a word for fools in towns who think / Style upon style in dress and thought at last / Must get somewhere." Nothing could be more appealing to our traditionalist temper; nothing is more alien to our revolutionary tradition; nothing could be plain sillier. The wife is not aware that whatever ideas *she* has are the new ones of Moses, the Prophets, the Greek philosophers, Christ, St. Paul, St. Thomas, Montaigne, Newton, Marx, and Freud. To ignore the ideas of *our* age means that you use them uncritically, for they get into your bones anyway.

Intellectual heat has tempered most of us; but Frost "is able," as Robert Langbaum says, "to shrug off those conflicts between man and nature, thought and reality, head and heart, science and religion, which since the romantic period have torn other poets apart." As a consequence, many of his poems which seem to bear upon our crises do not really confront them. For example, "Once By the Pacific" warns of "a night of dark intent / . . . and not only a night, an age." But it lacks the specific historical sense of Yeats's "Leda and the Swan," "Two Songs from a Play," and "The Second Coming," and so has only a vague effect. Yeats interprets the historical moments and so involves himself in them as he gives us a way of understanding them. Uninvolved, Frost paralyzes us with merely passive or stunned responses to modern terror, as in "Design," "Bereft," or "Once By the Pacific"; he does not take up the arms of the intellect against our sea of troubles. Failing to be involved, he falls back on eternal commonplaces. In "The Peaceful Shepherd" he points out that the cross, the crown, and the scales of trade all might as well have been the sword; in "November" he deplores "The waste of nations warring"; in "A Question" he asks if life is worth all the suffering. These poems do not pretend to much, but their very simplicity allows us to see more readily the commonplace quality of so much of Frost's thought, owing, I would say, to his separation from the intellectual wars of our time.

Frost's withdrawal from the exhausting scene of the mind, of a piece with his withdrawal from the pain in nature, his moralizing use of nature, and his dreamlike response to it—all this can lead to the cruelty of neglect. (Though being *in* the wars of

the mind hardly exempts one from cruelty as such.) The highly praised "The Lesson for Today" is very witty, often brilliant, and absolutely heartless in its trite equation of our epoch with other dark ones, particularly so when we remember it was written in 1941. Swinging on one's philosophic swivel, it may be valid to say "One age is like another for the soul," or that "all ages shine / with equal darkness." But this is much like Gertrude, who used the vulgar argument that death is common to all, and therefore why so particular with Hamlet. Hamlet is a tragic figure because what happened *was* particular to him, just as what has happened *is* particular to us—how else can we take it seriously? It is the particulars that speak to us, that it would be obscene to ignore or forget. The poet who maintains his balance before the ideas and events which are unbalancing the rest of us risks being irrelevant. To equate one age with another is to be outside of both. How different Frost seems when he does render modern particulars, as at the end of "The Bonfire" —not one of his better poems, certainly. Speaking to some children, he asks,

> Haven't you heard, though,
> About the ships where war has found them out
> At sea, about the towns where war has come
> Through opening clouds at night with droning speed
> Further o'erhead than all but stars and angels,—
> And children in the ships and in the towns?
> Haven't you heard what we have lived to learn?
> Nothing so new—something we had forgotten:
> *War is for everyone, for children too.*
> I wasn't going to tell you and I mustn't.
> The best way is to come up hill with me
> And have our fire and laugh and be afraid.

But I do not see how he can say that children are no more affected by war today than in the past.

When Frost confronts our civilization in its totality—the encounter that defines our great moderns, as Stephen Spender has pointed out—he is inadequate; all he can muster is a commonplace. Perhaps he is prone to aphorisms in a poem dealing with the modern scene because he does not see it. He talks about it, but is incapable of creating its personae, like Eliot's carbuncular

clerk. Having committed himself to by-road, rural figures not shaped by central modern concerns, he falls into archness or waspishness when dealing with features of our world—and not least, incidentally, its representative literature. In the later, rightly admired "Directive," he advises us to retreat from "all this now too much for us" back to a "time made simple by the loss / of detail." Here once more is the refusal to confront the particulars of our world; after a journey which Frost invites us to compare with that of a Grail knight, yet with only a hint of the Grail trials, we will be saved, "be whole again beyond confusion" by drinking the cup of the past, the simple time. Comforting . . . but after Eliot's fragmented Fisher King? Langbaum comments that Frost's poetry is the kind "that delivers us from the poignancy of the historical moment to place us in contact with a survival-making eternal folk wisdom. We can live by Frost's poetry as we could not by Yeats's or Pound's." On the contrary. The poetry that disturbs us most strengthens us most, much the way the tragic hero affirms himself by acknowledging the last truth. Eternal wisdom is comic to those conscious of the awful fact of *this* historic moment. Divided from our time, Frost, our wisdom-poet, has so little of the kind of wisdom appropriate to our time, the hellish, existential wisdom of Kafka and Camus, or the biological wisdom of Lawrence.

In his famous speech celebrating Frost's eighty-fifth birthday Lionel Trilling links Frost with the tragic poets. He makes this assertion with an unusual rhetorical violence: "when ever have people been so isolated, so lightning-blasted, so tried down and calcined by life, so reduced, each in his own way, to some last irreducible core of being." Professor Trilling ignores most of Frost's poetry, and most of the criticism, that which praises Frost (for his skeptical rationalism or his "strategic retreat," for example) as well as that which criticizes him. He cites "Design" as an example of Frost's tragic sense. Randall Jarrell has demonstrated the power of the poem. Its argument is that the universe is a "design of darkness." But the tragic sense involves something more. It requires a belief in or a coherent vision of the design of life, traditional as with Eliot or private as with Yeats and Kafka; it requires this together with the feeling that

the design is breaking down. It implies more than mere ruin. The tragic sense requires a person highly developed in spirit and mind who, broken by the imminent failure of his sense of things, is moved to probe and question—apocalyptically, or humorously, but always passionately, not with the mild, wry, even-tempered humor of Frost.

The great moderns have thought steadily about our age; from this has come intense commitments taking the form of those consistent visions of modern life which have shaped our imagination. What distinguishes them, as Spender has put it, is their sense of the present "as a fatal knowledge that has overtaken the whole of civilization and has broken the line of tradition with the past." Frost writes in a historical vacuum, with almost nothing to say to us about the modern content of our alienation and fragmentation. His efforts here yield little that has not been more passionately and tragically said by many others. "Departmental" is a fairly good, if too clever, poem on specialization; but "Why Wait for Science" and "Bursting Rapture" are pebbly rather than Vermont granite; the latter even childish when we think of Yeats' treatment of the apocalyptic theme in "The Second Coming" and his other annunciation poems. No one seems to be more solidly planted in the world, yet no one of Frost's stature tells us less about our world.

It is the absence of a modern texture which in one way gives Frost his special appeal to moderns. As a poet of particulars, especially of nature, Frost has an effect on the city person something like that Wordsworth had for John Stuart Mill. For such a person—especially a bookish one—Frost brings a momentary salvation. He restores the *things* that our organized way of living and our abstract way of seeing have obliterated: "Blueberries as big as the end of your thumb," or an ax-helve "slender as a whipstock, / Free from the least knot, equal to the strain / Of bending like a sword across the knee." And in making us see these things he saturates us with the texture of American life, the life of its beginnings. This too is good for the intellectual who for many reasons (the cant, hypocrisy, and immorality of public life, the spiritual deterioration of private life) often feels like an outsider in his own country. Frost has reminded us of

all that cannot be spoiled by the politician or the brassy patriot. For this we are grateful. Blueberries, ax-helves, birches, oven birds—these are stable vantage points, solid stations—but not enough. They are the moving particulars common to any time, not the disturbing particulars of our own. Neither his images nor his scenes are modern; his isolation provides him only with situations out of another era. Our representative heroes are fated in images drawn from the modern world: Joseph K. crucified by the celestial bureaucracy, Meursault by the apparatus of the law, reflecting conventional, middle-class values. Irving Howe says that "Frost writes as a modern poet who shares in the loss of firm assumptions." Perhaps, but this could apply equally to Donne or Montaigne. Yvor Winters' remarks on Frost as a thinker are more pertinent. "Frost's skepticism and uncertainty do not appear to have been so much the result of thought as the result of the impact upon his sensibility of conflicting notions of his own era—they appear to be the result of his having taken the easy way and having drifted with the various currents of his time." Frost is contemporary rather than modern. He lives in our time but at bottom is not affected, disturbed, shaken, transformed by it. Everyone rightly praises "An Old Man's Winter Night," but "Gerontion," drawing on fewer particulars of old age, disturbs us more, for it is a portrait of old age in our age, and so becomes a portrait of our age.

The division in much of Frost's poetry between image and idea, matter and rhythm, the naturalist and the rationalist is reflected in Frost's withholding himself from nature, and this in turn we see is a reflection of the division between his subject matter and that of the age. This was fatal to his full development, preventing the kind of growth and transformations that marked Yeats and Eliot. His simplicity and homeliness probably contributed to this fate. He took these qualities too seriously, as though they were the heart of truth. He became his own imitator, beguiling himself enough to keep himself out of the complexities and contentions of our time, out of the political, moral, religious, and philosophical crises which might have led to a passionate commitment. Even if wrongheaded, this at least would have opened hell to him.

CITY AND PSYCHE

By A. E. PARR

THE creeping blight of monotony in our surroundings, particularly as they present themselves to our sense of vision, has been bewailed by people of so many different talents, interests, vocations, and avocations that their criticism must express a widely felt sense of want. Even such an ardent advocate of "show-the-bones" constructivism in architecture as Ada Louise Huxtable often joins the chorus. And who among us has not felt a gradual nibbling away of incentives for a stroll in our streets as the richly varied revelations of individual tastes in small buildings give way to the endlessly repeated unadorned forms of modern architecture? Who can fail to share William H. Whyte's appreciation of "at least one hideous house to relieve the good taste"?

Actually nobody is even trying to deny the progressive elimination of visual complexity and copious detail. On the contrary, our designers take great pride in having condemned and discarded all "applied ornamentation" in order to frame our lives in endless vistas of "clean façades," as pure as laundered sheets drying in the sun, but less lively. In this stern environment we walk when we feel in need of the exercise, or when the dog has to go, but we do not promenade for the visual pleasures of varied experience.

James Marston Fitch has summed up the stylistic criteria of modern architecture as "simplicity, economy, and efficiency" but finds it "apparent that above and beyond physical performance, laymen ask something more of buildings, some quality which they have found in the traditional design and miss in the modern one." Fitch identifies the missing quality as "sentiment" but expresses no suspicion that the popular demand may spring from a true organic need for perceptual stimulation, and not merely from the mental and sentimental habits of mind that determine only the particular form of our sensory appetites in a certain age and tradition. Sullivan's "Autobiography of an Idea" offers a

moving ode of gratitude for the wonders and values of varied experience in his early life, even when he speaks with a touch of asperity about some particular recollection of his past.

But unless we can show that diversity is actually good for us, perhaps even essential, and not merely gratifying to our senses and sentiments, our wishes will never alter the dictates of society's arbiters of taste, or prevail against them. This is easy to understand, for several reasons. Unless our critics are merely going to echo the commonplace, a prime prerequisite for membership in their exalted circle must obviously be a hearty dislike for anything that a majority of their fellow men relish and enjoy —at least until the object of attention disappears from daily life and becomes a relic of the past, which our experts may then have the pleasure of rediscovering without having to peer over the shoulders of the crowd. In the meantime those who seek satisfaction for their visual hunger beyond the precincts defined by current esthetic doctrine are harshly denounced for the "consummate vulgarity" of their "parvenu love of the novel, the flashy, and the bizarre." It is enlightening to examine how consistent defenders of the faith are in interpreting and applying esthetic dogma. According to Miss Huxtable "architecture is properly the expression of structural techniques," and Frank Lloyd Wright has ruled that "all ornament if not developed within the nature of architecture and as an organic part of such expression, vitiates the whole fabric no matter now clever or beautiful it may be as something in itself." It would be very difficult for any unprejudiced person to see the risers, wastelines, traps, and fixtures of our bathrooms as expressions of the "structural truth" of architecture, and not as applied features added for the despised purposes of convenience, if not outright luxury. But applied plumbing for the comfort of our bowels is splendid, while applied ornamentation to ease the hunger of our minds is beneath contempt and "treason to modern architecture." It is amusing to see a critical exponent of modernity become more lyrical about the Seagram executives' men's room than about almost anything else he comments upon. Evidently the room is a little gem of ornamentation that probably has little to do with

its functions, and even less to do with the expression of the building's structural technique.

Conceding a battle they are only rarely able to win, many architects try to avoid artistic conflict by recognizing interior decoration as a field apart, not governed by the rules that apply to building-design, but generously set aside for the individual self-expression of owner, user, or decorator, with applied ornamentation and other "extraneous" garniture entirely permissible. But the tactical expedient of such an arbitrary division of esthetic domains has lost all semblance of logical justification in the urban communities of our megalopolitan age. In the open space of the countryside, a farmhouse, a mansion, or a castle are only scattered objects in the broader vista of the landscape. In an urban environment all spaces are enclosed, and the exterior aspects of the buildings form the interiors of the cityscape. Life in our cities is an inside life in the womb of urban architecture both indoors and out. The conflicts or uneasy compromises between architectural design and interior decoration that we see all around us bear wistful evidence of frustrated yearnings for a visually more abundant mode of existence.

A psychological want need not be consciously felt and verbally articulated to have organic reality. Neither is the strongest and most volubly expressed desire necessarily proof that something of genuine value is lacking. We must look in other directions for objective evidence of the demands actually placed upon our environment by our minds and bodies. Since it would not be permissible to use human beings for experiments with conditions that might have permanently detrimental effects upon the mind, the confirmation or refutation of any working hypothesis that seems reasonable in its premises will have to come chiefly from the study of our nearest relatives of the animal kingdom, with ex post facto observations of the human condition serving to verify the validity of the observations for our own species.

It would seem logical to assume that just as our bodies need food and exercise to grow strong and healthy, so does our brain need an adequate sensory intake and stimulation for its optimum

development. And the measure of our perceptual diet is obviously not how much we perceive, but how many significantly different images our senses transmit to our minds—in other words, the diversity rather than the repetitive quantity of our experiences. These common-sense expectations are amply confirmed by experiments with mammals other than man. Donald W. Fiske and Salvatore R. Maddi, and their many collaborators in *Functions of Varied Experience,* have assembled and abstracted much of the pertinent evidence, including the results of their own research, and conclude that "there is certainly evidence that the more variable of two early environments produces an adult organism that is perceptually and behaviorally more alert, flexible, and able to cope with change." D. O. Hebb puts it even more succinctly when he states that "perceptual restriction in infancy certainly produces a low level of intelligence."

The problems of the space age have caused man to experiment upon himself with the effects of environmental conditions that are much more drastic than most of those tested upon other species, but also of shorter duration relative to total life span. The most widely dramatized of these investigations examine the impact of what is as nearly as possible complete "sensory deprivation," that is, the exclusion of all sensory stimuli. Of more interest to our subject is probably the work of Woodburn Heron and others which did not have for its purpose to "cut individuals off from any sensory stimulation whatsoever, but to remove all pattern of perceptual information," or, in other words, to expose the subject to complete monotony. In these circumstances Heron found a definite impairment of thinking, among other results that we will come back to later.

Many of the investigators also point out that, beyond a certain maximum, varied experience may itself become overwhelming and deleterious. This, however, scarcely needs to concern us much for the next hundred years insofar as our visual environment is concerned, when we note the direction in which urban architecture and environmental design are now pushing us.

There are, then, rather abundant indications of a possible relationship between diversity of milieu and mental capacity, at

least under experimental conditions. But alertness and level of intelligence do not uniquely determine pattern of behavior. Heron has found that "the higher organisms actively avoid a completely monotonous environment." When Jane Jacobs asks why it is that "office workers on Park Avenue turn off to Lexington or Madison Avenue at the first corner they reach," and why short blocks are apt to be busier than long ones, her queries actually corroborate Heron's general assertion. The questions also suggest some very interesting examples of the manner in which Heron's principle of avoidance of monotony may affect urban life and economy.

Welker (in Fiske and Maddi) assigns a somewhat more positive role to the responding organism when he expresses "no doubt that animals tend to produce or seek certain levels of stimulation." Rolling along on a particularly monotonous stretch of highway we are quite likely to find ourselves unintentionally driving much faster than we realize, until we take a look at the speedometer, and this inadvertent haste may simply be the manifestation of a subconscious effort to compensate for lack of variety in the environmental image by increasing the rate of change of scenery, or, in other words, by substituting diversity in time when the diversity in space proves inadequate. Boutourline also noticed among pedestrian spectators at the Seattle World's Fair a tendency to walk faster when the contents of the surroundings decreased in the direction of travel. If empty space actually speeds the visitors on their way, it occurred to me that the theories generally followed in attempting to create "restful" intervals between museum exhibits may well be totally wrong, and this suspicion has also been reinforced by new information.

But the guise in which the pursuit of stimulation becomes most important to our main theme is best revealed in the aspects of behavior that we associate with the spirit of adventure. The craving for adventure, which generally finds its strongest expression in the younger generation, is actually a demand for experiences that cannot be entirely foreseen. In the old days when each block had a dozen façades, and one street did not show you

what the next street would look like as well, this youthful hunger for the unexpected could be satisfied by simple exploration of the surroundings, which seems to be the natural outlet for the urge, turning its promptings into an asset in the struggle for existence. From his studies of monkeys Robert A. Butler concluded that they, and presumably all primates, have a strong motive toward visual exploration of their environment. As we make our cities more and more uniform by design and regulations, we rob exploration of its rewards, till we force the young to seek the stimulus of the unexpected in their own unpredictable behavior rather than in a too predictable milieu. On the basis of this reasoning I have already postulated elsewhere that there may quite possibly be some contributory positive connection between modern architecture and juvenile delinquency. A similar thought is expressed by Roul Tunley, when he "wonders how many of our restless, energetic pioneer heroes would have been juvenile delinquents if compelled to live today in our towns and cities."

In his interviews with authorities and experts and his search of the literature, Tunley found wide general agreement that a thirst for adventure, rather than a basically antisocial attitude, is at the bottom of most delinquent behavior. He also encountered frequent spontaneous expressions of the opinion voiced by the New York City gang-work supervisor who told him that "as far as the kids are concerned, the old houses were far better than the new ones." These findings on the nature of juvenile delinquency are not merely subjective illustrations of wishful thinking. The Gluecks, for example, in *Unraveling Juvenile Delinquency* can report that 47.9 percent of delinquents compared with only 9.5 percent of non-delinquents studied by them "expressed a preference for adventurous activities." All of these observations and conclusions point toward a need to restore to the cityscape a degree of diversity that will again establish a natural and beneficial outlet for the spirit of adventure in exploration rather than unpremeditated behavior which so often turns out to be misbehavior. But in order to accomplish this task we need a far greater and more precise knowledge of the relationship be-

tween diversity and curiosity than anyone can offer today, and we need the information in terms that our environmental designers can apply to their tasks. Again we find a vast and urgent need for research in environmental psychology.

Before we continue it may be well to attempt to correct a frequent misunderstanding. The planning of a small village, or even of group housing for agricultural labor, is often discussed as if it were a small-scale example of urban design, or, at least, a pilot experiment. But it is not. When we are merely creating a shelter for intermittent temporary withdrawals from the natural surroundings, mostly at night, we can rely upon nature to continue to provide the diet of diversity demanded by our mental appetites. Urban design does not begin to face its real tasks until community development passes the point where the man-made milieu becomes a replacement of the natural setting and not only a protection against some of its elements. The critical dimension might be looked for in the extent to which the average radius of action of a child in its formative years is contained within, or extends beyond the cityscape, or in some other criterion similarly related to psychological needs.

The method of dealing separately with different aspects of our outward behavior and our psychological reactions must in no way be taken to suggest that these are in fact independent phenomena. The thirst for adventure and the behavior to which it leads obviously play a tremendous role in the process of learning and the development of our intelligence, which we considered first, but the emotional factors that may lead to delinquency are inextricably involved with the elements of intellectual curiosity that govern the individual in his explorations or his misbehavior.

We seem to have been happily reassured that delinquency in most cases springs primarily from a healthy, but misdirected spirit of adventure, which might easily have been turned to better uses. Nevertheless, there can be no disputing that emotions are always involved, and may, in situations for which they are badly adjusted, become the primary cause rather than a minor corollary of objectionable and harmful behavior. In exploring our affec-

tive responses to the environment it is convenient to make a distinction between diffuse emotional tones, or moods, and feelings that are oriented toward a definite focal point. We may simply be in an angry mood, or we may be angry at something or somebody. That our perceptual environment continually influences and can sometimes dominate both our moods and our specific feelings is hardly open to debate. Our language and literature are full of expressions attesting to our common knowledge of such relationships between mind and milieu. We speak of threatening mountains, blissful valleys, depressing city canyons, cheerful gardens, and so on. The entire art of stage design is based upon the assumption that our emotional state is directly influenced by our visual surroundings, and theatrical experience abundantly proves the validity of its premise. It is interesting to note that stagecraft commonly uses architectural motifs for the strongest impact. For these reasons it might seem logical to expect that there would be a great deal of knowledge at hand concerning the relationship between environment and emotions. But in this expectation we are badly disappointed. Everybody knows that the field is there, and many have tried to describe what it looks like as seen across the fences of other disciplines, particularly through the eyes of artistic intuition. But nobody seems to have made the field his own and subjected it to the rigorous scientific examination so urgently needed to direct the steps of our progress.

In all this welter of ignorance and guesswork there is one phenomenon on which everybody, from mystery writer to social commentator, is in such universal agreement that it becomes impossible to doubt the presence of some reality behind the words. Described in an infinite variety of ways, the observations assign to the physical environment itself the power of inducing or enhancing a sense of frustration and insecurity among its inmates. That these states of mind and emotion may also spring from numerous other causes is not the point, but that the nonhuman milieu may function as an independent cause among the others. Harrison Salisbury has spoken of "the crushing anonymity, loneliness and ugliness of high-rise apartments." John D. MacDonald refers to "disposable cubicles for dispensable people,"

and "bright boxes which diminish the people who (have) to live and work in them." We could go on quoting at length from those who might perhaps be listed as unfriendly witnesses against the developing cityscape. Probably more effective confirmation can be obtained from the utterances and assertions of the leaders and apostles of modern architecture.

According to Walter Gropius *"Functionalism was not considered a rationalistic process merely. It embraced psychological problems as well. . . .* We realized that emotional needs are just as imperative as any utilitarian ones and demand to be satisfied." In the pursuit of this ideal, functionalism has subjected all the statics of structure and all the properties of materials to the most rigorous and objective study. But it seems impossible to find any evidence of similarly exacting and impersonal research directed toward the discovery of the environmental configurations and conditions most conducive to intellectual vigor and emotional satisfaction. One gathers the impression that it was considered superfluous to explore the actual needs of the psyche, since artistic intuition clearly reveals what the needs ought to be, whether that is what they are or not. Giedion tells us that the architect "like all real artists, has to realize in advance the main emotional needs of his fellow citizens, long before they themselves are aware of them." In the circumstances one should perhaps not be too surprised by the reappraisal of the functionalist movement offered some twenty years later by one of its ardent admirers, Nikolaus Pevsner, who states that "it is the creative energy of this world in which we live and work and which we want to master, a world of science and technology, of speed and danger, of hard struggles and *no personal security,* that is glorified in Gropius' architecture, and as long as this is the world and these are its ambitions and problems, the style of Gropius and the other pioneers will be valid." (Italics added.)

From the day a man first laid one stone upon another the purpose of building has been to shelter us against the weather, protect us against enemies and dangers, and shield us from the terrors that dwell in the anonymous darkness and distance beyond. According to Pevsner, functionalism has put an end to much of this. To calm our fears and make us feel secure in our surround-

ings is no longer a purpose of architecture. The proper aim should be to glorify, and thereby reinforce, our anxieties, instead of trying to ease our tensions by the design of our milieu. This attempted justification by complete perversion of the natural and logical reasons for building is actually the strongest possible condemnation of what it would defend.

There are today many brilliant defectors from the narrow creed of rigid functionalism. But the goal of their rebellion has generally been the achievement of individual self-expression, which demands inquiry only into the artist's own esthetic reactions and his creative ability to fit an expression of his personal taste to the material functions and purposes that must be served by his design. The need to investigate the general relationship between mind and milieu that the functionalists ought to have felt can obviously not have as much meaning to the true believers in polymorphous architectural individualism. We must be deeply grateful to the rebels for having retarded our descent toward monotony, but it has not been within their aims to advance the kind of research that might change the clearly esthetic aspects of design from a pure to an applied art. It is, therefore, still timely for others to reaffirm that it is one of the first responsibilities of architecture not to express, but to alleviate. the pressures that burden our minds and dampen our pleasures. We can no longer leave it to the architects to divine our needs in a Delphic daze. There are better ways of discovering what our actual wants are. Giedion has revealed the problem very clearly in his statement that "aesthetic impacts influence us at all moments. Consciously, or in most cases subconsciously, they provoke friendly or hostile reactions." And Yamasaki (according to von Eckardt) has pointed to the solution we must seek in the creation of buildings that can give us a sense of happiness, peace, and security. But the search itself lies in the field of psychology, and its success can only be insured by using the rigorous methods of scientific inquiry to determine the needs, which artistic genius may then be able to meet.

If we could find a way to bring about the personal happiness of every member of the human species, any distinction between private feelings and emotional responses of broader social

concern would lose all meaning. But while we are still trying to reach the millennium through our vale of tears, it is useful to recognize that there are some sentiments such as the joys of accomplishment, the pleasures of a beautiful sight, and even the love between a man and a woman, which seriously influence only a narrow and intimate circle, while other emotional states may have consequences quickly involving human relations on a wide scale. With the tensions that plague the world today one of the problems that must concern us most is the unanswered question of whether or not a state of increased irritability can be directly induced by the environment.

It was reported by Anitra Karsten as long ago as 1928 that the effects upon human beings of prolonged repetition of the same activity included a growing nervous tension and an increase in emotional outbursts. Under more extreme conditions of isolation in a completely monotonous environment Heron also found that the subjects became "markedly irritable" and developed "childish emotional responses." There has so far been nothing to suggest that urban monotony and experimental monotony should differ in anything but degree. Is it not, therefore, within the realm of possibility that lack of diversity in the one may have effects quite similar to those resulting from uniformity in the other? If such a contingency is even conceivable, does it not become a compelling moral obligation for those concerned with the design of our environment to see to it that the possibilities are fully and competently investigated? Perhaps the intuition of a mystery writer is not too far wrong when John D. MacDonald wonders if "the hideous new, tax-shelter buildings" have not "played some significant part in creating New York's ever-increasing flavor of surly and savage bitterness." In the broader and more positive terms of B. V. Doshi and Christopher Alexander "mass-produced, mass-design-regimented houses and offices stunt (man's) spiritual and esthetic development and eventually destroy his mental wellbeing."

We are not here concerned with the qualities and impact of outstanding single masterpieces of modern architecture, but with the changing total composition of cityscapes in which "less able architects have been released from the imperatives of origi-

nality" as remarked by von Eckardt, who feels that "architecture is better for it." But what about the people? In the absence of verifiable facts there can, of course, not be any agreement about specific relationships between environmental configurations and emotional states, but there is an impressive consensus of opinion that such relationships do exist and are, in fact, omnipresent.

Every thought and feeling we experience leaves its traces on our personality. If enduring features of our surroundings provoke steadily predominant moods or frequently repeated emotional responses, the conclusion seems inescapable that the environment itself may be a major determinant of personality. Both folklore and literature make numerous allusions to the molding of character by the encompassing features of country and community. The plainsman is molded by the plains, as naturally as a tumble-weed. The sailor reflects the temper of the seas in every thought and feeling passing through his mind. Mountain people living in the ominous shadows of looming precipices become introvert and coercive in their attitudes toward others, while the inhabitants of the wide and pleasant valleys are extrovert, gay, and tolerant. There are almost certainly many important kernels of truth hidden in the substance of these legends, impressions, and subjective beliefs, which receive a kind of lefthanded confirmation in the authoritative voice of Harold F. Searles, who concludes that the maturation throughout life of the individual personality needs to be seen as "inextricably a part of . . . a matrix comprised not only of other human beings but . . . of predominantly nonhuman elements—trees, clouds, stars, landscapes, buildings and so on *ad infinitum*." But impersonally tested evidence is, again, almost totally lacking, although it should not be very hard to obtain if our anthropologists and social psychologists would apply to the study of human behavior the method of multiple correlations that has proved so fruitful in animal ecology.

From the subjective testimony of numerous articulate and sensitive witnesses to the human condition, through introspection, and by extrapolation from facts gathered more objectively in the observation of other species, there seems to emerge a

strong suggestion of important cause and effect relationships between our perceptual environment and our mental development, our rational or senseless behavior, our amiable or irritable tempers, our emotional responses in general, and our total personalities. And through it all runs a clear intimation that perceptual diversity beyond the confining limitations of any currently fashionable esthetic doctrine may be an essential need of the human psyche. If these are factors of importance today, will their importance become greater or less in the future now being shaped by the population explosion? Again we must turn to the study of animal populations for analogous information that may help us to devise a working hypothesis for human psychology under the pressure of increasing numbers. The investigations on rats conducted by John B. Calhoun seem particularly enlightening and pertinent to our inquiry.

As the population pressure increased Calhoun noted the appearance of several groups of deviant individuals with patterns of behavior that are not normally present in the hierarchy of a rat community. Below the dominant males both in status and in level of activity the homosexuals or pansexuals make their entry into rat society. Another new group, called the "probers," have given up all dreams of social prestige. They take no part in the fight for status, but are otherwise hyperactive both sexually and in other respects. They seek locations where they can stare in upon the females in the brood pens, but flee, only to return later, if a dominant male so much as looks at them. When opportunity presents itself to attack an unprotected female they dispense completely with the courtship ritual observed by all decent rats, and will not tolerate a short wait. All of which adds up to a very good description of the Peeping Tom-rapists who plague our own over-concentrated communities. The worst thing about rats is that they act so human. In high density rat populations there also appears a third new type of animal, which Calhoun politely calls the somnambulists and others more rudely refer to as zombies. The zombies take no interest in either sex, and social status leaves them totally indifferent, but they like to eat, especially when the others are not feeding and fighting them for the food. The zombies are the fattest of the rats, with the

sleekest fur. I have an uneasy feeling that I should recognize these unfortunate characters in our own society too.

These deviationists among the rats may help us to understand better the aberrant members of our own species and the circumstances that lead to their presence in significant numbers. But of more immediate interest to our discussion is Calhoun's report that even the dominant males that retained the most normal behavior also in the over-crowded population exhibit occasional signs of pathology by "going berserk," attacking females, juveniles, and others toward whom they would normally act in a peaceful manner. Such observations suggest the terrible possibility that the population explosion by itself alone may bring about behavioral and emotional instability at the very time when the need for calmness and constancy of attitude and action reaches a maximum.

The relatively phlegmatic way of life in rural solitude is accepted as a fact of human experience everywhere. It is a trait that has been featured in stories and jokes as long as there have been cities to compare with the rustic condition. By reverse implication this also ascribes a more choleric temper to the crowded multitude of the urban centers. Man seems to follow the example of the rats in this, as in so many other things having to do with behavior.

At this point we may seem to be preparing a case for the control of population growth, and the evidence certainly points very strongly toward the need for such action. But this important topic is not the subject of these comments, which have merely been building up to the almost casual remark by Calhoun, confirmed by other investigators, that "space requirements may be restricted with appropriate structural configurations." In other words, environmental design may ameliorate or, at least, defer the psychopathological effects "directly attributable to overcrowding" (Hudson Hoagland), thereby, perhaps, giving the world time to ward off the even more drastic consequences that might flow from the untimely development of mass irritability and pugnacity.

In the life of man, and probably also in the life of the rats, we

shall undoubtedly find that among the most important factors in the spatial pattern that makes population pressures less intolerable and exasperating, are the chances the environment offers for privacy. It is hardly a coincidence that the nation particularly noted for its ability to maintain privacy in congestion is also rightly famous for its capacity to remain calm under stress.

At the human level, at least, the need for privacy is a complex desire which cannot be satisfactorily fulfilled by simple isolation in the anonymity of featureless cubicles. It also demands opportunity to identify with a distinctive personal domain, which, in turn, puts a premium on diversity. Wherever we pry we seem to uncover some good reason to suspect that diversity may, indeed, be a great virtue in itself, and should, perhaps, be made one of the crucial tests of true functionalism. However this may be, it is time to recognize that design is a communication from mind to mind, not from mind to body. Functionalism of structure and physical purpose is essential, but only as the inert matrix on which the higher values and utilities serving our mental needs must be impressed.

The challenge to environmental design is obvious in the statement by Searles that "whether in surroundings that are largely natural or largely manmade . . . this environment, far from being of little or no account to human personality development, constitutes one of the most basically important ingredients of human psychological existence". The psychologists can not design our surroundings. That is not the field in which their talents and training lie. Nor do they, as yet, have very much to contribute of concrete and applicable information concerning specifically human demands upon the structural configuration of space. But, with a little incentive and more support, a usable body of knowledge could be rapidly developed, so that factual psychological information can begin to replace fatuous esthetic doctrine as a tool of the designer's art.

If we wish to achieve a lasting peace among all people, safe against the emotional epidemics of a crowded planet, we must learn to design our environment for mental health and peace of mind. Summit conferences may not be enough.

DANTE

By THOMAS G. BERGIN

HE saw his townsmen haloed in the light
Of vast eternity; he saw God's ways
In frail flesh manifest. Through bitter days
Of banishment he kept his vision bright,
Grew lean with labor through the lonely night
To distill prophecy from ancient lays
And fuse the flowing verse with golden phrase.
He probed old wrongs to point to us the right
And long lost pathway through the savage wood.
Whence came his warrant? Was it all because
The Twins lent him their glory from the skies?
From rancor at injustice grew this good—
Truth's champion proscribed by evil laws—
Or was it born in Beatrice's eyes?

THREE POEMS

By ROSE STYRON

ROXBURY

LEAVES like terrestrial bodies fall
Each morning where my dazzled mind
Lies, sifting through August sand
What's left of loves,
Counting their gallant shells, and still
Denying that its rights to summer end.

Brightness to brightness moves
But on the gray path we travel
Where the sky is smooth and civil
And the shaded wall
Hides no fine mansion but graves, graves,
We forget the sun and the scarlet maple.

KATAMA

A STRANGER'S beach, trespassed in October
Draws all the skilful edges I shall never
Find upon my own. The early sun
Defines the sea, the rough-shelled sand, clover
And cliff, as an instructor in Man-
As-Mathematics might rig a sum
Or two for me to prove that I could solve
In numbers what in love I'd overdraw, involve:

See how those rocks, toy boulders
Piled against Europe's ocean there, defend his land?
Now before school the young lord may stalk down
Pail-armed, from his father's sleeping shoulder
To forge his road, build his own castle, plan
Armadas. Yet see, in this still fall dawn
Where the rocks end, small waves curve the sand
And there, fortressed by toadstools only, the grasses bend.

HOME

SUMMER ends everywhere. The world
loses with us her fine Italian trance.

No more in Rome we lie, nor climb
the hill to Palestrina, nor in Nemi
hear Diana dance.

TWO POEMS

By DAVID POSNER

DEATH OF ULYSSES

A LIFE outlasts
The dream born from the water's waste.
King, ancient plowman, watching from the inscrutable shore
The bare-faced metaphor
That you have made of the inviolate ocean,
What is her devotion,
Now you reach your legend like a port,
Thinking to reap your art
As you had sown it; to prove you cannot die?
Either you see immortality
Has no mind, is perfect, must lie
As no hero ever thought to lie,
A shard on the beach, a flicker
On a wave's crest, to rise on a breaker
And go down to the nameless horizon where
Salt is cast in the air;
Or you take each plumbed fathom
For what it's worth: the rhythm
Of blood resounds in the treachery
of tides. The water's lechery
Is eager to destroy
An old man, though he pray.
Then that boy engendered from the foam—
The tare harrowed from his Circean home—
Comes from the sea, his pride like a dagger drawn
And in his eyes, your crown.

PAGEANT FOR FRANÇOIS VILLON

for W. S. Merwin

IT'S cold for wolves this time of year.
Their hunger is holy enough
To reach the church door. Children fear
A step behind them in the snow.
Horsemeat with a conscience wallows
In the burgher's stomach to slough
Evil: an angel at the wind's bellows.
My body has sinned, he says, because
It hurts, is saved from the devil's jaws
When it sits in silk and furbelow.
Ladies in front of tapestries
Weave tapestries and dream
Of a room with no draught, even on dark days.
Minstrels play for jesters, the king
Visits the prison, we are all set free:
Somewhere to go, something
To believe, a bone for our rags.
Earth, air lead our feet
Into patient storms, prepared to meet
New worlds in a cracked boot,
Each element proved
By the narrowest love:
Old fingers stir the kitchen pot,
Warmed by the fires of heaven;
Virgin seas wait for virgins.

EDOUARD LECLERC: GROCER OF FRANCE

By SUZANNE BERGER

THE business success of Edouard Leclerc is a biography of the social revolution of contemporary France. The changes that have transformed French society since the Second World War have their origins in a variety of factors: the wartime and liberation uprootings, the shocks of the cold war and decolonization, a new population boom. In the struggle to establish a new stability, traditional attitudes have been profoundly modified. Prewar France was deeply divided by conflicting political ideologies. The issue, for example, of church-state relations provoked such bitterness that 150 years after the French Revolution large numbers of Frenchmen still challenged the legitimacy of republican government. The press of political divisions made it possible for politicians to ignore social and economic problems and to exploit ideological differences.

The generation of Frenchmen who have grown to maturity since the war differ most sharply from previous generations in their rejection of the primacy of politics. Underlying the new attitude is the feeling of having been cheated by politics and the politicians. Economics should dominate politics, many young Frenchmen feel; what counts is a better standard of daily living. Although many prewar issues manage to hang on, increasingly the French feel disillusioned with the terms of the old quarrels and express a faith that the good life must be won in the realm of economic decisions.

The growth of the new values has cleared the way for the emergence of a new figure in French society: the consumer. The triumph of the Leclerc commercial enterprises has become identified with the rise of the consumer, for Edouard Leclerc has been the creator, defender, and philosopher of the rights of consumers in France.

The proponent of the new economic values comes from an unlikely part of France and an unlikely family. Landerneau is a small town in Finistère, one of the four French departments of the province of Brittany. Brittany is a rural region, isolated from the rest of France by its peripheral position and by its backward economy. The area is conservative in its politics and observant in its Catholicism. A certain aura of superiority clung to the Leclerc family, for the elder Leclerc had been an important national leader of Croix de Feu, the right-wing league that flourished in the 1930's, and in this command he had formed close relationships with nobility of the region. Such contacts inspire respect in Brittany.

The elder Leclerc was deeply embroiled in the politics of the prewar period; he spoke at mass meetings, edited a newspaper of far-right opinion, organized a raid on the performance of an anticlerical play, and led charges on Socialist rallies. In the minds of many he was associated with the quasi-plots and would-be conspiracies that the right-wing groups dreamed up to bring down the French Republic. Shortly before the outbreak of the war, Leclerc became aware that the activities of Croix de Feu, avowedly dedicated to family, nation, and God, were in fact the defensive responses of the nobility to attacks on their position. Even more deadening to his crusading zeal was the suspicion that the government supported the league and its founder in order to drain energy from more radical groups and to keep the situation in control. Leclerc abandoned politics in disgust and established his family of thirteen on a farm.

The Liberation in Finistère was a period of confused struggles, and for a time the underground resistance movement was able to mete out justice as it saw fit. Despite father Leclerc's withdrawal from politics before the war, his longtime enemies lumped him together with the "traitors who sold France to Germany." They imprisoned Leclerc's son Edouard, aged seventeen, and held him hostage for six months. When the army restored order in the area, Edouard was released and quickly sent off to school near Besançon.

There he prepared to enter the Jesuit order. After four years

in the seminary, difficulties with the authoritarian ways of his superiors and his increasing fascination with the social aspects of his instruction led to a decision to leave religious life. Edouard's return home shocked Landerneau opinion. Although he had not pronounced his vows, in the pious estimate of bourgeois society, Edouard had been "thrown out" of the seminary and was as disreputable as an unfrocked priest. Landerneau regarded Edouard Leclerc as a most unpromising young man.

Several months later he appeared selling biscuits at prices which everyone considered impossible. In order to sell large quantities, Leclerc walked from door to door, supplies in hand. The Landerneau "Leclerc Center for Distribution," his first store, was a crude construction of his own fabrication. Skepticism did not prevent the housewives from snatching up biscuits at the ridiculous price, and Leclerc, encouraged by the disappearance of his first stocks, branched out with the addition of other household staples. Between 1951 and 1954 his volume of trade multiplied tenfold.

The period of Leclerc's first obscure struggles in Landerneau was also one that witnessed the beginnings of trouble for traditional commerce. In 1900 there was one shop for every 107 Frenchmen, and the number of shops increased rapidly until after the Second World War. Although there is still one shop for every 50 Frenchmen, the number of small stores has declined steadily since 1954. The disappearance of little businesses generated the discontent and fear that flared into the Poujade movement. The Poujade doctrines indicted the government as the chief criminal in the destruction of the existing commercial system. They charged that the intervention of prying bureaucrats and the heavy tax impositions of a wasteful and corrupted government condemned small commerce.

As the Poujadist movement was slowing to a halt, the shopkeepers became aware of another enemy, this time from within their ranks. Unnoticed in its origins, the Leclerc commercial system began to spread as Leclerc stores sprang up in towns all over France. The central ideas are familiar to Americans, experienced in the ways of supermarkets and discount houses; but

in France, the ideas amounted to a small revolution in the closed commercial world.

The basic commercial principle is to purchase large quantities directly from the manufacturer and to sell with a small margin. The consumer's prime interest is in the lowest price, declared Leclerc. In 1964 Leclerc summed up the rules which governed the operation from the beginning: in order to have the lowest price possible, there must be a rapid turnover of stock, the increased number of sales compensating for the slim profit on each. There must be a wide selection of brand-name products so that the consumer can make comparisons. General costs are to be kept down; the stark appearance of the store will teach the public that it is the customer in the end who pays for a luxurious store interior. Attract new customers by publicity. Keep them with confidence: all products must be less expensive, not just a few come-on articles. Whenever possible, buy directly from the producer, not from an intermediary.

The distress of commerce in face of the Leclerc phenomenon was a Landerneau problem until 1954 when the opening of a Leclerc center in Saint Pol de Léon, a town forty miles from Landerneau, began the multiplication of the Centers for Distribution in France. In 1964 there are about 300 Leclerc stores. The exact number is difficult to determine, for Leclerc owns only the store in Landerneau and a supermarket in Brest. The other stores bearing the name "Leclerc Center for Distribution of Food Products" belong to individual proprietors who have pledged to abide by the Leclerc operating rules, specifically, to sell grocerices at a markup over cost that does not exceed fifteen percent. The member store does not pay for the use of the name Leclerc, but the right to use the label is revoked if the center is found selling above the permitted margins. The agreement that binds the Leclerc chain is loose: the pledge implies an acceptance of Leclerc's guidance in matters of principle, but with the exception of the centers in Finistère for whom Leclerc acts as purchasing agent, the centers operate as free agents. Those who apply for the Leclerc name have frequently been grocers unsuccessful in ordinary commerce. Reorganized according to the

Leclerc formula, these stores have been very successful, and after 1954 spread out across northwest France.

Small groceries folded in the wake of the arrival of a Leclerc Center, arousing the defensive reactions of a traditional commerce that felt itself in mortal danger. These apprehensions were largely justified. The port of Brest, where Leclerc himself owns and operates a large supermarket, has become the cheapest city in France. Prices average ten percent less than in other French cities. Several wholesalers and twenty-odd grocers have been forced to close shop in the price war set off by Leclerc's prices, for Leclerc sells products twenty-five to forty percent cheaper than elsewhere. The slim profit margins are made possible by his large volume of trade: four thousand customers shop in the supermarket each day.

When Leclerc announced in a newspaper of the city of Tours the forthcoming opening of a center, prices in that town dropped fifteen percent overnight. That Leclerc Center, incidentally, was never opened. When a rumor spread on the Ile de Sein, a small barren island of fishermen off the Breton coast, that Leclerc was going to open a store there, the frantic shopkeepers hastened to pay their long overdue taxes in order to convince the government to dissuade Leclerc.

In a small French town, and more than fifty percent of all Frenchmen live in towns under 10,000, almost everyone has a relative who owns a shop. Family connections and shopping patterns form an inextricable web of loyalties. Since most housewives have no refrigerators, they shop at least once a day, and the daily chats with the shopkeeper establish a close relationship between the two. When a housewife decided to yield to the temptation of cheaper prices in a Leclerc store, she had to break a previous relationship that was intimate.

In small-town society the shopkeeper holds an important and honorable social position. Second in prestige only to the town professionals—doctor, lawyer, notary, and schoolteacher—the shopkeeper collaborates in the social order maintained by these notables. A commercial system based on many small shops is considered the basis of a healthy society, for small commerce has

been an essential buffer between the lower classes and the industrial bourgeois world. It performs its buffer function by providing an avenue for the social ambitions of the aspiring peasant or worker. By absorbing the most dynamic members of the working class and peasantry, the commercial class drains off the dangerous potential of these groups. Commerce lures the ambitious in the lower classes with the chance of individual mobility, thus weakening the appeal of Marxism, which argues that the only hope of advance for the worker is the victory of his class.

Of equal importance to bourgeois society, small commerce protects the great industrial and commercial interests against pressure from consumers for lower prices. These interests justify their price policy by the need to preserve the small business: the costs of small shop commerce are notoriously high; only by maintaining high prices can the small business survive. The glorification of the small shop as the foundation of civilization reaps rich rewards for the large stores, whose expenses are low and who profit from the prices they defend as necessary for their smaller brethren. The preservation of a network of small-scale, inefficient, unorganized stores is therefore of the highest interest to the big businessman.

Leclerc threatens the commercial system in its vital core: the live and let live philosophy that keeps prices high for all. The spread of Leclerc stores across Brittany and Normandy had escaped confrontation with a powerful opposition, for these two provinces are rural, and commerce and industry are weak and unorganized. The major obstacle to a Leclerc Center in these country areas was the social pressures brought to bear on the persons who opened the center and those who shopped there. But when in October 1958 Leclerc launched a center in Grenoble in eastern France, he confronted the heavy opposition of strong business interests. Grenoble is one of the fastest-growing French cities, with a burgeoning electronics industry and a large scientific and professional population. The modern pace of life in Grenoble and the city's reputation for being an expensive place to live tempted Leclerc. He acquired a shop and "com-

muted" between Landerneau and Grenoble, some 600 miles apart, in a small truck, bearing Breton dairy produce and shell-fish to sell in the Grenoble store. On opening day the store was mobbed by housewives who threw themselves on the goods whose prices were, on the average, twenty percent less than elsewhere in town. Prices in Grenoble dropped precipitously as shop-keepers tried to keep their clientele.

The Grenoble grocers found a champion in the owner of the House of Soap, a chain of forty-eight stores, whose fortune had been made by selling a few products at slight reductions while maintaining normal prices on most items. Stores in this chain had already felt the competition of Leclerc centers in Brittany and Normandy, and Leclerc's opening in Grenoble decided the House of Soap to take drastic action. Two months after Leclerc's arrival in Grenoble they opened six new stores, selling at Leclerc's prices. The luxurious interiors of the six stores, their well-staffed counters, the expensive advertisements in local news-papers—all this contrasted sharply with the drab Leclerc store. The battle for survival brought newspaper reporters and tele-vision to Grenoble; a major magazine wrote on the struggle be-tween David-Leclerc and Goliath-House of Soap. Leclerc be-came a national figure.

The Leclerc Center has survived the onslaught of the chain in Grenoble and the difficulties that later accompanied the im-plantation of Leclerc stores in the Paris area. Leclerc's op-ponents are infuriated and baffled by the success of this new form of commerce. They insist that his operating rules lead straight to bankruptcy. So universal was this accusation in the early days of the experiment that Leclerc worried over his arith-metic for long sleepless nights trying to find the flaw. If he is now reassured that the principle has proved a sound economic success, his opponents are only convinced that Leclerc triumphs with the connivance of the clergy, or of De Gaulle, or by paying starvation wages to employees.

The charge of clerical intervention is belied by Leclerc's un-even relations with church authorities. He has been praised in Jesuit and Dominican publications, but his contacts with local

clergy have often been stormy. For example, a curé from Saint Pol de Léon wrote: "You are a conservative and reactionary of the worst industrial and commercial kind, in this world where the strong exploit the weak. Your naïve capitalism makes you think that the agricultural problem is child's play, but . . . to offend us, you can only bray." In general, the local clergy have been alarmed at the damage done to small tradesmen, and thus to social harmony, by the opening in town of a Leclerc store.

Leclerc pays his employees slave wages, charged the Communist Party's national daily. Leclerc sued the newspaper, brought his books into court, and was awarded damages and a retraction.

The widespread belief that Leclerc is aided by De Gaulle's government is more difficult to discount. Leclerc himself acknowledges that whenever necessary he has gone over the heads of the "antiquated hierarchy" to the Ministry of Finance and the Elysée and has found understanding. As Leclerc recounted in a talk to law students:

> The time has come to say that it is the great honesty of the Elysée that has permitted me to survive all the obstacles and vile actions which have crossed my path. Each time that I was on the verge of being crushed by the wall of moneyed interest I have had to protect myself and the Old Man whom you well know has shaken off finance and I have been able to force the law to permit the young experience to survive legally.

In the first few years manufacturers often refused to sell to Leclerc. This threat posed a mortal danger. The 1953 decree of the Laniel government which stipulated that a refusal to sell could be punished by a jail sentence saved the life of the Leclerc experiment. Leclerc is currently urging the adoption of a new sales tax. At present, taxes are calculated on the total price of the item. If the reform Leclerc advocates is enacted, the tax will be levied on the profit realized on each item and will discount from the profit a fraction of the purchase price. Thus the storeowner would be encouraged by the tax system to lower prices.

The conviction that Leclerc survives only with government help is based, however, on considerations less specific than legislative changes. De Gaulle is known to have a friendly regard for

Leclerc, and Leclerc's accomplishments fit in well with the general economic tone of the regime. Specifically, Leclerc insists that the standard of living of the average citizen should be raised through lower prices rather than through higher wages: "Inflation is not likely to displease industrialists and merchants: they fix the prices. They profit. . . . The first victims of this blind egoistic policy are, as usual, the salaried, those with pensions, the retired, that is to say, the enormous mass of Frenchmen with fixed incomes." These ideas coincide with the unpopular anti-inflationary policies of the government, leading some to believe that Leclerc is a sort of agent of the government.

"All Leclerc's talk is publicity for his affair: not at all serious. He is just a joker, and once he has finished amassing his fortune that will be the end of it." The disgruntled opinion of a peasant leader is shared by many, though Leclerc's modest scale of life hardly credits the notion that material wealth is his aim. The charge is revealing, for what is particularly incomprehensible to Leclerc's opponents are the motives of the man himself. Leclerc has always refused to class himself as an ordinary businessman, and one of his greatest pleasures, and extravagances, has been publishing a series of tracts whose satiric pricks are aimed at officious and pompous business and government circles.

The Voltaire of Landerneau writes and distributes the tracts himself. The leaflets are run off in editions of 500,000 and the expense eats heavily into Leclerc's pocket. To spread the tract he wrote criticizing peasant syndicalism through the department of Finistère, Leclerc cruised up and down the main roads, flinging out packages of tracts. A wild chase by peasant leaders who were incensed by the tract and who jumped in cars to pursue Leclerc only added zest to the experience for him.

One of the big tactical successes was a pamphlet Leclerc put together in the form of a dialogue between two students who discuss the industrialists of the day. He found a way of leaving a copy of the tract on each plate at a formal dinner of a conference on commerce, to which he had not been invited. Typical of the comments in the pamphlet was the description of a prominent mustard manufacturer: "He's the Chiang Kai-shek of com-

merce. He has great ideas; he tries to link the new and old systems, but he is outdated. He'll retire to Dijon as the other one did to Formosa. Nonetheless, what a genius! In the mustard business he succeeded in selling for 100 francs what the others sold at 50 francs. That's productivity for you!"

Leclerc regards his life and action in the business world as a fulfilment of his philosophic notions about the good society and his responsibilities in the world:

> Our life is a mystery where liberty and slavery exist side by side. At certain times I could have killed myself or become an assassin, a rebel or a saint. I have experienced poverty and wealth, misery and pleasure, equilibrium and disequilibrium. And all that to realize that I am a man among others and one must live and make others live as well as possible. I had been taught what were charitable works, gratuitous, momentary, a partial and disinterested giving of oneself. But I have learned social action: profitable, permanent in economic realities: a total giving of oneself, fully self-interested. . . . Going beyond a certain idea of the spirit of sacrifice, I was to struggle for my own pleasure and for the pleasure of giving myself to others.

In a manner which differs totally from the modest humility of a charitable soul, Leclerc claims that all he does he feels as a personal inevitability and a deep satisfaction.

At the root of Leclerc's social ideas is the conception that a just society is one which efficiently distributes its production to satisfy the needs of the entire population. We see the stores crack with plenty, but people go hungry. The farmers burn artichokes to keep up prices, while most workers have never tasted an artichoke. France is rich, but between abundance and the public stands a formidable barrier: commerce.

Commerce as it exists in the capitalist world is speculation. The intermediary uses his position between producer and consumer to manipulate the wealth of the country for his own profit. Since consumers are unorganized, and workers are organized in production unions whose ideological commitment is to a struggle with industrial owners for higher wages, the tradesman has great freedom to fix prices. Further, the chaotic state of agriculture permits the businessman to collect, withhold, and release goods at a pace that maximizes his profit.

With the large margins realized on the sale of each article the shopkeeper can content himself with a small volume of trade and thus preserve his autonomy against the importunate demands of customers. The boast of the storekeeper is his independence and the essence of this independence is the upper hand over the customer.

In all of Leclerc's speeches and writing, commerce is identified as the great enemy of public well-being:

> Now I can only smile in remembering my adolescence when people told us about social action, socialism, charity, charitable works, and who knows what else! They told us that we must redistribute parts of our surplus to the poor. But why did no one speak of justice, of the first distribution, of commerce? Of the first great distribution which corresponds to the nominal salary that a worker receives; for wages can only be understood in relation to real purchasing power. Why are the stores filled with merchandise? And the consumers, with unsatisfied needs, who can't buy because of their limited wages? The worst is that these consumers are the very workers who have transformed the merchandise that today they cannot buy. All this is because a monster has eaten away the fruits of labor of all. Commerce has enslaved the consumers and producers instead of serving them. Production has been modernized; there is mass production, but commerce only distributes in drops, so as to extract the maximum profit.

Socialism as well as capitalism has evaded the problem of organizing the distribution system. Because the customer in a socialist country has no choice but to buy from the state agency, the state commerce can sell whatever it likes at prices it sets. On a visit to Bulgaria Leclerc toured a strawberry canning factory and noticed the employees packing wormy berries in with the rest: they will sell like the others, he was assured. This cavalier disregard of the consumer confirmed Leclerc's belief that reorganization of the production forces of a nation is insufficient to solve the social problem.

Commerce must be transformed into distribution: this is the basic theme of Leclerc's speeches and writings. Abundance must be liberated for public consumption: "In the reign of Henry IV all Frenchmen had a chicken in the pot; in the reign of De Gaulle, all Frenchmen will eat lobster." The speculation of

commerce must be changed into remunerated service. In what Leclerc calls "distribution," as opposed to commerce, the merchant marks up prices only to cover the costs of his operations and a salary for his efforts. In a recent talk to the owners of Leclerc stores Leclerc demanded that they remember that "distribution is not here to enrich you but to help the customer. You have only the right to diminish the costs of your operations, not to increase your prices and profits." He described distribution as the socialization of commerce.

This phrase shocked the audience, some of whom were rather conservative tradesmen who sheltered under the Leclerc umbrella when their stores floundered in ordinary commerce. It also stirred a leader of the French Socialist Party to call and ask what kind of socialization Leclerc had in mind. Leclerc was explicit: socialization does not mean nationalization, for nationalization only changes the hands of ownership. Socialization for Leclerc means directing commerce toward the general welfare, transforming it from the private preserve of the speculator into a service at the disposal of the entire community.

Questions of ownership are of little interest to Leclerc, and he is full of scorn for consumer cooperatives which act, according to his views, like capitalist commerce. A prominent left-wing Socialist once suggested that in order to make Leclerc ideas palatable to Socialists, Leclerc turn the affair into a cooperative; he and his wife would then be named directors. He indignantly relates the incident: "I would think that what I accomplish as a single man against the moneyed powers would be just the sort of act the socialists would admire, but no, instead they want to make it legitimate by that kind of hypocrisy."

Leclerc regards group ventures dubiously, for heavy organization weighs on their dynamism. History is made by inspired, creative individuals, he believes. In the practical organization of the Leclerc business there is a minimum of committee work and of bureaucratic routine. He has no fixed work schedule and leaves himself free to act as his muse moves him. The disadvantages of this lack of organization have led him to try out several organization-minded right-hand men, but so far the effort to

tighten up the association has failed, and the only directives and checks on members are those which are launched sporadically from Landerneau.

If he is skeptical about the dynamism of consumer cooperatives, he is positively opposed to any scheme for the organization of commerce by producers. Clear distinctions must be drawn between production and commercialization. The day distribution becomes as heavy and unwieldy as the mass of producers, the social problem will be impossible to solve. If a producers' cooperative tries to market its own goods, it will dictate to the urban consumer just as the tradesman did. Producers should organize on the level of production and then distributors should sell the merchandise at the least possible cost. Leclerc is fond of repeating the proverb: If everyone does his job, the cows will be well guarded.

In all this, the chief concern is the elevation, education, and protection of the consumer. The values of the traditional French tradesman center on a conception of independence that finds its economic support in the malthusian practices of the small shop. The customer in France is often treated as a humble petitioner. Even when more friendly relations develop, the connection between the client and the shopkeeper is always personally charged: the merchant refuses to be considered a "servant" of the customer and so any efforts on the customer's behalf must be offered as (remunerated) personal favors.

The notion of service, which is the definition of distribution, emphasizes the place of the customer in the new scheme of things: Leclerc intends the consumer to be in the driver's seat. The consumer is, ideally, a rational, self-conscious customer, who comparison-shops, who is not beguiled by fancy store decoration or by personable salesgirls, who knows that a high price is no guarantee of high quality.

The next order of business, states Leclerc, is organizing a union of consumers. Soon we could have three million consumers with us, he predicts. The projected union would disseminate information on merchandise and on commerce. Most important, it would strike against price increases. "Face to face against the

agricultural union, face to face against the workers' union," the consumers' union would defend prices, and thus defend the standard of living against inflation.

> It is well known that if tomorrow the union of consumers were to oppose the unions of producers, the latter would be forced to bow down; for the producers are also consumers and in the last analysis, it is the consumer, that *is to say, the client who is King if he only knows how to* organize. In our new world it will be like that. It is an indisputable economic reality, and if some say that economic realities are inhumane, they have forgotten the recent Algerian events where ignoring economic realities forced solutions which, by the force of circumstances, have not always been very humane.

Who will join the consumers' union? Here is the nub of the problem. Everyone is a candidate, asserts Leclerc. "Every man is a consumer before he is a producer." But the last assertion is fiercely contested by both worker and peasant organizations. The workers' unions realize that if problems of consumer life take precedence over problems of working life, if prices replace wages as the chief concern of the worker, the resentments and aspirations that flood workers' energies into the unions will be drained away.

The virulence of the attack of the peasant organizations on Leclerc is motivated by similar fears. "If he serves me as a consumer, he ruins me as a producer. And I am a producer before I am a consumer," declared a peasant leader, who went on to explain that the interests of country and city are opposed and that any effort to organize an association of consumers only masks the intention to exploit the peasant.

A bitter conflict over milk prices aggravated Leclerc's relations with the peasant organizations and pointed to the true source of the difficulties between them. Leclerc purchased milk for his Brest supermarket from a farmer equipped with modern machinery and versed in up-to-date technique. Leclerc paid the farmer 60 francs a liter and resold the milk at 63 francs. The price paid by the dairy cooperative to farmers for milk was 38 francs; the milk was sold to consumers at 70 francs. The cooperative charged that Leclerc was driving down milk prices and defended the difference between the price it pays the farmer

and the price Leclerc pays the farmer on the grounds that since the cooperative collects milk from all, the small, inefficient producer as well as the big, well-equipped producer, its costs are higher. Leclerc collects enough from one supplier to stock his store, but the cooperative must send its trucks up and down the winding, narrow, dirt farm roads to collect small quantities of milk from a large number of scattered farmers. Leclerc, they accused, cares only for the big farmer; he scorns the small peasant for whom the cooperative is essential. Leclerc, they claim, acts only on cold, ruthless economic calculation, while the cooperative defends the entire farm population and sustains a way of life.

Leclerc calls such talk demagogic and says the cooperative would do better to help the small farmers group themselves into economically viable units. But the real problem is whether considerations of economic rationality should determine who remains in the countryside and how the rural world is organized. What should agriculture be in the nation? Who is to decide? These questions, which are political problems, are at the root of the conflict.

Last fall's nationwide milk strike triggered off the latest phase of the quarrel. Leclerc, determined to supply the urban consumer with milk, sent out men to stop the cooperative's trucks which were picking up milk from farms to hold at the cooperative until the end of the strike. Leclerc's raids on the milk trucks managed to supply some milk to the city; more significant, these Robin Hood seizures succeeded in uniting the peasant, worker, and shopkeeper organizations of Finistère for a demonstration against Leclerc.

Such a joint effort is extraordinary in Brittany where the conflict between the "reds" and "whites" is still fierce. At the meeting, the peasants accused the government's price policy of being responsible for the strike and for the lack of milk in the cities; the Catholic and Communist trade unions, for once in unison, defended the right to strike and denounced strikebreakers; and the shopkeepers once again anathematized Leclerc's methods. Meanwhile Leclerc tried to hold a meeting of his own and sum-

moned consumers. Any consumers present were vastly outnumbered by the irate peasants who came to boo and to chant: "Leclerc, thief! Leclerc, thief!" "Consumers," said Leclerc, "I am here for you. We must remain strictly in the domain of economics, unlike certain peasant leaders. I have found milk for the citizens of Brest this morning. Protest against the cooperatives which exploit you!" His speech was cut short by the vehement protests of the crowd; the microphone cords were cut. Police forces moved into Landerneau to protect Leclerc's home. The day of the triumph of the consumers' union seems far away.

The opposition of peasants' and workers' organizations is telling. What is at stake is a political idea that threatens to explode their established positions. French society is a class society, and its hierarchical structure has inhibited the growth of the idea of a common citizenship. In the notion of the consumer is the idea of an interest common to all Frenchmen, and the technique, however inchoate in its present form, of an organization that could build on these common aspirations. The idea of a consumer cuts across class lines. For those organizations whose strength is founded on the isolation and exclusion of their members from the nation, the call to integrate into the mass of consumers sounds like an appeal to dissolve their own groups and dissipate their own political power.

Leclerc disavows any specifically political purpose: "No matter what regime we live under, one must live! No matter if it be right-wing or left-wing. These words don't mean anything to me: there are only men who advance and those who retreat, those who advance are those who make others live better. Only those who advance and bring well-being to the country are worthy of ruling. . . . The future belongs to economics."

Leclerc has made his father's disillusion with politics his own. He has gone further; he denies that political issues are genuine problems. Economics will triumph over petty political quarrels. Freed from the leeches of the commercial system the consumers will rise up, united in the consciousness of their common aims and their overwhelming strength. The divisions that separate one part of the nation from another have been erected

by the politicians. Once admit the preeminence of economic questions and the class walls will topple; for the community of consumers is identical with the national community.

In practice, application of Leclerc's ideas in business has weakened the traditional commercial system. However it remains doubtful whether the idea of the consumer provides a sufficient basis for national reconciliation. It is because Leclerc refuses to recognize the political consequences of his acts that the dialogue between him and the workers and peasants has been a "dialogue des sourds," a discussion between deaf men. Leclerc cannot afford to found his consumers' union without the working class, for if neither peasants nor workers participate in it, the union will rest on a coalition of forces lacking dynamism and weight. Under those conditions, the birth of the consumers' union would be only another gambit in the political struggle, for in the event of a strike of the consumers' union against price rises, it would be the unorganized sectors of the economy, especially agriculture, that would be vulnerable to consumer pressure, while heavy industry, which makes the price decisions that matter for the economy, would be largely unaffected. In an industrial country, especially one like France in which the economy is coordinated by central planning, the rejection of political action amounts to an acceptance of the established industrial order. Because Leclerc refuses to admit politics, he leaves untouched those problems which demand political solution. Leclerc may discover, as his father did a generation and a world war ago, that his generous ideals protect the interests of the established economic powers.

The outcome is still unclear. Leclerc remains in Landerneau, eschewing a national role in order to establish his values on the old political battlegrounds of his father's defeat. Victory will be demanding: Leclerc will lose if he is dragged back into the old dissensions, but he cannot win unless he recognizes and comes to terms with the political significance of his action. These problems are more than one businessman's dilemma. France searches for a reconciliation of old and new economic values and for a way from a divided society to a national community.

FRONT MAN IN LINE

By NANCY HUDDLESTON PACKER

"DAPPER DAN, the ladies' man, here comes your boy friend, Miriam, here comes your boy friend ugh." That was Sherry Wilkins, not quite twenty, still supporting (it gave Miriam pleasure to note) that hill country Baptist preacher voice that was the perfect vehicle, God-made, for reprimand and outrage. Oh, if you turned around to see her, you saw certain natural and undeniable attractions encased in what you could not distinguish from any Hollywood tart. That unbeatable combination of being young, glamorous, and right.

But why should Miriam waste her moments, her nerves vilifying the girl? Because Miriam was deeply implicated and it sickened her. For, indeed, there he did come, Dapper Dan, the ladies' man, straight at Miriam, his destination, his destiny as he sometimes said.

Helped to the curb by the chauffeur, his powder blue pouter pigeon wife issuing last-minute cautions from the back seat, he dragged along behind his silver-headed cane, frail and salacious. He was gallant, wanton, and over eighty. His black shoes, his cream suit, his vast pearl stickpin, his lifeless wisps of yellowed hair floating in the breeze were advertisement of him. He fairly glistened, inside and out. He considered himself a rake. Nearly everyone else considered him a bother and an old fool. However, he was Daniel Shirer, Dapper Dan Shirer, and his name rang like a cash register in the city. No one swept him off the doorstep when he made his biweekly pilgrimage to his money.

Miriam Labadie, born Sims in better days and now forty-six, a widow, a receptionist-stenographer in an investment house, was never caught napping by the old reprobate, although he tried to sneak in noiselessly to steal a free pat on her arm. Always she heard his cane tip-tapping along the vinyl floor, and she turned before he could touch her. The office manager accepted

the old man's attentions to her and pretended to think that Miriam deserved the credit for the old man's account. The girl, Sherry Wilkins, accepted nothing, pretended nothing, credited no one.

Miriam wished the old man would forget her, devil take the firm. It was a biweekly ordeal a fastidious woman ought not to endure. She tried to be distant and courteous, but her smiles felt like trapped dying mice. Her most casual good-mornings were assumed by him to be offerings, seductions. Mr. Shirer's hand, raised, seemed to ache to pat her on the bottom. Sometimes her hand ached to slap his hand; sometimes, God help her, her bottom ached to be patted. Time and circumstance had reduced Daniel Shirer to this and her to Daniel Shirer. Imminent humiliation dampened her spirits. She liked the old man.

She kept at her typewriter until he was almost upon her. Cat and mouse, but she didn't want that hand plying at her flesh. And yet she was, and admitted it, still coquette enough to be glad to see a bit of expectancy rise on a man's face, even that man's. She saved herself from his touch at the last moment, came swiveling around to face him across the mahogany railing.

"Why, Mr. Shirer," she said, "I was afraid you weren't coming."

"Am I late? Am I late?" Distracted, he hauled from his watch pocket a giant gold timepiece, as old as himself, and peered through faded eyes at its faded face. He loathed being late on his rounds about the city. He had once confided in her: I'm rich for being on time, I'm watching the old ticker tape while the slugabeds are going broke.

"Right on the button as always," she said. "I set my watch by you."

"Time is money," he said. And then something—a visceral ticking, a pain in his leg, the skipping of a heartbeat—brought him back to what was now more important than time and money. His eyes glinted. Lust, Miriam thought, he can't stay off it. "I've brought you something," he said, jerking his shoulder to indicate the hand held behind his back. Another stolen offering, she thought, but before she could pretend any interest,

the young righteous voice behind her said, "Mr. O'Neal said when and *if* you get free, Miriam."

Shirer stepped back as if someone had shoved him. "I'm keeping you," he said, sagging. "You'd rather be doing something else."

Forget her, Miriam wanted to say, she's just young. "Rather work than talk to you? Never," she answered, giving him her very kind smile. He stared at her, wanting more. She gave more. "I'd rather talk to you than most anything."

"Ah now, Mrs. Labadie, most anything?" he said quite quickly, leering at her, as sly as a rat, a nasty old man once again.

Surely he was more than that. Something had guided him safely over the eighty years to here. Intelligence, they said, not just money-shrewd but real intelligence, a moderate man, quite the gentleman, reserved like his time, but, they said as sadly they shook their heads, he just didn't have time to get done with his skirt-chasing. Of course not, Miriam thought ruefully, save the skirt-chasing until too late and inappropriate, and then, even then, direct it at a middle-aged woman who was insulted and grateful.

And with that thought, she felt compelled to remove herself from him, to show that she was not conniving with him and, God forbid, enjoying his advances. "I do have work to do," she said.

"Did I offend you?" he asked, in bewildered innocence. "I didn't go to do it. Why would an old codger like me ever offend a pretty young lady like yourself?" He gleamed at his words and eagerly pressed the advantage he thought he had gained. "Why if I got paid I don't think I could, it'd be asking too much of an old man who thinks as highly of you as I do. You know I think highly of you, don't you?" His gaze pinched her and he waited for an answer.

"I know," she said, and she did, and she was ashamed of herself for the anger, slight as it was, and she was angry with everyone. She flashed him her middle-aged gaiety smile, and pointed at his concealed hand. Get on with it, hand me the withered

chrysanthemums you snitched from your wife's centerpiece. But this time it wasn't flowers.

"This is for you," he said, holding forth a two-pound box of candy. His grand proud gesture justified a diamond of equal size. "All chocolate, every one of them chocolate. Didn't you say any flavor was all right just so long as it was chocolate?"

"I did," she said, "I made that clever remark." He missed that and she was glad. Always, it seemed, she had a smart-aleck comment and always she regretted it. The box had no cellophane wrapping, which he instantly became aware of.

"I took the cover off, to be sure it was chocolate," he explained. "Can't trust the merchants these days."

She knew he had not bought it but merely slipped it out from home. He never really bought her anything, apparently he was too close-fisted for that. Instead, he robbed his own or his wife's possessions and brought Miriam the loot. And what a sorry loot it usually was.

Once he had brought her a little silver bonbon dish, slightly tarnished, wrapped in a wrinkled grocery sack and tied with string. Written across the sack in his large bold quavering hand was: To Miriam Labadie with highest esteem, from her no longer secret admirer. Feeling foolish and disloyal, Miriam telephoned his wife, herself approaching eighty but no less formidable for that, and reported the gift which she then sent out by the firm's messenger. From then on she had known where the withered flowers and the half-eaten boxes of candy and the yellowing handkerchiefs came from, but she did not betray him again. She did not want to hear his wife again say, "He's gotten a little senile is why he bothers you." "Oh we all just love him," said Miriam. "He doesn't bother me."

And who knew, really, if there was more bother than pleasure in his gallant attentions? Not Miriam Labadie, alone in her apartment, arranging withered flowers, tasting stale chocolates, and laughing to herself over her crazy senile gallant old and only beau, God help her.

As she opened the box and dug among the candies, avidly he watched her, and as he watched he raised his hand toward and

above her. She feared that hand coming down on her, her shoulder, her breast, seeking payment for the candy she accepted only out of kindness. She pushed herself from the railing and Mr. Shirer's hand fell back upon himself, fingering his pearl stickpin, and the disappointment on his face turned to confusion. She had seen it happen before. Thwarted, he seemed to lose direction and become helpless, an old man no longer dapper, merely pitiful.

"Let me call Mr. O'Neal for you," she said, placing him. "You want Mr. O'Neal now, don't you?"

"I want you," he said. His intention reformed and he stayed her with a gesture. Slyly he finished, "for a bit of lunch perhaps?" His hands, palms toward her, begged her to be gentle for he was at her mercy. No harm meant, he seemed to say, and yet his demands, his desires, grew each week, as if fed on her refusals. A walk to the bus stop, or coffee, a ride home with him and his chauffeur, and now lunch. What would it be next time? Would he finally march in and say Let's go to bed?

"If you keep bringing me candy like this I'll never be able to eat lunch again."

Usually he accepted defeat gracefully, as if even a No from her was pleasure.

"I won't be bringing you candy much longer," he said. He gazed around the room and spoke, not directly to her, but more to himself, in a very private voice.

"I'm sorry you feel that way about it, Mr. Shirer," said Miriam. "I always lunch with the other girls and . . ."

"I'll be dead," he said, "I won't be in this race much longer." His expression was vague and unfocused and his voice was self-pitying and begging pity. But to acknowledge that was to involve herself more deeply, which she resented very much. She said, in an airy casual voice, "What a thing to say. Your kind lasts forever, you'll be here long after the rest of us are gone."

Empty, idle, lying words, but he liked them. Perceptibly he brightened, straightened, tightened. His hand rose toward her and as it did she had a vision.

A long long endlessly long chain of bedraggled people, walk-

ing without rhythm and out of step, more like a fleeing mass than an army. She saw herself somewhere near the middle, rather tall and erect and staring and perhaps set apart just a little. The mass thinned out toward the front, looked worn and old and exhausted, walked in staggers, barely upright, as dry as winter trees. And out in front of all, a high step or two ahead, was Daniel Shirer, going on and on and on, jaunty as he staggered, lustful, pursuing, eager, his raised searching hand falling back upon his pearl stickpin and then rising again and again and again.

"You're the leader of the whole band of us," she said. "What would we do without you?"

"I like to hear you say that," he said, as grateful as a child. He reached to touch her hand, so gently that she did not move it. "You've got a way with you a man likes, Mrs. Labadie. I talk with you and by God I decide maybe I'll just live forever. You stay as pretty and sweet as you are and they'll have to send down a brigade of armed angels to get me. Yessir, at least a brigade." His hand went to her wrist and she said, withdrawing her hand, "I'll lose my job if I don't get to work. You better go see Mr. O'Neal."

"Quite right," he said. Out came the gold watch and off he dragged. Just before disappearing into O'Neal's office, he cocked his head back to Miriam. "I'll be back for a little piece of chocolate, though."

"He means a little piece of you," said Sherry Wilkins. "I just wouldn't put up with that. I just wouldn't."

Miriam did not respond. Twice a week she had to endure the two of them, the wheedling of the old, the contempt of the young. Did they quarrel through her? When she turned back to her work, letters announcing the purchase of this, the sale of that, she could not concentrate. She was not exactly ruffled, but she had felt a flutter of sensitivity with the old man, as if unwanted feeling had almost surfaced. And yet she was accustomed to the old man and their ritual of tease and flirtation and titillation and rejection. That was hardly new.

Pretty and sweet he had called her. Was that it? And she

had called him the leader of the band. She saw him that way, the leader, the front man, the oldest man she knew, it was no lie. Nor, by the same token, had he done more than say for that moment what he saw. He had laid no claim to immortal truth. He merely saw her pretty and sweet, instead of forty-six and atrophied in widowhood and lonely. Sweet, yes, perhaps. Perhaps even pretty. A little. Still. Still a little pretty. Miriam thought that she would like to wash her hands where he had touched her.

"I think I'll wash my hands," she announced to no one.

"I don't blame you," said Sherry.

"Oh hush," said Miriam. "Leave him be, he's just a harmless old man." She sat back down.

"Dirty old man, I think they call it. Honestly, Miriam, you just ask for it. Not that you asked me but in my experience a man . . ."

"What experience?" asked Miriam.

"What?"

"A nineteen-year-old Romeo? Some thirty-year-old sophisticate you wrestled best two out of three in the back seat of a taxi? Or your grandfather, that dirty old man?"

"I never claimed . . ."

"You're young," said Miriam. "You don't know anything. You have no idea what it means to be nearly fifty and alone."

"Fifty? Why he hasn't been anywheres near fifty in over thirty years." She paused, ignored her stupidity, prissed her lips and prepared her face for a venture into wit. "In thirty years the nearest he's been to fifty is trying to put his hands all over you."

"I'm nearly fifty," said Miriam. She felt she wore the soiled look of an old and lascivious woman.

"Oh you," said the girl, forgiving the quarrel. Her smile condescended to the difference between them.

Carrying with her the damaged image of herself, Miriam turned away. Did the girl not hear the whisperings of time and circumstance? Apple breasts she had, high on a stiff proud body, and a firm ungirdled untouched bottom. Hands off, everybody. And not from prudery or a desire to barter, but from

arrogance and ignorance, as if what counted was the body and the hand, objects without meaning until there was a touch between. A murky, smeared, and far-distant picture flicked in Miriam's fantasy—hinting sex between herself and Daniel Shirer—and was thrust away instantly, violent, so that seconds later she would have sworn she had not seen it.

Not fifteen minutes had passed when Shirer came out of Mr. O'Neal's office, with alacrity, as if sprung from jail, aiming right for her. Miriam thought that none of the men of her generation, surely not a younger one, would ever know how to flatter a woman with an approach like that, shy, eager, gallant, his expression begging sufferance. Miriam was preparing to give him back a little appreciation and welcome when a sound like a snort-sneer came from the girl. Miriam looked down at her typewriter. I live in this office, in this world, Dapper Dan, she said very distinctly to herself, with the likes of her, leave me alone, Dapper Dan, pass me by with barely a nod.

"Why, Mr. Shirer, back so soon?" she said.

"Soon? Why, time's winged chariot just won't move when I'm away from you, Mrs. Labadie." He grinned at her expectantly, demanding a response.

"You have world enough and time," she said.

"Ah, Miriam," he said, chewing on her name, tasting it in his mouth, and inviting her to invite him to use it. "Miriam, Miriam, a fine old name. They don't seem to use the good ones any more. Candace O'Brien, Sharon Cohen, Michele Jones, names that don't mean a thing any more. But then the young ones don't amount to much either, never will be the woman you are, Miriam, Mrs. Labadie. You're a real woman and they're just the rouge and perfume they wear, that's all."

Miriam enjoyed the discomfort that would cause the girl behind her, and momentarily she wondered if the old man had been deliberately mean. But she knew what he was really doing, persuading her to let him enjoy the intimacy of her given name.

"What's your wife's name?" she asked, like a foolish young

girl on guard against the blandishments of married men. She felt so silly.

"Ruth," he said with a dismissing wave of his hand. He looked shrewd. "Which reminds me, she's been after me to get you to take supper with us one night real soon. How does that strike you?"

"I don't even know your wife," said Miriam.

"She knows you, though. You think I don't talk about you at home?" He smirked a bit and leaned closer to her. "Why, you won't believe it but she's a jealous woman, as old as we are, and it's you got her going these days." He stepped back to see his effect.

"How perfectly foolish," said Miriam, and she meant it two ways, the social disclaimer and the deep disgust.

"I wouldn't say that," said Mr. Shirer. He came again to the railing and leaned across, balanced so precariously at his belt that Miriam was afraid his legs would fly up and she'd have him in her lap. He whispered, "She's not much wife to me these days and she knows it."

His breath, metallic and stale with dentures and age, flowed over her and she drew back. "I won't tolerate that kind of talk," she said. With the flush rising through her neck, she whipped her chair around and commenced to pick at the typewriter. She saw from the outside range of her vision that Mr. Shirer had slumped, barely upright, against the railing with his head abjectly on his chest.

"I don't know why I say things like that," he said. "I don't mean to offend you. What is it happens to a man that he goes around insulting young ladies? And we do, almost all us old men do. Is it a way of proving we're alive?"

His face was as intelligent and moderate, as focused and thoughtful, as she was sure it had been in his good years. Miriam felt awkward and indecisive and she was torn between wanting to comfort and forgive him and wanting to use this for a final break with him.

"Mr. O'Neal just rang for you," said the voice behind her,

condescending again, saving Miriam from her own weakness. In a stroke of outrage and pride, Miriam swung toward the voice.

"O'Neal can wait," she said, "and you too." The young face, pretty, righteous, and petty, filled her with rage. What good were the young to her, she had lost them long ago. "You just mind that little self of yours, you hear?"

She swiveled back to Mr. Shirer, expecting to see that his spirits had ascended on the power of her words, her acceptance of him. Apparently they had not registered on him, for he looked whipped and thoughtful, musing on himself.

"First you forget the names," he said. "Then you forget the faces. Then you forget to button your pants, and then you forget to unbutton them. That has happened to me. And some place along the line you want the young women, you begin dreaming of the young women. To keep you alive, I guess. Like Solomon."

"None of that," said Miriam, cheery and coy. "I won't have that talk from a gallant old . . . buzzard like you. Why, it's a reflection on me, don't you see, a terrible reflection. If it's only because you're old, then it's not because I'm . . . well, because I'm what I hope I am anyway."

His smile was bleak, knowing, self-pitying. She recognized her failure and she rose from her chair and leaned across the railing to pull him closer to her. She pecked at his cheek with her lips.

"I never did thank you for the chocolates," she said. She thought she had done quite a nice thing and she was annoyed when his nod of gratitude was perfunctory.

"They were my wife's," he said. "I look generous at her expense. Your expense. Her expense. At my age you stay alive at somebody else's expense. If I were God I wouldn't let us."

You just keep on staying alive, she wanted to say to him. She sought for a clue, a better word, a gesture to redeem the moment. Calculations and plans flashed through her mind, inane, pointless, selfish, as perfunctory as her kissing gift had been.

and as doomed to failure. She watched him slowly dying before her eyes. And, helpless, at last instinct happened to her and in its darkness she went unerringly to her own inviting and submissive heart, and thus to his.

"If I were your wife, I'd feed you chocolates all day long and at night I'd just eat you up."

She thought someone else had spoken the words, their echo sounded so abandoned and shameless. Miriam Labadie? Never. But his face shifted toward lust and longing again and she knew that she had served him well. With malice he appraised her, and as he pressed across the railing, her instinct guttered and she was her prim proud self again. But she determined to be staunch. The instant before she closed her eyes she saw his hand flick out like a claw, wilful and greedy. In her deliberate blindness, she felt his squeezing pat on her thigh.

When seconds later she opened her eyes, he was already departing, a look on his face of triumph and dominance and liberty and lust.

"See you Thursday," said Miriam. He glanced back and winked at her and that wink promised more more more. His need was insatiable, but so too was her own. She hoped he would live forever.

Outside the door, one hand grasping his cane, the other fingering his pearl stickpin, he joined the mass of people moving by her window. He was frail and jaunty and dapper and alive. Gaily she waved her hand for all her world to see. Pretty and sweet she felt, and safe for the time. Intently she watched him until he was out of sight.

NEW BOOKS IN REVIEW

VISION AND REALITY IN AMERICA

THE REIGN OF WONDER: NAIVETY AND REALITY IN AMERICAN LITERATURE, *by* TONY TANNER, *Cambridge University Press.*
BROOKLYN BRIDGE: FACT AND SYMBOL, *by* ALAN TRACHTENBERG, *Oxford University Press.*

AT the end of *The Great Gatsby,* the narrator touches the taproot of a great emotion by evoking the picture of man standing spellbound before the virgin American continent, face to face "for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder." The hero of Scott Fitzgerald's novel is in fact the most memorable embodiment of Romantic wonder in America and the novel itself a critique of an old and persistent American attitude. In *The Reign of Wonder,* Tony Tanner has written a cogent and highly intelligent book on the various literary manifestations and implications of this attitude.

Tanner does not discuss Fitzgerald at any length, nor does he go as far back as the early colonists of New England, though he could have done both with profit. His point of departure is the Transcendentalist movement and its taking over from the European Romantics (chiefly Carlyle) the reliance on wonder as "a definite mode of philosophic understanding to be set up against analysis" together with the related ("Wordsworthian") notion that through the naïve eye of a child one can discover "a new access to reality." Both were based on a partial understanding of Rousseau, for whom the spontaneous and discrete perceptions of the child were to be a *prelude* to the understanding and judgment of the man. But, whatever the philosophical shortcomings, the attitude of simulated naïveté became a valuable literary mode with far-reaching consequences. In America, more than in Europe, it answered the need for fresh perception, for the imaginative assimilation of a new continent as well as the new forms of social and political life. It facilitated the emergence of the vernacular idiom and led eventually to the special authority enjoyed in American literature by the "vernacular type." Huck Finn is, of course, the supreme representative of this type. But the "strategy" of the innocent or wondering eye informs likewise the creation of such latter-day rebels or outsiders as Holden Caulfield and Augie March—"children" whose unaided perception is superior to the facile generaliza-

tions of the adult world. "The stance of wonder has *remained,*" Tanner observes, "a preferred way of dealing with experience and confronting existence among American writers."

As we are explicitly warned, however, "this is not primarily a book about the child in American literature. It is about the search for a new vision." In Emersonian terms, it is about the writer's "seeing" and "saying." Emerson himself—talking "metaphysics with his eye glued to the microscope"—emphasized the perception of concrete details while insisting at the same time on their status as parts of a flowing Unity. This was the Emersonianism that Whitman celebrated. In practice, however, Emerson's vision tended to underline the suggestive particular rather than the significant whole. Even his mysticism, according to Tanner, "encouraged a scrupulous yet wondering rediscovery of material appearances." And herein he was followed by Thoreau, the Imagist poets, Gertrude Stein, Sherwood Anderson, Hemingway, and many others. (Thoreau said: "I see details, not wholes," and the journal became the perfect genre for the perceptions of his "sauntering eye.") If there is a loss in such Emersonianism, a destitution of significance, there is also a corresponding gain in freshness and honesty. But there is no loss when, by a final affirmation, the naïve vision is promoted in Twain "to the function of moral assessment and evaluation." In this sense the long essay on Twain's development from *Innocents Abroad* to *Huckleberry Finn,* the longest on any single author, is central to Tanner's argument. It focuses on the gradual fusion between the wondering eye, the vernacular idiom, and the rebellious vernacular character, a fusion implied by Emerson, realized by Twain, and taken over from him by modern writers such as Hemingway. Here, as in the chapter on Hemingway, one also sees at its best what will perhaps be recognized as the most important strand in Tanner's discussion: an analysis of the style of his chosen writers, the new way of "saying" engendered by a new way of "seeing." It is, indeed, the constant correlation between the vision, the theme, and the style that makes Tanner's syntactical analyses so rewarding and saves them from the pedantry only too common in present-day criticism.

Thus the Emersonian tradition in American literature, so far discussed by critics largely in ideological terms, is here subjected to a many-sided scrutiny and accorded a new dimension of understanding. Commenting on more or less the same tradition (the "frontier tradition"), Dr. Leavis once observed that it "derives an illicit re-

spectability from the aura of Mark Twain"—a writer who belongs essentially in the company of Cooper, Hawthorne, Melville, and James. Without citing Leavis, Tanner (also a Cambridge don) seems to counter the argument by transferring James to his own list. This is valid enough in its own way, and, what is more, Tanner gives us a persuasive study of the workings of wonder in a few selected Jamesian characters. And yet when he quotes James: "naïveté in art is like a zero in a number: its importance depends on the figure it is united with," the observation helps us to ask one or two related questions. First, simply, doesn't the attempt to have all this and James too become finally a strain on the tradition of naïveté as previously defined by the author? Alternatively, has the author *always* looked for, or done justice to, the accompanying "figure" with which even the other writers (in a few happy instances) made the whole "number" of their work significant? Hence perhaps the occasional summary treatment of the masterpiece in Tanner's account. Furthermore, though Tanner discusses at some length the dangers inherent in the "naïve vision," the dangers of anti-intellectualism and formlessness, he does so without his usual argumentative skill. For instance, it is not very helpful to define form as "some prior notion of shaping intent," for *prior,* the one operative word in the statement, raises more questions than it answers. But these are minor reservations when weighed against the solid achievement that makes the book an important contribution to the understanding of American literature.

If Tanner attempts to define the angle at which vision and reality have traditionally deviated from each other in America, Alan Trachtenberg has taken for his subject a point at which the two intersect. *Brooklyn Bridge* is also a study of a vision—a vision embodied in a graceful monument that was designed primarily as a commercial enterprise and a feat of engineering skill. Lucidly and economically written, it tells the story of an idea which, while rooted in an old myth, was transformed into reality and then quickly passed into myth again with renewed force. As the author observes: "Not the land, not the garden, but the road . . . has expressed the essential way of American life." The essential way, that is, if we consider not merely the ubiquitous highway of today but also the old legend of America as a pathway to the East and such American works as Whitman's "Song of the Open Road" and "Passage to India." John Roebling, a Utopian idealist and metaphysician as well as a brilliant civil engineer, conceived his bridge, in Trach-

tenberg's words, as "both fact and ideal: a roadway of traffic below and a structure for poets above." But Washington Roebling, the son who actually built it, had to contend with "the realities of American life," particularly the chicanery, graft, and corruption of the Gilded Age that finally made him an embittered recluse. Even before its formal and spectacular opening in 1883, however, Brooklyn Bridge had already assumed a legendary presence in the popular mind, at times benign, at others terrifying, but always powerful and fascinating. To Henry James, as late as 1905, it seemed a mechanical monster typifying the restless energy of a new barbarism. Not so to the painters John Marin and Joseph Stella, for whom it became a spiritual vision repeatedly challenging their power as artists. In the 'twenties, with Hart Crane's long poem *The Bridge,* it was finally established as a symbol in the national imagination. Projecting his "myth of affirmation" on Brooklyn Bridge, Crane crowded it with echoes from national legend, history, and literature. Trachtenberg's strength, however, lies in historical scholarship rather than literary analysis, and this becomes clear in his chapter on Hart Crane, particularly in the two or three incongruous pages of "close reading" which the author seems to have undertaken as a matter of sacred duty but which have turned out to be an exercise in pure jargon. History of events and ideas, of technology and architecture, of literary themes and art criticism: these are the lines of real interest that radiate in this book from the hub of a seemingly obvious central subject. A work of historical synthesis, each of its parts benefits from the whole.

A. N. KAUL

INDIA AND INDONESIA

AN AREA OF DARKNESS, *by* V. S. NAIPAUL, *Macmillan Co.* .
MOHAMMED, MARX, AND MARHAEN: THE ROOTS OF INDONESIAN SOCIALISM, *by* JEANNE S. MINTZ, *Frederick A. Praeger.*

V. S. NAIPAUL, a deservedly award-bedecked novelist of Indian parentage, was born and reared in Trinidad, but has spent his mature years in England. *An Area of Darkness* chronicles his impressions of, and reactions to, the land of his forefathers, which he visited for the first time, presumably in the 1960's. Mr. Naipaul brought to this work not only the curiously selective remembrances of and fascinations with things Indian in his grandparental past (his parents had already left India far behind), but also a wonderfully sharp and observing mind. His is an intellectual, literary, and emotional pilgrimage—much of it spent in Kashmir, which miraculously and

brilliantly comes to life in his pages—not a sociological or historical study. He is wide open to the India and the Indians around him, outwardly an Indian but inwardly a Western tourist engaged in a constant dialogue with his environment. Apparently Naipaul avoided interviews with political or religious leaders; he is unconcerned with the party system, the linguistic problems, Indian Communism or, for that matter, with the Sino-Indian (and even the India-Pakistan) disputes. But if he ignores official India, he is a devastatingly candid observer of unofficial India. Many experts, academic and others, and certainly most of officialdom will wince, protest, and argue. Unencumbered as I am by knowledge (ten days in New Delhi is all I have to my credit, apart from some sporadic reading on contemporary India), I confess that much of *An Area of Darkness* has the ring of truth, or part of the truth at least, as refracted through an urbane and magnificently literate intelligence.

For Naipaul there are no sacred cows. His guide is the young, impatient, critical Gandhi who coldly castigated the vast darknesses of India, the Gandhi who had "emerged a colonial blend of East and West, Hindu and Christian." The picture of India which Gandhi drew over a period of more than thirty years, says Naipaul, "still holds; this is the measure of his [Gandhi's] failure." "Mahatma, great-souled father of the nation, deified . . . is nevertheless the least Indian of Indian leaders. . . . [H]is vision was direct, and this directness was, and is, revolutionary." It follows that Naipaul's picture, so deeply inspired by Gandhi's directness, is remorselessly candid, though frequently illumined by compassion. Fundamentally, he finds himself opposed to Indian institutions and behavior. He abhors (partly because he knows himself somehow to share) the Indian "ability to retreat, the ability genuinely not to see what [is] obvious: with others a foundation of neurosis, but with Indians part of a greater philosophy of despair, leading to passivity, detachment, acceptance," or as he in another passage calls it, to "Indian distortion, the eternal Indian attempt to incorporate and nullify." Naipaul, like many others before him, sees in the caste system the root of all Indian evil: "India deals in symbols, inaction. Inaction arising out of proclaimed function, function out of caste." And he finds that the temporary superimposition of British overlordship (as that of the Moguls before) has added alien insult to native injury: "Yesterday the mimicry was Mogul; tomorrow it might be Russian or American; today it is English." But "this is a mimicry not of England, a real country, but of the fairytale land of Anglo-India.

. . . It is as if an entire society has fallen for a casual confidence trickster. Casual because the trickster has gone away."

I have quoted only a few of the many trenchant passages that reveal Naipaul's basic pattern of thinking about and analysis of the Indian scene. It is tempting and easy to cull other dicta, above all to cite the innumerable encounters with Indians in all walks of life. But enough has perhaps been said to entice the reader into embarking on this guided tour de force himself. There are, as even I know, far too many things that could and should perhaps be said to shed rays of cautious optimism or hope on the many areas of darkness laid bare in this book. Sociologists and political scientists may, for example, suggest that the caste structure, for all its debilitating effects and inegalitarianism (to put it mildly), may well prove to be the saving grace of Indian democracy, providing at least a cohesive scaffolding (lacking in so many other parts of the non-European world) that can be slowly politicized into viable cells in a specifically Indian polity. But even the experts—and wellwishers of the young and beleaguered republic in general—will have to listen, and listen carefully, while Naipaul speaks. The emperor's clothes have been ruffled, to say the least. India, one somehow feels, will never be quite the same, post-Naipaul.

From India to Indonesia, from novelist to political scientist, from Trinidad/India/Britain to the United States, from *An Area of Darkness* to Dr. Jeanne S. Mintz' *Mohammed, Marx and Marhaen.* Harvard-trained, Miss Mintz has gained a reputable niche among American students of Indonesia, a country in whose early revolutionary stirrings she played a supporting role on the side of the republicans. There can be no question in regard to her expertness in her chosen field, her wide and careful reading, and, readers will be happy to acknowledge, her ability to compress a great deal of information and analysis into tight prose and limited space. In this short book, Dr. Mintz endeavors to isolate the specifically socialist strands and elements from the general currents of twentieth-century Indonesian political life. This is no mean endeavor since, as she so well shows, many, indeed most, of these currents flowed in socialist beds, all the way from the Indonesian Communist Party (PKI), one of Asia's oldest and at present second in size only to that of China, on the extreme left, through an often perplexing variety of *soi-disant* socialist and workers' parties to the many movements acknowledging more or less distinct, and often rather faint, allegiances to a socialist syndrome or "amalgam" that defies clear-cut classification. There

are "Trotskyites" (actually so dubbed by their disgruntled Soviet begetters), there are "democratic socialists" (some more, some less democratic), there are "religious socialists" (the left wing, if one may call it thus, among the various Reformist Muslim associations and groupings; once again, the label was, if I remember aright, bestowed upon them by others); and there is, finally, "Marhaenism," the specifically Indonesian brand of "socialism" devised and christened by its originator, President Soekarno.

Through all this "socialist" complexity, Miss Mintz guides her readers with a sure and firm hand. She knows well the twists and turns of modern Indonesian history and her retracing of it is by no means limited to mere repetition of well-known landmarks. Every now and then she adds, sometimes in a modest footnote, a correction to prevalent interpretations (as for example in the matter of Stalin's presumed role in the abortive Indonesian uprisings of 1926-27). Well over one hundred pages are devoted to a careful account of the variegated socialist movements, parties and—above all—ideological currents since the Indonesian Revolution of 1945, the last three chapters in the book providing a lucid investigation into the body ideological of Guided Democracy, the peculiarly Indonesian post-liberal, post-constitutional (one hesitates to say post-democratic, for fear of begging the question) polity that has emerged from a decade of frustrating and frustrated political experimentation.

Dr. Mintz is less concerned with the minutiae of the shifting balance among and within Indonesian elite groupings than the fate of "socialism" in all this perplexity: the fate, on the one hand, of those socialists (proper, one might add) like the former premier Sutan Sjahrir, the former vice president Mohammed Hatta (a socialist of the robe, so to speak), and for that matter the "religious socialists" like Mohammed Natsir (likewise ex-premier and subsequently defector to the cause of the anti-Djakarta rebellion in the mid-1950's). And on the other hand, Dr. Mintz looks carefully into the officially-decreed "socialism" of Guided Democracy—Socialism à la Indonesia, so dubbed by a linguistically brilliant head of state, whose penchant for injecting European words into the Indonesian political vocabulary is matched by his uncanny ability to touch the heart of the illiterate masses by references to Javanese mythology. (In any event, the nineteenth Year of the Revolution is—somewhat infelicitously, it would seem to the Westerner on the twentieth anniversary of VE Day—the Year of *Vivere Pericoloso!*)

In all of this, the author's sympathies are clearly shown to side

with what I've already called the "socialists proper," and, *pace* the House Un-American Activities Committee, it must be said that she is in good American company. It is, alas, one of the supreme ironies (more ironical in this country than in Europe or Britain, admittedly) that the democratic socialists should not only be the most convinced and formidable opponents of Communism in countries like Indonesia, but also the staunchest—one is even tempted to say, the only—nontotalitarian modernizers in the true sense of the word. This at one and the same time accounts for the ease with which Western liberal students of Indonesia have been able to communicate, sympathize, and even identify with these democratic socialists over the years, but also (and Dr. Mintz' disclaimers notwithstanding) for the miniscule role which they, as organized political force, could play in Indonesian politics; witness the fact that Sjahrir's Socialist Party, in spite of the eminence of its leader, managed to poll no more than five percent of the popular vote in Indonesia's first and so far only general elections in 1955. The inferences to be drawn from this state of affairs would seem obvious enough: first, that democratic socialism (as distinct from Socialism à la Indonesia) is too Western to gain a lasting place in a non-Western polity, and, second, that a Western political analyst must not, whatever his (or her) sympathies, forever view the Indonesian political process through Western-pink lenses. This, then, seems to me a basic weakness, or at least a methodological flaw, in Dr. Mintz' otherwise most welcome essay. It is quite true that the official "socialism" of Guided Democracy cannot survive a diagnostic operation performed by an aprioristic surgeon; its hollowness, however, cannot be properly understood in terms of deviations from a socialist norm.

Socialism, "Indonesian Socialism" that is, has been so prevalent, so inextricably intertwined into the "amalgam" of Indonesian nationalism very largely because—given a colonial overlordship by a capitalist power sustaining a capitalist economy, and given a division (real or presumed) of the post-colonial world into a capitalist and an anti-capitalist bloc—it was, and still is, *de rigeur*. But once this is realized, it follows that adherence to socialism is no more than an incantation of an article of faith, quite often devoid of a specifically *constructive* content and meaning. Indeed, the stubborn survival of this all-inclusive, all-elusive socialism is very likely due to ideological taproots that antedate "Marhaen," Marx, and even Mohammed. Especially in Javanese culture, aristocratic aversion to things mundane—and what can be more mundane than making money?—has

been woven into the value system for long, long centuries. The strong influence of this value system upon the Indonesian intelligentsia in colonial times has too often been neglected in Western studies of Indonesian nationalism, but by now, the increasingly Javanese contours of the independent Indonesian polity should be easily discernible. And, no less important, in such a new-old Javanese state the significance of symbols, the reliance on verbal magic one might almost say, cannot and must not be ignored. "Indonesian Socialism," then, should not be primarily investigated as a programmatic, operational tool for the reorganization of society and the economy. It should, above all, be understood as an exhortation to the nation, to the cosmos, to friend and foe alike, as a verbal instrument used to exorcise all evil—and, by Indonesian definition, evil is almost synonymous with capitalism. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner?* Certainly not, I should think. But understand we must.

HARRY J. BENDA

FIELDING AMONG THE ORTHODOXIES

HENRY FIELDING: MASK AND FEAST, *by* ANDREW WRIGHT, *University of California Press.*
FICTION AND THE SHAPE OF BELIEF, *by* SHELDON SACHS, *University of California Press.*

PRESENT-DAY Fielding studies are undergoing something of a revolution. A rather quiet revolution, to be sure—some would prefer to call it a revaluation—but nonetheless a significant departure from the neo-Edwardian view most persuasively set down by the first Editor of THE YALE REVIEW. According to Wilbur L. Cross and others of his persuasion, the most important thing Fielding scholars could do was to exonerate their subject from traditional charges that he was orthodox in neither religion nor morals. In thus saving Fielding for religious orthodoxy there was some risk of falling into another traditional alternative, most memorably posed by Taine, which found Fielding *un bon bufle* and largely dismissed him as an original thinker or moralist. It was all very well, of course, to rescue Fielding from the company of drunks, Irish, and whores into which Horace Walpole and sundry hostile contemporaries had thrust him. But the job of whitewashing Fielding's morals ran some risk of domesticating his "thought" so that it became a kind of boy-scout conventionality.

Today we are less nervous about the moral and religious charges. Nasty, exaggerated, and politically inspired though many of them were, they doubtless had some faint foundation in truth. How else to explain the persistence with which his enemies reiterated them

for so many years? As for saving Fielding for Christianity, that task has become easier as we discover more about the latitude in meaning which Augustans gave to the term. Scholarship which could rescue the author of the *Essay on Man* from charges of deism could surely perform a similar service for the author of *Tom Jones*. There have been difficulties, of course, difficulties in mapping more precisely the contours of Fielding's "thought." Largely unsystematic, at times seemingly contradictory, it has long resisted convincing statement. Just now, however, as the two books under review seem to confirm, Fielding studies may be about to benefit from the larger and noisier revolution that is occurring within criticism itself.

Prominent in the struggle to replace the "new" criticism as the prevailing American orthodoxy are what has come to be called "rhetorical" criticism and the sort of archetypal taxonomy most notably elaborated by Northrop Frye. Superficially at least, the rhetorical critics resemble the "new" critics in their close attention to text. However, they also accept and even exploit a form-content dichotomy which is anathema to their predecessors. Thus they insist on the ways in which the literary work is a kind of persuasion, a putting into form of an idea or action, so as to make the result both attractive to the reader and responsive to the intentions of the author with respect to his idea or action.

There is surely no need to rehearse here the implications of such a view. By and large indifferent to charges that they have violated this fallacy or that, the "rhetorical" critics move imperturbably from inside-the-work to outside-the-work and back again. Where the neo-Edwardians stumbled over what they were afraid were inconsistencies in Fielding's thought, the most recent critics attribute such difficulties to a failure in our understanding of the varying degrees to which statements in fiction are or are not "reliable," according to the function of the persons or characters uttering them. By sharpening our sense of the artful and often oblique ways in which statements get made in fiction, particularly comic and satiric fiction, these later critics invite us to applaud the ingenuity and value of art without our having to subscribe to notions of its autonomy.

As the metaphor in his title suggests, Mr. Wright handles the inside-outside dualism mainly in terms of the familiar art *versus* life variation. He wants to define the relation between the management of narrative and the playful theme which he asserts (correctly if excessively) to be at the heart of *Joseph Andrews* and *Tom Jones*. And he does provide subtle and elegant readings of the ways in which

Fielding's characters and *personae* are "masked" and hence only qualifiedly reliable as witnesses to the true nature of the "feast" to which the novelist invites us. The metaphor of fiction (art) as a feast is here borrowed from Fielding himself, as is also the metaphor of the world as stage, which Mr. Wright exploits fully. Both metaphors are classical commonplaces, but Mr. Wright may be perfectly correct in using them as controlling metaphors in his analysis of the novels Some idea of the nature of this analysis may be inferred from Mr. Wright's treatment of *Joseph Andrews, Tom Jones* and *Amelia* under the headings, respectively, of "Art as Art," "Life as Art," and "The Art of Life." Such distinctions are not always easy to manage. and at times Mr. Wright fails to convince. Then, too, some readers may draw back from what they feel to be the reductive tendency of Mr. Wright's archetypal view of comedy as the supreme civilizing force, to say nothing of his insistence that the festive or celebratory elements in Fielding require us to see his overall intention as the "rehearsal of civilization." This is the world-as-stage with a vengeance. It is good to report that Mr. Wright's critical position, thanks to his elegant ways of putting it, is only intermittently oppressive.

On the other hand, when he turns to consider the "structural" means by which life is transformed into fiction, Mr. Wright is less successful. Although we may be perfectly willing to accept his assertion that the theme of the third book of *Joseph Andrews* is Education, Mr. Wright does not make us see that the *structure* of the third book is related in any important way to this theme. The *presence* of certain things or events in the third book, perhaps, but not truly their "structure" or even their arrangement. There seems to be a problem of parts and wholes here. Like most of us who attempt criticism, Mr. Wright often talks about "structure" without in fact dealing with it. As we have frequently been warned, "structure" is both a curiously attractive and a curiously slippery concept. To help himself talk about it Mr. Wright draws upon a number of critical statements which Fielding scatters around in his novels. And Mr. Wright is only too willing to take such statements as literally trustworthy despite the fact that some of them at least seem indistinguishable in tone from other, noncritical remarks which Mr. Wright would insist are "unreliable" or at best ambiguous. This is a common difficulty for rhetorical critics whose insistence on the inside-outside dualism requires them to locate, even if only by implication, the esthetic idea or intention of their authors.

Mr. Sachs is also interested in maintaining the inside-outside dualism. The title of his book—*Fiction and the Shape of Belief*—like the title of Mr. Wright's—*Henry Fielding: Mask and Feast*—invites us to consider the intention of a literary work as well as the fictional embodiment of that intention in the work. In other words, to relate the rhetorical signals made inside books to the authors' beliefs "outside" them. Less elegant and less eclectic than Mr. Wright, Mr. Sachs also seems more interested in charting the changing course of Fielding's beliefs than he is in "celebrating" (the word fits Mr. Wright perfectly, on the other hand) the techniques by which they are embodied within books. For Mr. Sachs the essential and recurring question seems to be, what must Fielding have believed in order to have invented and evaluated characters, acts, and thoughts in such a manner in such works? Or to generalize it, as we are asked to do, what is the relationship between the ethical beliefs of novelists and their novels, between artistic belief and literary form?

To answer these questions Mr. Sachs begins by providing a grammar of the types of fiction, a taxonomical criticism, as it were. Where Mr. Wright proceeds by elaborating certain root metaphors or images, Mr. Sachs proceeds by distinguishing among satires, apologues, and novels. The ethical content of the latter form, he tells us, is distinct in that it is conveyed by various combinations of classes of ethical agents. These agents, classified according to the roles they play in conveying judgments, "can be recognized by an extremely limited number of devices of disclosure, and even extremely subtle judgments can be differentiated by reference to them." This is admittedly an interesting, perhaps controversial assertion, one whose continued and informing presence in Mr. Sachs' book does much to justify the difficulty and even awkwardness of his presentation. We are asked, for example, to take seriously a critical vocabulary employing such terms as "fallible paragons," "split commentators," "nondiscursive female paragons," "species characters," "walking concepts," as well as a number of equally repelling formulas for showing the range of relation possible among these. Taxonomically inclined critics will always have problems of nomenclature—one thinks of Northrop Frye's difficulties with "archetype" —and the lay reader must ask himself whether the offense to his ear and possibly to his common sense is justly taken. The question is not quite so simple as it looks, either. It is, after all, the same question many of us have with respect to the more egregious vocabularies among, say, the social sciences. In Mr. Sachs' case, un-

fortunately, belle-lettristic and conventional readers are apt to answer the question abruptly in the negative. The book deserves to be considered seriously.

In common with the Chicago critics from whom he derives, Mr. Sachs discusses the ethical content of books in terms both of their effects upon readers and of their supposititious origins in the thought of the authors. That he is markedly better on *Amelia* than on either *Joseph Andrews* or *Tom Jones* is probably owing to the fact that in *Amelia* the ethical content is more prominent, less obliquely presented, than it is in the other novels. Unlike Mr. Wright, whose forte is with the "festive," less tendentious material, Mr. Sachs does not always seem fair to the fact of Fielding's comic attitudes. His is a serious Fielding, and, paradoxically enough, his book should give some aid and comfort to those readers who still cherish the "Christian Censor" view of that novelist, though these same readers will find the book tough going.

There will also be some readers who will discern a connection between Mr. Sachs' critical position and transformational linguistics. Both appear to presume some sort of exemplar, linguistic in the one case, ethical in the other, which individual writers approximate or diverge from in ways which may then be used to define their particular "styles." Readers who discern this connection may well conclude that the principle, not firmly established even for grammar, works better for the latter than it does for ethical content. Nevertheless, for all his terminological and taxonomical difficulties Mr. Sachs has made a serious attempt at a genuinely systematic description of the various perspectives of suasion in the novels of Fielding. And what is hardly less important, he conveys the unmistakable impression that he deeply respects the works he is discussing and indeed the function of literature itself. In achieving his own somewhat special blend of "high seriousness," Mr. Sachs avoids that puzzling sense of triviality which is characteristic of so many "readings" based on a "rhetorical" method.

W. B. COLEY

GUIDE TO DANTE

DANTE, *by* THOMAS G. BERGIN, *Orion Press.*

As an American contribution to the wide variety of tributes that the seventh centenary of Dante's birth will produce, Professor Bergin has written a highly useful handbook and guide, which, as the author justly claims, "contains more factual information than can be found

in any other study of a like compass." The book begins with a survey that puts before us both the facts of Dante's life, appropriately framed by his Florence, and the outlines of Dante's Europe, which stretched from Southern Italy into the Holy Roman Empire and France. The author reminds us that the Florence of Dante had not seen even the Campanile of Giotto and did not in the least look like the Renaissance Florence which has delighted succeeding ages; his Italy was that of St. Thomas and St. Francis, of Boniface VIII and the struggle between Papacy and Empire, with France still in the wings. All this is prefatory to an excellent chapter on Dante's life and personality.

After summarizing the poet's works, Professor Bergin next turns to his reading, with a clear account of his sources in literature, philosophy, and theology, which greatly enrich the variety and suggestiveness of *The Divine Comedy.* The sources include the Latin Classics, centered naturally on Virgil but including Horace and Ovid among the poets, Livy and Orosius among the historians, and Cicero as master of eloquence. Then Professor Bergin sketches the poet's relation to his great predecessors in the Middle Ages—to Aquinas and Albertus Magnus; to Bonaventura, Hugh of St. Victor, and St. Bernard of Clairvaux; to St. Augustine and the astronomer Alfraganus. He mentions the influence of Islam emphasized by Asin Palacios of Madrid and ably dealt with later by the American Benedictine, Fr. Dunstan Tucker. Where, however, he has most to tell us is in developing the influence of Provençal poetry, a discovery largely due to Ezra Pound. Professor Bergin refers not only to Pound but to Eliot, who shortly before his death received the Dante Medal for his little book in the series "The Poets on the Poets." This leads back to Grandgent's work at Harvard. It was preceded by Longfellow's classic translation of *The Divine Comedy,* a translation mentioned by neither Eliot nor this author.

But if Professor Bergin ignores Longfellow he ignores no modern scholar, unless it is Melville Best Anderson, the brilliant American who gave us as his contribution to the sixth centenary of Dante's death in 1921 the translation in *terza rima* which was chosen for the World's Classics, and is on the whole really closer to the original and better than that of either Binyon or Dorothy Sayers, lively, adroit, and beautiful as both of these are. Professor Bergin himself has forsaken their *terza rima* in favor of a translation in blank verse which he quotes wherever necessary. It is a noble improvement on the well-known work of Cary, much clearer and more direct. All

these verse translations are preferable because they give a clos resemblance to the poetry of Dante than the prose translation in tl Temple Classics which Eliot used and praised.

As Eliot said, everything written by Dante is important becau he wrote it; that is why Professor Bergin's clear and informati chapters on the minor works will be welcomed. But few today real want to read those works; they prefer to go directly to the poem th sums up the civilization of the centuries preceding and has coi manded in the centuries succeeding an honor akin to reverence. A Binyon said, writing for the centenary of 1921, *The Divine Come* "leaves its full music in our memory at the Paradiso's ardent close that close which to Eliot was "the highest point that poetry has ev reached or can reach." Each of Dante's words, said Shelley, is ' burning atom of inextinguishable thought; they are pregnant wi a lightning which has found no conductor."

Behind them was the force of intense feeling, raised to the heigl of mystical union. Dante himself said (in lines which Professor Be gin discusses at some length) that his poem was an attempt "to e press in symbols *(significando)* what an inspiring love had sai within him." That inspiring love took three forms: an intense i terest in the world around him (and here, as Browning said, l loved well because he hated), a devotion to Beatrice which led hi from hell to height on height of glory, and lastly to the True Ligl whose smile kindles the universe and has but to be seen to awake love, a love that is no other than adoration. "The Paradise," sai Shelley, "is a perpetual hymn of everlasting love . . . the poetry (Dante may be considered as the bridge thrown over the stream (time which unites the modern and the ancient world."

Professor Bergin, who is always aware of all that is most person and concrete in Dante, insists that a main motive of the poem w not to compose a fiction or an epic but to teach what Dante ha learned, to share his reading and his experience. To his deep an fervent emotion is added a grip of detail; he makes us aware (eternity because he connects his sense of it with an eager and vor cious intellect keenly absorbed in persons, places, and current event

Such are the matters with which Professor Bergin deals in th work, as he explains to the general reader and student the earthl side of the poet whom even a disillusioned age still acclaims a divine. It constitutes a valuable expansion of the brilliant essay th author wrote as an introduction to his translation.

ROBERT SENCOURT

A GRAVELY OBSERVING TORY

THE MEMOIRS OF ANTHONY EDEN, EARL OF AVON: THE RECKONING, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

THIS latest volume of Lord Avon's *Memoirs* spans the middle years of his career. It tells first of those months in 1938-39 when the Chamberlain government was going down "the fatal slope" to war; then of his time of most tense activity as Secretary of War under Churchill in the crucial months after May 1940; and on through his term as Foreign Secretary during the long haul of the war.

His chronicle is both confirmatory and revelatory. Although told with a leveling restraint of tone and language, it is a lively and absorbing account of his efforts, experiences, and reflections. Since all these are merged in a copious and continuous narrative stream, the student of particular issues and situations has to chase back and forth in its pages.

How personable the Anthony Eden of this book was, and what a prodigious worker! How well he responded to the unsparing demands of Churchill and the critical times! How enduring were his convictions under hard tests, how unbroken they were by rejections!

In an earlier volume of his Memoirs he has told of his efforts to persuade Chamberlain to stand up to Mussolini and Hitler, and of his resignation when Chamberlain would not do so. In this one he recounts how, as member of the House of Commons, he tried to foment resistance to Chamberlain's continued appeasement of Hitler, and exhorted the country to speed up rearmament. But it is notable that in his condemnatory comment on the Munich Agreement, no mention is made of Chamberlain's failure to consult Stalin. For at this time Eden shared Chamberlain's mistrust and low estimation of the Soviet power; an attitude which was repressed during the war but which revived toward the end of the war.

During his brief tenure as Secretary of War—from May to December 1940—Eden's will and daring judgment prevailed over the more dubious and fearful of his colleagues in three crucial matters. By persistence he managed to gain the consent of his military and civilian associates to the despatch of some of the meager British supply of planes and tanks and its small corps of trained airmen to Libya and Egypt even though the home island might be invaded. By insistence that the Commonwealth must come to the aid of its ally, Greece, against the Germans, even though the military odds were poor and the effort was likely to be sacrificial, he sustained the reputation of the British people for fidelity in arms. By resistance

he thwarted the impulse of Roosevelt and Marshall to respond to Moscow's insistent call for a premature and foolhardy attempt to create a second front in the West. Because of Eden's part in these decisions and in the reconstitution of the British Army, historians may conclude that his achievements while Secretary of War were more important and effective than his later exertions as Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister.

It was also during this most perilous period in 1940 that his political congeniality with Winston Churchill evolved into an intimate personal friendship, almost kinship. While the bombs fell on London in September Churchill, in one of his rare moods of depression, remarked to him ". . . that he was now an old man . . . that he would not make Lloyd George's mistake of carrying on after the war and the succession must be mine." On Churchill's birthday in November, Eden ended his letter with words of unusual warmth among political associates: "Bless you; thank you for all your kindness to me, and may we yet celebrate the last stage of a hard road travelled together *la main dans la main.*"

No other narrative tells more meaningfully of Stalin's early and late efforts to obtain Western consent to Soviet territorial claims and the determination of Russia's postwar frontiers. As early as December 1941, while the Western allies were fearful that Russian resistance would collapse, Stalin's ideas were, in Eden's words, "starkly definite." He tried his utmost to induce the British government to agree to a secret supplement to the Treaty of Alliance which was being negotiated; in this the Soviet government wished to have it stipulated that the Soviet Union would regain its prewar frontiers, thereby recovering the Baltic states, but also that its boundary in the West would be extended further forward than it had ever been, and that it was to have the right to establish bases in Finland and Rumania. Washington's objection to settling these territorial questions until after the war enabled the British government to turn aside at this time these pushful demands. When a few months later in Washington, Molotov sought to persuade President Roosevelt to accede, the President might have done so in order to cement the war-time alliance had it not been for Hull's anguished protests. For Roosevelt did not think most of the Russian claims as defined at this time exorbitant, since they mainly provided for the return of territory lost after the First World War. Eden is probably correct in thinking that the American refusal to discuss these political ques-

tions during the war is regrettable. While the German armies stood at the edge of Leningrad, Moscow, and Kharkov, and the Soviet Union was vitally dependent on Western shipments of war materials, Stalin might have been induced to moderate Soviet demands for territory that had been part of Poland before the war. By the end of the war when Russian armies were in occupation of all the lands Stalin craved, he no longer needed Western cooperation. He then stretched his demands even further and Truman was unable to curb them.

However, if Roosevelt had entered into discussions with the Soviet government about frontiers while the war was being fought, discord might have arisen over their military actions. He would certainly have been assailed by large minorities in the United States and elsewhere for any settlements he could have made with the Soviet Union. The task of peacemaking is likely to involve the American government in as furious—and longer lasting—an internal brawl as decisions about the conduct of a war.

One subject of dissension that trails through Eden's narrative almost from beginning to end was how and on what terms to deal with General de Gaulle and the Free French group. Eden it was who supported de Gaulle most steadfastly. He stood up stubbornly against Churchill's occasional bouts of anger and impulses to end British cooperation with him. He bore with suppressed indignation Roosevelt's and Hull's obsessive dislike and mistrust of this self-starting Frenchman. Eden tends to attribute Roosevelt's opposition to de Gaulle partly to misjudgment of the individual and the French people and partly to a secret opposition to the attempt to re-establish the unified French colonial empire after the war. He fails to grasp Roosevelt's fear of having a wilful military man whom he regarded as a reactionary in charge of France.

Assisted by events and by de Gaulle's genius in leadership of his people, Eden's course was finally followed. Few days gave him deeper satisfaction than Armistice Day, November 11, 1944, when along with Churchill he watched the military parade in the Champs Elysées. He was deeply moved: "As now we stood, Mr. Churchill on the General's right and I on his left, de Gaulle turned to me and said quietly, 'Regardez-moi ce peuple en revolution.' "

Churchill's boyish moods and responses Eden affectionately enjoyed even when they caused him trouble. But Roosevelt he confesses he could not get to know better, and obviously did not come

to like or admire. The President's jovial or jocular manner, his roaming talk bothered the gravely observing Tory in Eden and threw him out of his stride. He found Roosevelt's charm and the play of his lively mind perplexing, his sweeping opinions "alarming in their cheerful fecklessness. . . . It was too like a conjuror, skillfully juggling with balls of dynamite, whose nature he failed to understand." The judgment Eden passes in these pages reflects his resentment of Roosevelt's refusal—marked before and during the Yalta Conference—to work in tandem with Britain, and his courtship of Stalin.

Roosevelt was stricken before the war ended, borne down by the tasks and worries he gave the appearance of tossing off so lightly. Eden saw it through before overwork and overstriving took their toll of him. Then he, who had had no serious illness through all the harassment of the war years, developed an ulcer and was compelled to take a complete rest. That summer of 1945 which should have been a time of relaxation and satisfaction was a sad one; for his son, an aviator, lost his life in Burma and he perceived victory turning into defeat. Churchill, too, was succumbing to the strain and effort of the war and to breaks within the wartime coalition. Fatigued, the Prime Minister did not grasp the change in desire of the British people. In his campaign for reelection he lost their support without lessening their gratitude. He was wretched and resentful.

Eden's rather terse and dejected account of the end—of Churchill's and his own ejection from their high offices—is elevated by his thoughtful commentary on how hard it is for those in power to relinquish it, how power becomes a habit they cannot bear to cast off.

HERBERT FEIS

THE MODERN MIDDLE EAST

MODERN IRAN, *by* PETER AVERY, *Frederick A. Praeger.*
THE UNITED STATES AND THE ARAB WORLD, *by* WILLIAM R. POLK, *Harvard University Press.*

THESE two books by recognized authorities in their respective fields are welcomed additions to the still small number of good general studies on the modern Middle East. Mr. Polk's book follows faithfully the formula of previous volumes in the Harvard American Foreign Policy Library series: a general introduction to the geography and the peoples, followed by a chapter on the historical legacy, then a section giving greater attention to the area in modern times

(the bulk of the book), and concluding with a consideration of United States relations with the Arab world. The Arab world treated in this book excludes Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco (covered in an earlier volume in the same series by Charles F. Gallagher). Mr. Polk is able to limit somewhat his coverage of the Palestine problem since this is more specifically dealt with in *The United States and Israel* by Nadav Safran. Even so, this leaves the author a difficult task. Areas such as Egypt, the Arabian peninsula, and the Fertile Crescent, although all Arabic speaking and overwhelmingly Muslim, are sufficiently different that one is quickly in trouble generalizing about "the Arabs." Mr. Polk is to be congratulated on the way he avoids this problem by an approach which conveys these differences to the reader without in any way playing down the very real unifying elements in the area as a whole. However, it should be mentioned that although this series now has two excellent volumes on the Arab world both Libya and Sudan have been ignored.

In the section on "The Impact of the West" which deals mainly with the nineteenth century—that period marked by the decline of traditional society and the early, hesitant attempts at modernization —Mr. Polk places a refreshing emphasis upon economic factors. This approach avoids the temptation to overemphasize the ideological change (the "Arab Awakening"), and at the same time it makes much clearer why some form of ideological ferment was unavoidable.

The author's treatment of Anglo-Egyptian relations from after the First World War until the final evacuation of Suez points up the Egyptian sense of frustration stemming from that intermediate status between outright colonial control and relations between independent states. In the chapter on the mandates he contrasts the quick British reversion to indirect rule in Iraq with the more centralized and heavy-handed French control in Syria. Neither is shown to have been especially successful in terms of state-building. Then, in another place Mr. Polk comments on how states in the Arabian peninsula misused even the rudimentary training in developing modern cadres that comes with colonial rule. These various themes suggest that indirect control or short-term mandates can sometimes be worse than outright colonial rule which, after all, does seem to come to an end and in the meantime links responsibility with power. In any case, nothing can be more unproductive for all concerned than a long-drawn-out period of what has come to be called "decolonization."

Mr. Polk's analysis of the "new men"—that new group from whose

ranks come both the ideas and the leadership—is very useful. However, it is unnecessarily confusing to introduce the term "middle class," for Mr. Polk quite correctly points out the ways in which "the new men" are not like the Western middle class. Finding a proper label for this new leadership in the Arab world is a delicate problem. Outside observers (including polemicists) have at times identified them with everything from Western liberal democracy to fascism. It might well be advisable to avoid all labels with Western connotations in referring to this class—Polk's own "the new men" is as good as any for the present—until more description and analysis are forthcoming.

This book reflects a genuine sympathy for its subject, the Arabs, besides a tempered optimism about their future. Fortunately, this predisposition does not push the author over into suggesting that the United States undertake new initiatives in the area. It is encouraging to see him list as "on the second level of United States interests . . . progress toward the eventual solution of the Palestine problem." Surely the history of the past fifteen years shows that responsible overtures for solution of this problem must come from those most concerned—those living in the Middle East, or alternatively (and second-best) through a Soviet-Western agreement leading to some form of neutralization.

His final formula about the United States "retention of a police force" to "prevent an outbreak of hostilities" needs clarification. I trust he is not suggesting a kind of uninvited, unilateral United States stewardship for the entire area.

Iran in modern times is the example par excellence of the small state which has avoided outright colonial rule only at the expense of relentless buffeting about by the Great Powers. Mr. Avery's study of modern Iran adds supporting evidence to the argument that this cure (such precarious independence) is worse than the disease (colonialism). This seems especially true since Reza Shah's Iran was overwhelmed by the Allies in the Second World War while his model and closest parallel—the Turkey created by Kemal Ataturk—was able to maintain its neutral independence.

Modern Iran is probably as detailed and reliable a study of Iran since the early nineteenth century as is available. There are, however, certain characteristics of this book likely to discourage the non-specialist. It is long and somewhat rambling. There is no neat schema to help the reader over unfamiliar terrain. Names of persons

whose significance becomes clear only later crop up from time to time as do the author's extended (albeit often interesting) obiter dicta. However, there is a wealth of information and provocative interpretation for anyone willing to play by the author's rules and drop back into an unhurried, Victorian manner of going through a large book.

Roughly two-fifths of the book carries the story from 1813, the year of the treaty of Gulistan, "the first of two humiliating treaties with Russia," to the advent of Reza Shah in the 1920's. This is the most difficult portion to follow, although there are bright spots—e.g. a very gripping story of the rise of and reaction to *Babism,* and also the considerable light thrown on the hazy and often completely ignored subject of secret societies and the alleged Masonic influence in Iran.

From Reza Shah onward the book gains in clarity. Especially interesting is the chapter on "The Ousting of Russia," which covers the well-known Soviet attempt to maintain its position in Iran by supporting separatism in Azerbaijan and attempting to keep its troops beyond the agreed date of departure in 1946. Most accounts of this episode have emphasized the great-power confrontation between the Soviet Union and the United States. Avery depicts it strictly within the Iranian perspective, showing it as a personal triumph for Ahmad Qavam (and at the same time a classic example of how a small power such as Iran can sometimes "handle" a great power like Russia).

The author stresses the Iranian tendency to see a diabolical British hand behind all sorts of unlikely moves. Western diplomats in the entire Middle East are accustomed to this exacerbated "devil theory" which has pervaded the area in modern times, sensing the unseen hand of Britain, or later the United States, behind every development. It has been a very understandable reaction on the part of an area which was for too long dominated without usually being formally ruled from outside. In fact, an important measure of genuine national liberation in the Middle East is attained when the intelligentsia stop looking for the unseen outside hand to explain changes at home. Yet, few serious scholars have dealt with this subject, so difficult to quantify and so easily misunderstood by the careless reader as bias. Mr. Avery is to be commended for sensing the importance of this factor and then daring to evaluate such an elusive subject based as it necessarily is on gossip, rumor, and wild stories that sweep the bazaar.

Many readers will probably be surprised by the author's favorable judgment of the present Shah. This is no panegyric. The author is unsparing in describing what he considers a veritable reign of terror following the overthrow of Mossadegh. Even so, on the one hand he paints the picture of a ruler who slowly chiseled out for himself a position of authority making such dynamic gestures as land reform possible. On the other hand he argues with cogency the shaky moral and political posture of any potential opposition from the left wing to the well-heeled landowning old guard (including some incisive remarks on opposition to the Shah among Iranian students studying in this country). That latter point alone may suffice to insure that Mr. Avery's book will not be overlooked, and this result, however arrived at, is to be hoped for.

L. CARL BROWN

THE GHOST OF YALTA

ALTERNATIVE TO PARTITION, *by* ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI, *McGraw-Hill Book Co.*
STRUGGLE FOR THE WORLD, *by* DESMOND DONNELLY, *St. Martin's Press.*

THESE are two extremely interesting books. *Alternative to Partition* is a thoughtful and imaginative exercise in what is becoming more and more, Benda's counsel to the contrary notwithstanding, the pastime of our academians—vicarious statesmanship. The *Struggle for the World,* on the other hand, written by a well-known British journalist, is a detached and careful account of the major events and issues that span the fateful period since the First World War. Donnelly shares Professor Brzezinski's concern with the fate of Europe, and both authors seem to be haunted by the decisions made at Potsdam and Yalta.

In *Struggle for the World* Mr. Donnelly shows great discrimination in the selection of his topics and is often remarkably astute in his generalizations, as he is in the case of his conclusion about Molotov's withdrawal from the Paris conference which was to discuss the Marshall aid. "This withdrawal," he writes, "must be considered one of the major Soviet mistakes in the cold war."

Naturally, it is impossible to do justice to a book that covers so much in a remarkably succinct way. Two themes, however, seem to be worth particular attention: the role of Bevin and Acheson (to both of whom the book is dedicated) and the author's interpretation of Yalta and Potsdam. Bevin and Acheson are portrayed with con-

siderable justice as the architects of what may be called the New Alliance that replaced the Grand Alliance of the Second World War. Bevin opened the way to Acheson and the United States and gave us the opportunity to forge the tools of American leadership in Western Europe and to destroy forever the American isolationism that still lingered in the minds and hearts of many. Bevin opened the way to the Truman Doctrine, and Acheson in turn, with the support of Marshall and Truman, opened the way to a European cooperation movement from which the Schuman Plan and, ironically, the European Market ultimately emerged. In the words of Canning that Mr. Donnelly repeats, Bevin "called the new world into existence in order to redress the balance of the old" and the new world speaking this time through Truman, Marshall, and Acheson responded with remarkable alacrity. The British were bowing out of Europe and the world to let the United States take over, and at least for what we did in Western Europe Mr. Donnelly has nothing but praise. However, he consistently gives the impression that what Truman did in the critical years from 1946-49 was essentially a job of repairing the shambles in which Roosevelt had left Europe after Yalta. Once more the famous "treason" comes up, and Mr. Donnelly joins the growing and often distinguished group that has spoken against the "sell-out" of Europe at Yalta.

Since Yalta was at least partly responsible for creating the partition of Europe that Professor Brzezinski discusses, it is well to examine Mr. Donnelly's position. It is quite simple. The mistake was an American mistake. It was primarily the result of naïveté or (and it amounts to the same thing) optimism about the course of American-Soviet relations. Secondarily, it was part of the military decisions made earlier without any realistic understanding of Soviet motives and of the political factors that all military decisions at the time should have taken into account.

The theme is a fairly common one, but nothing I read in Mr. Donnelly's book (or for that matter in De Gaulle's and Churchill's memoirs and comments) convinces me that the case for American naïveté or optimism can be sustained. The Yalta agreements and in a sense the decisions made at Potsdam reflected in general the power realities in Europe. France was virtually nonexistent as a power; Churchill's strength was borrowed, and Mr. Donnelly himself points out the national election clearly showed that the British people were concerned with problems other than Eastern Europe.

Only Roosevelt and the Americans were left to face the Soviet power. A military confrontation was politically impossible (perhaps militarily too). We held some bridgeheads in the heart of Europe and had to give up some. Russia held all the trumps. Yalta was the inevitable result of a new power situation in Europe that stemmed directly from the defeat of France, the weakness of Britain, and the ease with which the Eastern Europe regimes collapsed after collaborating with the Nazis. Furthermore, the independence of many of the Eastern states had to be sacrificed to the Russians in order to reassure them that Germany would remain weak. It can be argued in fact that the "occupation" and political control of Eastern Europe was less a part of a Soviet expansionist design than a sine qua non for the control of Germany. It was only when the Soviets appeared to contemplate conquest and subversion elsewhere that the American position, under Truman, stiffened. But it was not a salvage operation. It was a reaffirmation in realistic terms of the limits of Soviet penetration and of the limits of American interests.

How can we end the partition? Or in other words how can we write off Yalta? This is Professor Brzezinski's problem. It is not clearly stated. The "partition" is not new. Eastern Europe and Russia, together with the Balkans, never constituted a homogeneous whole with Western Europe. To be sure, culturally, the contacts between Eastern European elites and France were once close. Economically, Eastern Europe drew inspiration, as Russia did, from Western European and German economic growth. But politically, socially, and even culturally the affinities were always weak and at most affected—when it came to Eastern European countries—only a very small percentage of their people. Furthermore, the political and military contact between the West and the East required a bridge that arched over the common enemy—Germany. Professor Brzezinski describes well the present state of things in Eastern Europe. He is keenly aware of the problem of Germany and of the fact that any resurgence of German power inevitably increases the gravitational pull of Russia. (The chapter headings "Eastern Europe in Disarray," and "Dismantling the Iron Curtain" do not do justice to his fine analysis.) Nor does he ignore the nature of recent political developments—the liberalization of the Communist regimes in tandem with the drive for greater democracy may well pave the way to a new Eastern Europe, less ideological, more pluralistic and tolerant, an Eastern Europe that can never afford to become an

enemy of the Soviet Union but at the same time must remain exceedingly wary of Germany.

What should our policy be? It is to answer this question that the analyst becomes an advocate with all the inconsistencies that advocacy entails. For the previous American policies, Brzezinski wishes to substitute his policy of "European unification." He wishes in effect to see us take the proper steps "to bring both Russia and Eastern Europe into closer relationship with the West, and thereby end the European partition." He suggests that Western military strength must be maintained and Western interests vigorously protected, that any basic change in the East-West European relationship will have to involve Eastern Europe jointly with Russia, and that the end of the division of Germany will come only as a consequence of gradual but qualitative change in the relations between Russia and Eastern Europe and the West. These are noble goals. They have been stated and restated time after time in varying degrees of eloquence and obscurity by General De Gaulle. Since, however, Brzezinski had said earlier that De Gaulle's preoccupation with Eastern Europe reveals the strong element of "sacro egoismo [sic] and deception in his policy" and says later that De Gaulle has "a vision but not a policy," it would have been useful to explain why American preoccupation with Eastern Europe is less "egotistical," and how his prescriptions differ from De Gaulle's. The first he never tackles; he is aware of the second problem however, and he attempts to suggest policies that will implement his goals. He suggests five "policy goals": (1) To convince the Eastern Europeans . . . that the existence of Eastern Germany limits their freedom without enhancing their security; (2) To promote German-Polish cooperation; (3) To lessen the Russian obsession with Germany; (4) To relate the expansion of economic ties to more extensive cultural and social contacts; and (5) To promote multi-lateral ties with Western Europe and Eastern Europe.

These are again noble and sensible thoughts with which nobody but a Communist or a die-hard right-winger will disagree. Brzezinski at times shows remarkable insights, and his plea that Russia be associated in the undertaking is one. But there is one thing that eludes him and yet it is his central unspoken assumption. If we ignore De Gaulle's unwillingness to see his own scheme "preempted" by the United States or the German reactions to Brzezinski's policy goals, what he advocates is predicated on the necessity that we must come

to terms with the Soviet Union. If we do not, De Gaulle will. But if we can succeed—and the last twenty years show how difficult it is —then the suggestions and policy prescriptions of the author are not only sensible but are likely to follow automatically. But if we do not, then they are nonsense. An advocate is limited by policy considerations and deals with the contingent. A scholar should push relentlessly to the heart of the matter. The author has both the learning and the courage, indeed, I can think of few that are better qualified, to address himself to the proper conditions of a Soviet-American alliance—the only way to end the partition of Europe.

ROY C. MACRIDIS

BLACK HUMOR, PALE FICTION

ESAU AND JACOB, *by* MACHADO DE ASSIS, *translated with an introduction by* HELEN CALDWELL, *University of California Press.*
MARIE BEGINNING, *by* ALFRED GROSSMAN, *Doubleday & Co.*
EVERYTHING THAT RISES MUST CONVERGE, *by* FLANNERY O'CONNOR, *Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*
CASSIO AND THE LIFE DIVINE, *by* DAVID RUBIN, *Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*
THE (DIBLOS) NOTEBOOK, *by* JAMES MERRILL, *Atheneum.*
THE ORCHARD KEEPER, *by* CORMAC MCCARTHY, *Random House.*

CHARACTERISTICALLY subversive, the comic novel in America has recently burrowed even deeper underground. Out of the failure of the utopian solutions of the '30's and early '40's and the consequent uncertainty of personal and social values, which left existence itself increasingly problematic, a surrealistic, nightmare laughter has emerged, the comic protest grown corrosive. In the tradition of Mark Twain, Nathanael West, and Henry Miller, this black humor responds to the dilemma of social decomposition by rejecting the premises of reality as being too absurd to take seriously. Thus it is distinct from gallows humor, in the fiction, say, of Bernard Malamud, which shares its stark vision of the human predicament, but which regards the complex, disheartening, and often obscure provocations of the given with wry acceptance. Black humor threatens constantly to give way to the uncontrolled giggle of hysteria. In place of the traditionally antisocial comic mode, it substitutes an asocial one, a novel of perverse sensibility.

The current writers associated with this stance include Joseph Heller, Elliott Baker, Thomas Pynchon, Jeremy Larner, John Barth, J. P. Donleavy, Terry Southern, and Bruce Jay Friedman; but though black humor is essentially contemporary, many of the characteristics that define it were anticipated by the Brazilian Machado

de Assis, writing at the turn of the century. In *Esau and Jacob,* Machado leans on *Tristram Shandy* for the techniques of dislocation: the temporal collapse through association of ideas; the importance of accident in determining consequence, the constant interpolation of digression—the seemingly gentle humor of parenthesis—mocking the reader's sense of order by frustrating the coherence of narrative. The mockery is presented with urbanity and wit through the character of Ayres, from whose notebooks the novel is ostensibly drawn, but this attitude is always clearly distinct from the author's darker laughter.

The distance from the narrator becomes apparent in Ayres' half humorous concern for technique. "Frankly," he replies to a hypothetical objection, "I do not like people always figuring things out and putting together a book that is being written with method." Though Ayres is joking, Machado is in dead earnest, creating through the narrator the disorientation which is the real subject of the humor. Even the sudden and mysterious death of a young girl unable to accept the contrarieties of experience becomes the occasion for the ludicrous joy of a cab driver, who, from the resulting piety, receives an extra large tip. For Machado, nothing finally matters or makes sense. The rise and fall of governments, the muddled opportunism of politicians, the victimized avarice of shopkeepers, finally, the inescapable discord that underlies individual existence—the Esau and Jacob of the novel—are all viewed as part of the futility governing an incomprehensible universe. Most comic of all, Machado reveals, is the narrator, who accepts this condition as natural, existing in it without protest, matter of factly fingering in his lapel the eternal cut flower of life.

The contemporary novelist Alfred Grossman is more easily identifiable as a black humorist. Like Grossman's two earlier novels, *Acrobat Admits* and *Many Slippery Errors, Marie Beginning* consists of a loosely joined series of adventures, here incidental to Marie Svobodna's rise from stenographer in a large shoe company to widow of the firm's major stockholder. Marie's advance, accomplished chiefly through a far-fetched series of blackmails, is temporarily arrested with her unlikely destruction of an ultra-right-wing organization, reminiscent of Shagpoke Whipple's National Revolutionary Party in *A Cool Million.* The incidents, however, are of secondary importance, serving mainly as a platform for satiric observations on the limited personal adjustments permitted within the social order

and the consequent withdrawal chiefly in sexual aberration. Marie resists this corruption by remaining singlemindedly honest to her own nature as she encounters, and is disappointed by, the possibilities of experience. Sense, for her, lies only in chaos, and, accused of complicating things, she objects that the trouble is rather that they are simplified. When her candor results in the defection from Catholicism and the attempted suicide of one of the novel's minor characters, she takes him as an occasional lover and, subsequently, only momentarily disturbed, affiances him to her best friend. Only this amoral innocence, Grossman implies, can equip her successfully to resist the entropy of the culture. It is, however, a confusion of innocence with purity, and it corresponds to a more fundamental reversal in the premise of the satire. Though Marie's strength is given as her clear-eyed ability to deal with present reality, she ends by escaping to an indeterminate future that promises time and scope. The implication of engagement yet to come undercuts the basic assumption of the novel—that of a fragmented universe, inherently unstable. Suggesting the instability is accidental and can be remedied, Grossman betrays the ironic style. Mannered and elliptical, it becomes accidental as well, imposed on the incidents rather than organic. Pretending to illuminate experience by adopting a suitable attitude toward it, Grossman fails to sustain the conflicting incongruities that define the ironic mode and instead merely comments on situations rather than animates them with it. Complicating experience proves ultimately not enough to clarify it.

Equally black, often punctuated by violence, is the humor of the nine short stories that make up Flannery O'Connor's posthumous collection, *Everything That Rises Must Converge*. Much of this humor proceeds from the author's Catholic vision of the disparity between man's pretentious assumption that he controls his own salvation and the true impotence of his condition. This disparity is often manifest in the lack of proportion between the violence that occurs and that which may legitimately be anticipated; death issues from seemingly the most innocent of errors.

Beyond innocence, in fact, the mothers killed by ineffectual sons, the fathers by imperceptive daughters, the sons by misguided fathers are comically ludicrous, insulated from their fate by moral obtuseness. Only in "The Comforts of Home," in which a mother is accidentally shot to death by her son, who feels disinherited by her charity toward a convict girl, and in "The Lame Shall Enter First,"

in which the smugness of a social worker's efforts to reform an incorrigible delinquent result in his son's death and his own spiritual corruption, does the terror seem generated by the deliberate refusal of the victim to recognize the existence of evil. The subtle corruption of innocence appears as well in "A View of the Woods," in which the barely concealed sexual struggle between a nine-year-old girl and her eighty-year-old grandfather requires the violence of its resolution.

Only those who wittingly or not discover themselves in a state of grace are spared. When, in "The Enduring Chill," Asbury Fox attempts secular communion with a Jesuit, the priest, half deaf and blind, arrives with a grease spot on his vest, ignorant of and impatient with Asbury's concern for Joyce, whom he brushes off "as though he were bothered by gnats." Despite Asbury's mocking replies to his catechism, the priest accords him a blessing, and it is through this agency that Asbury becomes a surprised and terrified vessel for the infusion of the Holy Ghost. A grotesque, though redeeming, measure of revelation is offered as well to O. E. Parker ("Parker's Back"), who is impelled to it by the uncompromising look of a Byzantine Christ he has tattooed on his back, and to Ruby Turpin, whose recognition of humility is occasioned by the ferocity of an acneyed Wellesley girl's accusation. In these stories, the humor results from the contrast between the austerity of the elevation and the means through which it is achieved. In all of them, however, there is the refusal, characteristic of the black humorist, if only obliquely for the same reasons, either to apologize for or explain an often incomprehensible fate.

The strategy is illuminated in Robert Fitzgerald's introduction, which quotes the author's belief that the meaning of fiction begins at a depth where adequate motivation and verisimilitude are exhausted. In their place, she has instilled a residue of mystery, which illuminates the events beyond the implicit theology and which is communicated with an intensity seemingly generated by the narrowness of dimension. It is in these moments, half comic, half exalted, that Ruby Turpin gains an intimation of shouted hallelujas from the mixed company ascending to heaven and that Mrs. May, gored to death by a bull who "buried his head in her lap, like a wild, tormented lover," is left, finally, "bent over whispering some last discovery into the animal's ear."

David Rubin's *Cassio and the Life Divine* is more traditionally

comic than the novels discussed thus far. It is in the picaresque form, which allows the freedom and disorder of reality to triumph for a time over the fixed movements of convention, before permitting a return to order and, consequently, to the safety of illusion. Half-Jew, half-Catholic, Peter Cassio begins his search in quest of absolute felicity. Like Saul Bellow's Herzog, who claims to have had it with the victim bit, Cassio is prepared "To reconcile. Or to annul. . . . But not to bear forever." Like Bellow's heroes, too, he finally says yes to life, an affirmation based on faith. The comedy rests in the exuberance of the affirmation contrasted with the frustrations of the search, the tension, once again, between the real and the ideal. The novel is disappointing, however, because Rubin does not take the humor as seriously as the affirmation it justifies. The picaresque plot is continually qualified by the heavy-handed introspections of the picaro. Cassio's free-swinging approach is too deliberate, his puns too labored ("The grooves of Acadoom"), his initial lack of commitment too obviously in the service of an overriding belief. The prose itself seems at odds with the ironic detachment of the narrator, approaching instead the nervous fragmentation of J. P. Donleavy, even to the self-mocking jingles which focus the action, lacking only the subjective coalescence of first and third person. This split between form and content is the final giveaway to Rubin's own uncertainty. His vision, straining against its comic presentation, seems less deliberate than opportune.

Though both of the remaining novels evade confronting contemporary social reality, neither operates from the philosophic rejection of black humor. Delegating authorial omniscience, the novel out of a notebook inevitably emphasizes form in distinguishing the boundaries both of illusion and reality. In *The Counterfeiters,* as to a lesser extent in *Point Counterpoint,* which was inspired by it, the author's journal is one of a multiplicity of points of view, expanding the meaning of the novel downward, or, more accurately, inward to illuminate the multileveled texture of experience. In *The (Diblos) Notebook* (the parentheses indicate contingency) form preempts substance.

Sandy, the narrator, attempts to transmute into art the liaison between his half-brother Orson and a cultured older woman on a Greek island, dealing with events both as he imagines them and as he discovers them. His own involvement with the subject of the narrative as well as with the problems of narration complicates his

choices. This involvement turns on a variation of the Freudian Family Romance, so that only Orson's imposition of his own imaginative vision on the facts of experience can resolve the dual strands of the novel. Life not only shapes, it dominates art. Well and good. But Sandy, whose artistic choices—the right word, the most effective approach—have heretofore seldom been significant, uses the defeat to abandon his project. Unless we are willing to abandon the fictional process by which this conclusion was reached, what we are left with, simply, is the erosion of reliability. Character and theme thus seem to intrude on one another, achieving the illusion of perspective through sentences typographically arrested in midthought. The journal proves a trick mirror upon which, over-intellectualized, the narrator's self-conscious awareness of his encounters becomes vaporized.

The Orchard Keeper bears out the contention of the late Isaac Rosenfeld, and more recently of Louis D. Rubin among others, that modern Southern writers have had to retreat for ideas of order from an authentic regionalism to a more mythically oriented moral topography, a response, as Rosenfeld put it, not to a society but to the sensation of one. Set in East Tennessee mountain country during the years between 1934 and 1948, the novel isolates the action both in space and in time. It is the isolation of pastoral withdrawal, a sophisticated longing for a prelapsarian Eden, uttered from the vantage point of a complex society, translated here as the resistance to industrialization. Structurally complex, the style of the novel is heavily indebted to Faulkner, often sacrificing coherence for a sense of immediacy. Intrusive italic flashbacks insist on the distance necessary to recapture innocence. Occasionally baroque words ("grammarye," "murrhined") and phrases (a speedometer "vanquish(es) the numerals on the dial," hilltop trees "brace themselves against the precarious declination allotted them by the chance drop of a seed") slow down the narrative, as does the failure to identify pronoun antecedents, so that it is often difficult to determine the actor in a particular sequence. But the major thematic burden rests with the land itself and with the processes rather than the incidents which flow from it. Lyric, evocative, at its best *The Orchard Keeper* detaches itself from its specific locale in the very process of naturalistic description, observing the organic unity possible in nature, possible, perhaps, only in imaginative recreation.

STANLEY TRACHTENBERG

ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY: TWO RECENT EXAMPLES

THE RISE OF INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY IN ENGLAND, 1815-1885, *by* S. G. CHECKLAND, *St Martin's Press.*

THE ENGLISH PROVINCES, C. 1760-1960: A STUDY IN INFLUENCE, *by* DONALD READ, *St. Martin's Press.*

IN reconsidering the "two cultures" controversy late in 1963, C. P. Snow remarked that social history may make a vital contribution to bridging the gulf between the literary and scientific cultures. Certainly there are encouraging signs: a good many younger historians are drawing on different kinds of evidence and asking radically new questions about the nature of societies in the past. Their debt to nonhistorical disciplines is great, and they owe much to the pioneers of the preceding generation—Marc Bloch, say—in whose hands social history meant sweeping constructions of carefully discriminated evidence akin to the best exercise of both the scientific and the literary imagination. But the successful practitioners of this most difficult and treacherous "art-and-science" (to use Bentham's phrase) are still relatively few in number, and it remains a question whether, given so diffuse and refractory a subject as history, the transition can ever be made from the illuminating work of a few fine generalizing minds to a discipline, with rules and techniques that can be learned, which can produce valid and fruitful results in the hands of less-than-great historians. Social history will have its Faradays and Clerk-Maxwells, but, as a class, social historians are unlikely to attain authority analogous to that of physicists or philosophers or painters or even economic and political historians. The two books reviewed here are valuable illustrations of the uncertain state of social history today.

Few professional historians, on hearing the phrase social history, now think of what probably still comes to the mind of the ordinary reader or professional reviewer: the history of manners and customs and everyday life. But most historians probably still think in the hyphenated phrases common to titles of textbooks and lecture courses: economic-and-social history, social-and-political history, or social-and-intellectual history; while the simple phrase social history often implies a hyphenated relationship with labor or working-class history. An exercise in synthesis, the newer mode of social history is linked to all the historical disciplines, and so its scope and reliability are limited by the progress made in each contributory field.

In the past two or three decades—in England, at any rate—economic history has unquestionably made the most rapid and (in the Comtean sense) positive progress, in good part because of the stimulus drawn from the highly sophisticated technical development of economic theory. As in the sciences, articles are the characteristic form in which results are published, and the prestige of the *Economic History Review* is symptomatic. Professor Checkland comes from this discipline. His book, *The Rise of Industrial Society in England*, is a masterly distillation of the results of the work of a generation of specialists. The erudition and structural skill are impressive; the style is remarkable. To clarity, pace, and elegance, Professor Checkland adds a fine gift for choosing appropriate and surprising words that open new vistas or even radically displace a reader's accustomed line of thought. As the book moves beyond the Victorian economy to become an almost equally impressive summary of recent work on Victorian society, it clearly qualifies as economic-and-social history of the first order.

But it is more than that. Professor Checkland's book covers approximately the same period as the first two volumes of Sir John Clapham's monumental *Economic History of Modern Britain*, published more than thirty years ago. Working on a much larger scale and with a similar felicity of language, Clapham produced a comprehensive survey of the Victorian economy that changed the direction of English economic history and helped to spark the rapid progress of the last three decades. Like Sir Lewis Namier in political history, Clapham destroyed the easy assumptions of his predecessors by asking how things really worked, and so directed historians' attention to the variety and complexity of their subject. But Clapham's work was largely descriptive and static. By contrast, Professor Checkland's book, while brilliant as description, is intensely dynamic, deeply concerned with the sources and patterns of economic and social development. Most striking, his criteria of organization, the questions to which he incessantly presses, are at base intellectual. He asks not merely how things worked or in what direction they moved, but what problems men were trying to solve, what mental equipment they brought to their solutions, what views they formed of their actions and the interplay of those actions with society and the state. The last chapter, "The Effort to Understand," deals in a broad way with the history of economic doctrine. But it is no mere "theory" chapter tacked to the end of a book dealing with

other, more nearly central themes: it is the logical climax of the argument. The whole book is a tribute to the fertility of theorizing for history, and it goes far toward validating C. P. Snow's case for social history as part of a "third culture."

In *The English Provinces* Mr. Read draws his material from quite different areas—the history of provincial towns and the history of working-class movements, to both of which he has himself made valuable contributions. But in neither field has the conceptual progress been made to permit writing a book like Professor Checkland's. Working-class history tends to attract the ideologically or emotionally committed; it has not had its Clapham or Namier; and it has remained whiggish in spirit. Despite the appearance of some important and revealing books in recent years, provincial history is not even ready for its Clapham or Namier; not enough spadework has been done, though no doubt the expansion of English universities will have as a by-product the examination of many aspects of local history as yet untouched by professional historians. Mr. Read would probably be the first to admit that his interesting and useful summary is only a first tentative step toward a general historical view of the English provinces, but, precisely because the guidelines are not very authoritative, he must be prepared for much disagreement about what he has included and what he has left out.

He says that his purpose is "to survey the last two hundred years of English history from a new angle," to see it from the provinces rather than from London. I wonder, though, if the result is as novel as the author thinks it is. The chapters deal, curiously, with the stock subjects of London-oriented history—reform, radicalism, the factory movement, antislavery, Methodism, Dissent, education, and so on. Provincials were deeply involved in all of these matters, and the traditional histories have not neglected, say, the Birmingham Political Union or the Anti-Corn Law League. But going over old ground may have some justification to contrast a time when the provinces undoubtedly could and did influence or deflect the course of events, and the present, when they seem nearly irrelevant.

There are two serious conceptual difficulties with Mr. Read's account. There seem, for example, to be no very clear canons as to what defines a provincial. Is mere birth outside London enough to qualify? Is even residence or a political base? Thus, writing of 1844, Mr. Read goes out of his way to emphasize that Joseph Parkes was a Birmingham attorney. But by 1844 Parkes had already spent

nearly a decade as chief political agent for the Whigs and Radicals, and for years before that he had been oriented to London and had been identified with Durham, Place, the Mills, and Bentham. He may have used the provinces, but he did so from London; he was not a provincial in the sense that Edward Baines was, or the earlier Joseph Chamberlain.

The other problem is related to the conventionality of Mr. Read's topics. By concentrating on showing how the provinces affected these various national movements, he fails to deal with the provinces at their most provincial and their most creative and influential, in the fields of local government, religion (as opposed to religious politics), and culture, the culture so important to an understanding of a writer like George Eliot. These omissions are the more surprising because Mr. Read's interesting last chapter, on the provinces in the twentieth century, puts such heavy stress on the decline of local government and the swamping of provincial culture by London. Had he thrown these interests back into the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, it is possible that the shape of his book would have been very different: the reign of George III, for example, might then be seen not as a prelude to mid-Victorian provincial influence, but as a cultural peak from which there was, within a few years, a steady decline in pride and independence. Religion was central to this vital provincial culture; its decline into religiosity was a major factor in the falling away of provincial confidence. Politics, as usual, lagged behind. Such themes are, to be sure, touched on in passing, and in a short book not everything could be included. Mr. Read is hardly to be blamed for drawing his materials from subjects that have been written about, or for the deficiencies of what he had to rely on. It will be a long time before C. P. Snow can draw much hope from the social history of the English provinces.

R. K. Webb

NEW RECORDS IN REVIEW

DURING the years when Berlioz—for conductors, and consequently for the public—was the composer only of the *Symphonie Fantastique*, the *Roman Carnival* Overture, and the three orchestral excerpts from *The Damnation of Faust*, it was Toscanini who, first with the New York Philharmonic and then with the NBC Symphony, gave music-lovers their hearings of the marvelous *Love Scene* and *Queen Mab* from *Romeo and Juliet*, and whose performance of *Romeo* in its entirety with the Philharmonic in 1942 gave the New York public its first experience of the other remarkable music in the work—notably *Juliet's Funeral Procession* and *Romeo in the Vault of the Capulets*. In 1947 Toscanini did as much for music-lovers throughout the country with the performance of the entire work that he broadcast with the NBC Symphony; and this broadcast performance was among those that were processed under his supervision for release by RCA Victor; but it is only now, after years of delay on the pretext that the recorded sound was not good enough, that Victor has issued the performance on LM-7034 (mono only). The sound is some of the best out of Studio 8H, which Victor hasn't damaged with electronic "enhancement," and which needs only turning up of treble for more luster in the violins. And no one who loves Berlioz's music should fail to acquire what Toscanini himself characterized as an "honest performance" of the work—by which he meant an accurate one that adhered to Berlioz's carefully planned tempos, and in so doing gave the music the shape and the expressive effect that Berlioz intended, as against the inaccurate and ineffective performances of Munch, Monteux, and the rest.

Those who appreciate in the writing of Tchaikovsky's maturity his extraordinary power of imaginative orchestral invention and the fascinating taste with which he exercises that power in the filling out of his canvas, should acquire the performance of his unfamiliar Symphony No. 3 by Maazel with the Vienna Philharmonic, on London CM-9428 and CS-6428. For this early work, composed shortly after the undistinguished Piano Concerto No. 1, will amaze them with the superb invention of its introduction, the accomplished writ-

ing of its *alla tedesca* second movement, and much else—though the development of the first movement is mechanical and the finale is inferior. The performance is excellent, as is the one of the *Pathétique* by the same conductor and orchestra on CM-9409 and CS-6409; but their performance of the Fourth on CM-9429 and CS-6429 is not as good as the one Maazel recorded with the Berlin Philharmonic a year or so ago. The mono recordings of these performances produce sound which has greater compactness and solidity and clearer and cleaner definition than the sound of the stereo versions.

The Berlin Philharmonic contributes its marvelously sensitive and beautiful playing to the performances of Brahms's four symphonies on Deutsche Grammophon KL-33/6 and SKL-133/6; and even with an occasional questionable detail of tempo von Karajan's conducting of Nos. 2 and 3 and most of No. 4 is effective and satisfying. But the passacaglia finale of No. 4 suffers from his not maintaining the tempo of the opening statement in the succeeding variations.

The same conductor and orchestra, on D. G. 18-923 and 138-923, produce excellent performances of Debussy's *La Mer* (except for the startling explosion on the kettledrums at the beginning of the second part of the first movement) and his *Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune*. The records also have the Suite No. 2 from Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé*.

Aaron Copland's *Music for the Theater*, which I found impressive in 1925, is still impressive today, with its progression of interesting material in which the occasional jazz idea has an organic relation. As against this, the Piano Concerto that Copland wrote a year later—the last of his experiments with jazz in symphonic writing—offers what sounds like a number of amazingly accurate recollections of phrases and figurations in actual performances of jazz musicians, with no relation to the not very interesting ideas of Copland's own. The two works, on Columbia ML-6098 and MS-6698, are performed well by Bernstein with the New York Philharmonic and Copland himself as soloist in the concerto.

In Mozart's poignantly lovely Quintet K.581 for clarinet and strings, on Angel 36241 (mono), Gervase de Peyer's extraordinarily beautiful and sensitive playing of the clarinet part ennobles the performance with members of the Melos Ensemble. On the reverse side he plays in the engaging Trio K.498 for clarinet, viola, and piano.

The young Russian pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy and the young American Malcolm Frager offer well-integrated playing that is both

spirited and sensitive in Mozart's fine Sonata K.448 for two pianos, on London CM-9411 (mono). The Schumann Andante and Variations for two pianos, two cellos, and horn, on the reverse side, I find uninteresting.

The eccentricity that led Glenn Gould to record Beethoven's three Sonatas Op. 10 rather than the major works of Beethoven—to say nothing of Schubert's sonatas and Mozart's concertos that he should have recorded—is evident in the by now familiar flaws in the performances on Columbia ML-6086 and MS-6686: the occasional thumping out of a bass line or mere figuration as a melody, sometimes obscuring the actual melody in the right hand. And the speeding up of the first movements that robs certain details in Nos 1 and 2 of their grace or lyrical character reduces the entire progression in No. 3 to unintelligibility. But much of the time the operation of the Gould mind is fascinating and exciting in itself and in what it does with the music; and that is the reason for acquiring these performances of the sonatas.

For clarifying and illuminating statements of the works one will acquire Schnabel's performances of Op. 10 on Angel COLH-53. In addition, COLH-54 has his performances of the only too well-known Op. 13 *(Pathétique)* and the unfamiliar and engaging two Sonatas Op. 14. All these are reproduced well.

After the brutal treatment of piano and music that I have heard from the Russian pianist Gilels until now, it is an agreeable surprise to hear his sensitive treatment of both in the performance of Chopin's lovely Concerto No. 1 with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, on Columbia ML-6112 and MS-6712. I have reservations only about the over-deliberate tempo in which Gilels plays the transitional passage-work after the first subject in the first movement, and his alteration of one of Chopin's bits of fioritura.

The finely articulated playing on his delicate-toned harpsichord that Igor Kipnis did in the French music on his first record, he does now in the even more attractive English music on Epic 3898 (mono), of which Farnaby's *Loath to Depart,* Byrd's *The Queen's Alman,* and Bull's *Queen Elizabeth's Pavin* are new to me and especially impressive.

As for the organ, ARC-3206 (mono) in Deutsche Grammophon's Archive series has Bach's great Prelude and Fugue in B minor (BWV 544), two other works of his Leipzig period, the Preludes and Fugues in E minor (548) and C major (547), that are impressive pieces of

construction, and the early Prelude and Fugue in F minor. They are played admirably by Helmut Walcha on the organ of St. Laurenskerk in Alkmaar, and come off the record with their textures sometimes unclear from reverberation.

In opera an outstanding release is the new performance of Verdi's *Macbeth* on London A-4380 and OSA-1380. It has Birgit Nilsson, whose voice is less agreeable than Rysanek's in the earlier Victor performance, and Giuseppe Taddei, whose worn baritone, as it happens, works better dramatically than the richer one of Leonard Warren in the Victor performance; but what is decisive is the enlivening of the score—of accompaniment figures (e.g. the powerful one of the Sleepwalking Scene), of melody (e.g. the expansive one of the violins in the prelude)—by Schippers's conducting, which reveals a feeling for the style and expressive force of Verdi's music, as against the perfunctory time-beating with which Leinsdorf produces the blander Victor performance. The stereo London recording has the singers too far away from the microphone at times; and the mono version is therefore the one to acquire.

Schippers also conducts an excellent *Forza del Destino* on Victor LM-6413 and LSC-6413, which has beautiful and expressive singing by Leontyne Price and good work also by Tucker, Merrill, Tozzi, and Shirley Verrett. But I would rather listen to the earlier performance on London A-4405 and OSA-1405, with Tebaldi in her prime, Bastianini, and Simionato, who make Del Monaco endurable.

The new Donizetti *Don Pasquale* on London A-4260 and OSA-1260 has the excellent Norina of Graziella Sciutti, the still effective Don Pasquale of Corena, the good Dr. Malatesta of Tom Krause, and the first-rate conducting of Kertesz. Only one thing is wrong: instead of the flexible lyrical tenor voice for Ernesto there is the hard, tight, and unattractive voice of Oncina; and this is sufficient reason to acquire instead the early performance with Valletti and Bruscantini on imported Cetra 1242 in spite of its less impressive sound, or even the historic performance with Schipa on Odeon QALP-10121/3.

Joan Sutherland, in the new Bellini *Norma* conducted effectively by Bonynge on Victor LM-6166 and LSC-6166, does some of the florid singing that is spectacular in its accuracy and powerful style; but in her singing of cantilena one hears the unattractiveness of her lower voice, and the little moans and explosions of tone that are the annoying mannerisms of her phrasing. Even with these flaws her singing is preferable to Callas's on Angel 3615 (but the excerpts from

the earlier Callas performance on Angel 35379 are something to acquire); and the Victor performance would be worth having for the marvelously beautiful voice that Marilyn Horne deploys with superb style in both florid passages and cantilena.

The voice of Tebaldi on London 5912 and OS-25912 hasn't the youthful bloom and lusciousness it has in the performance of *La Forza del Destino;* but it is still a superb one, which she uses impressively in the great *"Tu che le vanità"* from Verdi's *Don Carlo*, the lovely *"Ma dall' arido stelo divulsa"* from *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and the more conventional *"Morrò, ma prima in grazia"* from *Un Ballo* and *"Sempre all' alba"* from *Giovanna d' Arco.* On the reverse sides she sings Puccini and worse.

The performances of Lensky's aria from *Eugene Onegin* and Lohengrin's Narrative (both in Swedish) at Bjoerling's very last concert in Gothenburg are among the concert performances preserved on Victor LM-2784 (mono only) that document the amazingly beautiful singing he continued to do to the last.

It is astonishing to hear on Rococo 42 the dry, bleating voice of the celebrated tenor Bonci that was considered to be the only rival of Caruso's voice early in the century, and the fatuous spinning out of its unimpressive notes without regard for the damage to the phrase that Bonci carried to an extreme which makes Caruso, by comparison, seem like a disciplined musician.

More satisfying are the great Frida Leider's acoustically recorded early performances of excerpts from Wagner's operas and his songs *Der Engel* and *Im Treibhaus* on Rococo 5228; though I must add that the finale of *Tristan* and the wonderful *Im Treibhaus* were speeded up to get them on 12-inch sides.

A number of madrigals of Monteverdi for combinations of solo voices, choruses, and instrumentalists on Telefunken AWT-9348 and SAWT-9348 are performed well by the Hamburg Monteverdi Chorus and assisting musicians under Jürgens.

B. H. HAGGIN

WILLIAM CLYDE DeVANE
1898-1965

WHEN Dean William Clyde DeVane died on August 16, 1965, his old friend and sometime colleague, President Thomas C. Mendenhall of Smith College, was preparing a review of his last book, *Higher Education in Twentieth-Century America*, for publication in this issue of THE YALE REVIEW. At the suggestion of the Editors, and with characteristic generosity, President Mendenhall at once agreed to postpone the project, though far advanced, because he too felt that a review of even so fine a book was not quite the kind of notice that should be taken of Dean DeVane in these pages at this time.

For nearly fifteen years, from 1940 to 1954, Dean DeVane was a member of the Editorial Board of THE YALE REVIEW, for much of that time in effect if not in title literary editor of the magazine. He was one of a group of remarkable men—Edgar S. Furniss and Arnold Wolfers were the others, and they were joined in the final years by David M. Potter—who held the magazine in vigorous and imaginative trusteeship between the founding editorship of Wilbur L. Cross and the present editorship. Much of the day-to-day work in those years was the responsibility of the gifted Managing Editor, Helen MacAfee, but she was afflicted with an increasingly serious and painful illness, and the responsibilities of the Editorial Board were necessarily heavy.

All had extensive commitments elsewhere, in the University and in the world, and none more extensive than Dean DeVane. To say that he was Dean of Yale College and Emily Sanford Professor of English Literature throughout his period of membership on the Editorial Board of THE YALE REVIEW is only to mention his most obvious positions in the University; to list his positions in learned societies, on the boards of foundations, and in other enterprises of national and international significance would be to expand this notice to impractical length.

But Dean DeVane had the unique gift that, as he addressed himself to one after another of his multitude of tasks, each stood first in his attention and in his heart. With the devoted assistance in this, as in all his undertakings, of his wife, Mabel Phillips DeVane, he participated in every aspect of editorial activity, from the framing of policy to proofreading. In those years, in the editorial office of THE YALE REVIEW it was not customary to ask what manuscripts or books under consideration for review or proofs were in the hands of Dean DeVane; it was usual simply to ask what the DeVanes were taking care of, confident that whatever it was, it would be taken care of promptly, tactfully, and superlatively well.

To those who knew Dean DeVane only from afar, his public accomplishments, his titles, and his honors will have to pass for the man; but for those who knew and loved the man himself, the highest praise and the deepest tribute will always be the final praise and tribute that Wordsworth rendered Milton:

> So didst thou travel on life's common way
> In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
> The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

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LATIN AMERICA: THE FEAR WITHIN

By FRANK JAY MORENO

FOR most English-speaking people the political history of the Latin American republics is enigmatic and discouraging. Ever since independence, they have been plagued by political anarchy at one extreme and military dictatorship at the other. With the exception of Mexico and Chile, the political history of Latin America has been an interminable cycle of weak "democratic" regimes followed by military—or militarily supported—dictatorships. The feeble non-dictatorial governments inevitably lead to anarchy and chaos from which the nations must be rescued through military intervention. Each of the military regimes quickly develops into the rule of one person, who retains power as long as he is able to prevent another coup, until he dies, or until he voluntarily gives it up. When the *caudillo* disappears from the political scene, the country ordinarily engages in some sort of effort at "democratization," because the opposition to the dictator usually makes such extensive use of democratic symbols and phraseology that the new government comes to power predisposed, at least superficially, to non-authoritarianism. When one dictator follows another, he only delays the completion of the usual political cycle of a dictatorship followed by a "democratic" regime.

This cycle can be better understood in the light of Latin America's Spanish origin and heritage. (Spanish is here understood in its broadest historical and cultural sense to include Portuguese traditions and customs as well. In spite of many

specific differences, the cultural characteristics of the two nations have remained similar, as their contemporary history shows.) That Latin America is Spanish may not be so obvious a statement as it at first appears. Those familiar with the history of the area and with its ethno-sociological composition could point out, for instance, that the number of Spaniards and Portuguese there is far smaller than the number of Indians and Negroes. Numbers, however, do not tell the whole story, since the political, social, and economic life of Latin America has been controlled by the small white minority from the time that the first conquerors landed on the continent. Spanish ways and ideas were quickly forced upon the rest of the population. Power was monopolized by the colonists, and it was only at the price of foregoing their own customs and traditions that the other cultural and racial groups were eventually given some access to this monopoly.

The Indian and Negro masses were kept separated, socially and economically, from the whites. The basis of this separation however, was less ethnic than cultural. An Indian or a Negro could—in spite of his color—aspire to the level of the white elite, but such a rise would have to be accompanied by an acceptance of the traditional values of the dominant Spanish culture. Even today, English-speaking visitors have trouble in understanding the Latin American attitude toward skin color. An Indian or a Negro in Latin America is primarily someone who lives and behaves in an Indian or a Negro fashion. Anthropologists and sociologists working in Latin America were at first disconcerted upon encountering someone who would say, for example, "when I was an Indian." They soon discovered, though that social mobility was closely related to racial mobility, and that the man who said, "when I *was* an Indian" simply referred to the time when he *behaved* like an Indian—that is, before he had been assimilated into the white way of life. Ethnic classifications are more flexible than cultural classifications.

Consequently, the ethnic classifications of Indian, *mestizo cholo,* Negro, mulatto, etc., came to have a primarily socio-economic meaning. The important factor was not blood but behavior. When a non-white moved into a position of power and

respect, usually through the ranks of the army or by intellectual accomplishment, he accepted Spanish customs and was consequently accepted in the upper classes.

Indians and Negroes learned the Spanish language, converted to Catholicism, and adopted traditional Spanish modes of conduct. The Negroes, concentrated in urban areas and with no attachment to the land, were easier prey to the acculturation process than the Indians, who had a choice between integrating or remaining aloof. To this day hundreds of thousands of Indians continue to live at the margin of what officially constitutes their country. Through forced integration and voluntary assimilation, Spanish political traditions were preserved not only by the descendants of the conquerors but by the children of the conquered as well, and the similarity between the old nations of the Iberian Peninsula and the newer Latin American countries became even more marked after the Napoleonic invasion toppled the Spanish and Portuguese monarchies. Thereafter both parent countries fell into a cycle of dictatorships followed by more "democratic" regimes quite similar to the one Latin America was to develop.

There are at least five Latin American attitudes in which Spanish influence is marked: (a) the authoritarian orientation of society, (b) the disrespect for law, (c) the lack of political originality, (d) the lack of a sense of social responsibility, and (e) the low status of work.

Authoritarianism has a long history in Spain. During the Roman domination, the absolute rule of one person in the name of justice and other high-sounding theoretical principles was the accepted form of government. The tendency to accept dictatorial regimes with a claim to be acting in the name of holy and humanistic principles traveled the seas to become integrated into the Latin American tradition.

This acceptance of authoritarianism, paradoxically enough, was closely related to a general disrespect for the law. Following a traditional Spanish dichotomy between theory and reality, Latin American law became a collection of beautiful precepts which seldom found practical application, and often could not.

A law which does not take reality into account is a law that will be violated. But perpetual violation of the law in Latin America bred a widespread contempt for it, so that it has come to be considered merely a collection of idealistic statements with no practical application. Consequently Latin Americans—as well as the Spanish and Portuguese—are prone to write new constitutions and laws with great rapidity, but since the constitutions and laws are largely descriptions of what ought to be and have little to do with what is, they remain for the most part inoperative until the next ones are ready to take their place. To a Latin American the law does not have the same moral and social implications as it has for an Englishman or American. For the Latins, law describes what *ought* to be, whereas for the Anglo-Saxons law describes primarily what *is*. When President Kennedy asked the Latin American governments to enact laws to reform taxation and land distribution in order to qualify for American financial help, he was quite unaware that in Latin America such enactments would carry no guarantee that the laws would ever be applied. Some Latin American countries did not hesitate to comply promptly, but to this day none of the reform laws enacted for the purpose of securing American aid have been meaningfully implemented.

Partly because of its divorce from reality and partly because of other and more complex reasons, law for Latin Americans acquired an aura of magic. The unreal and theological character of Spanish legislation led people to attach undue importance to a change in the letter of the law, and the ritualistic tendencies of the culture tended to give the written rules a ritualistic character too. Idealistic legislation is today usually put into effect either by cynical professional politicians who, fully aware of its futility, have no intention of carrying it out, or by idealistic zealots who expect the written law by itself to work miracles. When the expected changes fail to materialize, the particular law is blamed but the general attitude toward law remains. When the magic formula fails to perform the miracle, the typical solution is not an attempt to develop a more practical and realistic attitude, but rather to search for other quick formulas. Since political ideologies carry the aura of magic in Latin Amer-

ica too, it is no wonder that contemporary leftist reformers like Goulart of Brazil, Frei of Chile, and Paz of Bolivia were Fascists in the 1930's.

The lack of political originality in Latin America also has its roots in history. When the small Spanish elite who settled in the newly conquered lands found themselves surrounded by large numbers of people who were culturally and racially different, they sought protection and preservation of their identity by keeping strong ties with the mother country, and their steadfast refusal to become a realistically integrated part of the countries they had conquered became one of the most formidable handicaps in the struggle of the young Latin American republics to achieve true national unity. The intellectual development of Latin America amounted, by and large, to a poor imitation of European ideas and styles. Instead of looking inwards, the Latin American intelligentsia has traditionally searched for European models. That habit has precluded the development of original political thinking. Afraid of developing institutions from within, the Latin Americans—with only the partial exception of Mexico and Chile—have tirelessly searched for ready-made formulas from abroad. The American Constitution, British parliamentary institutions, the French Declaration of the Rights of Man, and, more recently, Marxist doctrine—all have found ardent followers in the Latin American republics. The ideas and institutions imitated have changed with the times (the nineteenth-century tendency was toward democratic ideals whereas the contemporary emphasis is essentially Marxist), but the habit of imitation has remained a fixed characteristic of the culture, with a resulting unwillingness on the part of Latin Americans to develop pragmatic solutions based on the realities of their own countries. Idealistic dreams provide an easy escape from their fear of facing themselves. For many years both political and intellectual leaders have been avoiding confrontation with the fact that culturally and ethnically they are not white Europeans but *mestizos* and mulattoes.

Latin American nations are further handicapped by the very limited sense of social responsibility of their citizens. Cooperation and mutual assistance were early suppressed in Spain by

making the individual dependent on powerful and highly centralized governmental and religious organizations. Any cohesion that may have existed among the members of a community was destroyed by the establishment of a strong and direct relationship between official institutions and the individual. Allegiance to the monarchy and the Church dissolved the need for communal identification. The Spanish language, among many other things, reflects this development. For example, the common English term "I belong to" can be only poorly translated by the Spanish *"Yo pertenezco a,"* which conveys quite different implications.

Communal effort and cooperation, even at their crudest, are rare among Latin Americans. Rather than relying on self-help, they prefer to request and demand governmental assistance. Since they do not identify themselves with the political apparatus, they look upon such official assistance as a sort of miraculous intervention rather than an exercise in self-support. The great contemporary appeal of Marxist doctrine for Latin Americans is based not only on its European origin but also on its emphasis on governmental action. Long before Karl Marx was born, the Latin Americans were expecting the government to solve all their problems. I will never forget the Cuban women who rushed up to Fidel Castro to request that he force their husbands to return home and teach their children to obey them.

While living in Chile about two years ago, I was confronted with one of the many expressions of this lack of communal sentiment. The transportation facilities of the suburban area where I was staying were somewhat inefficient, and the same group of persons would congregate every morning to wait for a bus which would sometimes be an hour or more late. This went on five days a week during the six months I was there, despite the barrage of complaints that were voiced daily. God, the government, the bus company, the police, the army were merely a few among those both blamed for the situation and prayed to for a solution. But not once did I hear anyone propose a *practical* way of solving *our* problem (myself included—I did not begin to think about it until I was ready to leave the country). Nobody spoke of car-pools, of sharing taxis, or of any other feasible solution. My

friends in Chile tell me that the government has still not solved the problem, and that the only appreciable difference these days is that the bus is even slower in coming.

This is not an isolated instance but a manifestation of a characteristic pattern. When I think back on my native Cuba, I remember no single instance of voluntary communal participation or cooperation. When there was a communal effort, it was done not "with the help of" or "through" but *by* the government and on a smaller number of occasions *by* the Church.

Another of the indigenous Spanish characteristics inherited by the Latin American nations is a low esteem for work. For centuries the inhabitants of Latin America have looked upon manual work as an unworthy endeavor—and not only manual labor, but business and commercial activities as well. High social prestige had always been attached to the ownership of land, and the Puritan view of labor as conducive to salvation and self-respect never reached Latin America. So powerful and prevalent is this attitude toward work that even today the business and commercial life of the Latin American countries is largely controlled by their non-Spanish minorities. Angry shouts against foreign domination of business disguise the consequences for economic development of the Spanish attitude toward work, but foreign domination of Latin American economies is less the cause than the result of economic underdevelopment. Unwillingness to work and low esteem for trade and business have constituted open invitations to foreign interests. That American "imperialism" or any other pervasive foreign influence is not *the* cause of Latin American economic evils can be seen by comparing the development of countries where foreign investment and influence have been substantial (e.g. Cuba, Dominican Republic, Venezuela) with the development of those countries in which foreign capital has traditionally played a much lesser role (e.g. Ecuador, Bolivia, Paraguay). In both cases it has been the attitude toward work which has determined the slow rate of economic progress.

A proper evaluation of their Spanish inheritance should throw light on why the Latin American nations have been, are, and, for the foreseeable future, will be fertile grounds for political

dictatorship and economic underdevelopment. Such an evaluation should lead to a more realistic view of the problems facing the area, and at the same time help to place final political and social responsibility where it belongs—with the Latin Americans

I am quite aware that my interpretation of Latin America and its problems will not be particularly popular at a time when responsibility is often evaded under many different disguises. Nevertheless, having been born, raised, and educated in Latin America, and having had my share of jail and persecution for seeking freedom and democracy for these countries, I feel I have the right—perhaps even the obligation—to call attention to the causes rather than to the symptoms of the illness. Latin Americans have never, as nations (and only seldom as individuals), been forced to assume full responsibility for their actions. For three centuries of colonial rule and a century and a half of independent government, they have continued their desperate attempt to cover their Indian and Negroid features under a British legal device, an American institution, a French philosophy, or a Marxist concept. But not until they face themselves realistically will they come into national maturity. In the meantime, those Europeans and North Americans who from a desire to take a "liberal" view of Latin Americans are always ready to excuse their faults and justify their shortcomings become accomplices in the long-standing exercise in fear and self-deception.

The attempt to solve pressing social, economic, and political problems on unreal bases can lead nowhere but to a re-affirmation of the worst traditional characteristics of the area. If Latin America is to deal successfully with the challenges of a century in which political stability and rapid economic growth are national necessities, many of its traditional attitudes will have to be radically altered. The first step in the direction of change must be based—to be effective—on an honest appraisal of actual resources and capabilities and not on daydreams or magic formulas. The plight of the Latin American masses will be alleviated only when their nations learn to face and accept themselves, when the fear within is overcome.

DEMOCRACY VERSUS STABILITY: THE RECENT LATIN AMERICAN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES

By JEROME SLATER

SINCE the end of the Second World War, the stability of Latin America has been disrupted by a series of pro-democratic populist revolutions designed to destroy the power of the conservative elites that have generally dominated politics there since the era of the conquistadores. Four United States Administrations have had to decide whether United States interests dictated support for the forces of order and stability—i.e. the status quo—or identification with the populist groups, with all the potential for violence, chaos, and radicalism that they entail.

Until the election of President Kennedy, policy-makers had no difficulty in resolving this dilemma—they opted for stability. As it was generally understood in Washington, stability had two dimensions, internal and hemispheric. To maintain internal stability, the United States sought to insure that no Latin American government came to power, or remained in power, that represented a serious challenge to the security of the United States. In the context of the cold war, of course, that meant the exclusion of Communist regimes. To maintain hemispheric stability, the United States tried to prevent serious inter-state conflict. The security of the United States, it was felt, could be best maintained in an atmosphere of peace and quiet; disturbances threatened the solidarity of the hemisphere under North American leadership and might involve annoying expenditures of time, energy, and resources.

Under this definition of stability, the nature of the political structures of non-Communist Latin American states was irrelevant. Dictatorial regimes as well as democracies could and did

cooperate with the United States—in fact, the most repressive and reactionary regimes were, for both tactical and ideological reasons, among the most enthusiastic supporters of United States cold war policies. So the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations sought stability through the support of the status quo in Latin America, *any* status quo, so long as it was non-Communist. This did not necessarily imply any outright preference for dictatorial or conservative regimes, as has frequently been charged; existing realities were simply accepted as they were.

The maintenance of the status quo was reflected in United States diplomatic, military, and economic policies. On the diplomatic level, the use of United States recognition as a means of leverage in the domestic politics of Latin American regimes was abandoned in favor of the policy of de facto recognition of all (non-Communist) governments, regardless of their moral or constitutional validity. Moreover, most United States ambassadors in Latin America—both political and career—were business-oriented conservatives, who had little trouble in maintaining warm relationships with men like Batista, Somoza, Pérez Jiménez, and Trujillo.

The postwar military assistance program also served to bolster the political status quo. In Latin America the armed forces although occasionally siding with reformist elements, have normally served as the major bulwark against economic, social, and political change. So it was hoped that United States military assistance would gain the friendship of Latin America's most powerful political group and at the same time strengthen its capabilities for preserving "internal order."

The economic assistance programs of the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations were likewise primarily political instruments. When the Mutual Security Program was developed by the Truman Administration in 1951, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs acknowledged that the major purpose of the Program in Latin America was to keep the hemisphere "economically and politically stable." In this respect, he pointed out, "the military program and the proposed technical cooperation program are opposite sides of the same coin." This

was to remain the most important rationale for the Program under the Eisenhower Administration as well. For example, on several occasions the massive and continuing aid program to Bolivia kept the MNR regime from collapsing. United States generosity was not based on enthusiasm for the revolutionary policies of the MNR, of course, but on fear of chaos if the MNR failed—at least the existing government was anti-Communist and reasonably responsive to United States hemispheric leadership.

When it came to dealing with the continent as a whole, United States policies were again carefully designed to keep Latin America peaceful and quiet. To this end, in the Organization of American States (OAS) the United States found the twin principles of collective security and nonintervention quite useful, for the effect of both was to impede externally inspired changes in existing political structures.

On a number of occasions the principles of collective security and nonintervention directly clashed with the cause of democracy in Latin America, and on each the OAS, under United States prodding, gave priority to the principles. In 1948-50 and again in 1959, for example, the dictatorial Nicaraguan and Dominican regimes were attacked by exiles based in sympathetic neighboring countries. Within the OAS there was considerable sentiment for looking the other way rather than allowing Somoza and Trujillo to be the beneficiaries of collective security action, but the United States successfully pressed for the activation of OAS machinery to discourage further expeditions.

On these and other occasions, United States spokesmen attempted to deny any conflict between collective security and democracy, arguing that democracy could not be "imposed" from outside, but had to "come from within." Since, however, the grip of the Somozas and the Trujillos on Latin America could be broken only with outside assistance, the United States position had the effect of stabilizing the power of hemispheric dictatorships.

In short, for the first fifteen years after the conclusion of the Second World War, the democratization and modernization of Latin America were in no sense an operational objective of

United States policy. On the contrary, in its overriding concern for stability the United States was an important obstacle to Latin America economic, social, and political progress.

The Castro revolution changed all this. Although the extent of rising mass dissatisfaction with the status quo in Latin America had been well known to observers for years, its implications had escaped United States policy-makers. But the revolt against Batista sharply dramatized this discontent, making it painfully obvious that rightist dictatorships, through their reactionary social and economic policies and repression of all political opposition, were creating an environment ripe for Communist exploitation. In order, then, to forestall the spread of "Castro-Communism," the incoming Kennedy Administration decided to press actively for democracy and modernization in Latin America.

The new policy, first manifested in a changing United States attitude toward Trujillo in 1960 and in the establishment of the Alliance for Progress in 1961, still had political stability in Latin America as its *ultimate* objective, but it was based on the assumption that stability in the short run was a chimera and that the wisest course for the United States would be to help guide Latin American revolutionary forces into reasonably moderate, non-Communist channels. Thus, as part of its anti-Communist strategy, the United States became a force for change in Latin America.

The new program had both long- and short-range dimensions. The Alliance for Progress represented the former. The Alliance was esssentially an anti-Communist program, in that it sought to remove the conditions in which Communism was thought to flourish—low incomes, feudalistic land-owning patterns, inequitable tax structures, poor housing, poor schooling, etc. Whatever the failures in its administration or in Latin American compliance with its requirements, in concept the Alliance was a product of the Administration's judgment that the Latin American revolution had made the preservation of the status quo there an unrealistic as well as an unworthy goal. The Alliance, in fact, was nothing less than a direct attack on the status quo, for it

sought to revise radically the nature of political power, economic organization, and social status in Latin America.

In the short run the Kennedy Administration sought to create hemispheric conditions that would permit the Alliance gradually to restructure Latin America. This required resistance to military coups against constitutional regimes and the favoring of moderate social democratic governments—such as the Betancourt regime in Venezuela—over traditionalist oligarchies. The use of diplomatic recognition as an instrument of policy was revived. Nonrecognition, or more precisely the "suspension of diplomatic relations," accompanied by the discontinuation of economic and military assistance, was employed against rightist governments in the Dominican Republic in 1961, Peru in 1962, and Haiti, Honduras, and the Dominican Republic again in 1963, with varying degrees of success.

In the Dominican Republic, moreover, far more powerful measures were taken. After the assassination of Trujillo in May 1961, the United States employed a wide range of diplomatic, economic, and even military pressures to prevent a return to rightist dictatorship and to pave the way for the holding of free elections in December 1962. In the light of more recent events, the remarkable Dominican operation of 1961-62 is worth recounting in some detail.

Immediately after the assassination, the Administration, fearing a chaotic situation out of which a local Castro might emerge, moved quickly to gain control over events. Fortunately, from the beginning it was able to maneuver under an OAS cover. In 1960 Trujillo had made the mistake of getting caught in an attempt to kill his arch enemy Romulo Betancourt of Venezuela. Faced with his flagrant violation of its nonintervention principle, the OAS had imposed sanctions on him, at first limited to a collective break in diplomatic relations and a cessation of hemispheric arms shipments to the Dominican Republic, later extended to include a petroleum embargo. (Essentially the sanctions were unilateral, for the United States was the major source of these items.) Even more important, the United States soon drastically cut back its purchases of Dominican sugar, the major export, citing the OAS actions as its authority.

Formally, the OAS measures had been imposed solely because of Trujillo's "aggression" against Venezuela and were to be discontinued when the Dominican Republic ceased to "constitute a danger to the peace and security of the hemisphere." Actually, the United States was able to persuade the OAS to use the sanctions as leverage in internal Dominican politics. In June 1961, the OAS, under United States leadership, established a "presence" in the Dominican Republic in the form of a four-nation committee, ostensibly to examine the possibility of discontinuing the sanctions; and for the next eighteen months, the "OAS"—i.e. the United States—was able to use the prospect of the resumption of normal diplomatic and economic relations to induce a progressive liberalization of the post-Trujillo Dominican government. When that carrot proved insufficient, the stick was employed. In November 1962, the United States stationed aircraft carriers off the coast of Santo Domingo and threatened to land marines to prevent an attempt to reestablish Trujillista rule. Two months later firm United States opposition led to the collapse of another rightist coup, this time led by the Dominican air force.

By early 1962, thanks to the joint United States-OAS actions, the power of the Trujillistas had been curbed. In December 1962, Juan Bosch was elected President in a free election carefully prepared for, presided over, and guaranteed by the United States embassy and the OAS. Until his overthrow less than a year later, Bosch was the recipient of lavish United States economic and technical assistance designed to make the Dominican Republic a "showcase of democracy."

To a lesser but still significant extent, the Kennedy Administration also attempted to combat militarism and reaction in Peru and Haiti. In July 1962, the United States suspended diplomatic relations and economic and military assistance to a Peruvian military junta that had refused to allow a democratically-elected government headed by the moderately leftist APRA party to take office. Under United States pressures the junta in the ensuing weeks agreed to respect civil liberties and to hold free elections in less than a year. In view of this promise and the apparent apathy of the Peruvian public to the coup, the United States soon

resumed normal diplomatic and economic relations. The junta did in fact rule with moderation, and elections were held on schedule in June 1963.

During the summer of 1963 an ideological conflict between the Bosch government in the Dominican Republic and the brutal and corrupt Duvalier regime in Haiti broke into the open. With Bosch publicly threatening to invade Haiti, the principle of collective security clearly required inter-American action to protect Duvalier. The United States hoped, however, that the OAS peacekeeping activities could also serve as an opening wedge for a collective effort to, at a minimum, force a moderation of Duvalier's repressive activities, and, optimally, get rid of him altogether. According to tentative State Department plans, the departure of Duvalier would have been followed by a massive United States-OAS program to rebuild Haitian society.

Once again, Washington's motives stemmed from an enlightened anti-Communism—a fear that years of dictatorship and abject poverty had opened the door to Communism in Haiti. United States hopes for a repetition of the Dominican operation were not to be realized, however. The Latin Americans, willing to stretch the nonintervention doctrine to accommodate pressures against Trujilloism, were not disposed to so ignore their traditions again. Trujillo for thirty years had been the very symbol of oppression in Latin America; Duvalier was relatively unknown. Trujillo had committed an act of aggression against another country; Duvalier had been careful to confine his depredations to his own people. Since the Dominicans were Caucasian and of Spanish culture, their plight under Trujillo aroused widespread Latin American sympathy; since the Haitians were black and French, they were considered by many Latin Americans to be not worth bothering about.

Without collective backing the United States was unwilling to proceed with harsh unilateral actions. Diplomatic relations were suspended and economic assistance discontinued, but these measures proved of little avail against the ruthless and determined Haitian dictatorship. Only outright military intervention could have brought Duvalier down, and with the OAS refusing to provide the multilateral legitimacy, armed action was con-

sidered to be out of the question. But in any event, the Kennedy Administration had once again demonstrated its deep concern over Latin American dictatorship.

The Haitian case, however, was to mark the high point of United States leadership in the fight for democracy in Latin America. Beginning in the last few months of the Kennedy Administration, but not reaching complete development until the Johnson Administration, United States hemispheric policy entered its third postwar phase: a partial and modified return to the stability-first policy of the Truman-Eisenhower period.

A number of considerations were involved. To begin with, there had always been a considerable amount of skepticism in the United States government, especially among the career foreign-service officers in the State Department, about what was considered to be the naïve idealism of the Kennedy Administration. By the fall of 1963, Kennedy himself was growing disillusioned, and the traditionalists apparently gained the upper hand, thanks to the failure of United States pressures against Duvalier and, even more important, to the progressive deterioration of the position of the Bosch government in the Dominican Republic, culminating in the September military coup. Kennedy did not like being identified with losing causes or quixotic ventures, and he had begun to suspect his Administration had overestimated United States leverage in Latin American political processes.

Even more to the point, the Administration had begun to reevaluate Latin American militarism. Borrowing from a well-known academic school of thought, Administration spokesmen began pointing to the "changing nature" of the military. No longer was the military invariably the bulwark of the old oligarchies, they argued. Increasingly recruited from lower-middle groups and even the working classes, Latin American officers were now much more representative of their societies than in the past. When in power, far from invariably acting in a predatory and reactionary manner, the military were becoming increasingly honest, efficient, and progressive.

So, in the last few months of the Kennedy Administration, evidence of a retrenchment mounted. The Ecuadoran military

coup of July 1963 was greeted with only pro forma resistance, in part because of the Administration's opinion that the Arosemena government had been corrupt and inept and that the coup was designed to hasten modernization rather than to block it. The Dominican and Honduran military coups in late September and early October 1963 were vigorously denounced and diplomatic relations and economic assistance were suspended, but far more powerful weapons—such as the suspension of trade or even military pressures—were not utilized, as they had been a year earlier in the Dominican Republic.

In a famous New York *Herald-Tribune* article in early October 1963, Assistant Secretary of State Martin, speaking directly for the President, made explicit the Administration's more cautious attitude toward military coups. While reiterating Administration opposition to reactionary militarism, Martin asserted that it was incorrect to believe that "the military [are] universal supporters of those who oppose change," citing Ecuador and Guatemala as examples of "military regimes . . . [that] have announced reform programs of substantial importance." In any event, he added, no doubt with the frustrating Bosch case in mind, United States leverage in Latin American political processes was sometimes not very great. Finally, he argued, democracy must have "time and soil and sunlight in which to grow . . . [and] must spring from seeds planted in indigenous soil." Unexceptionable in themselves, such words suggested the beginning of a return to the Truman-Eisenhower doctrine that "democracy can only come from within."

Almost from the outset of the Johnson Administration a return to more traditional policies was obvious. On December 14, 1963, diplomatic relations with the Dominican and Honduran juntas were restored, and shortly afterward economic assistance was resumed, although both regimes were rightist and had made it clear that they would do nothing to accelerate a return to constitutional processes. Two weeks later—little more than a month after President Kennedy's assassination—Assistant Secretary of State Martin was replaced by Thomas Mann, a militant anti-Communist of the old ("realistic") school.

A few months later, Mann was reported to have said that in

the future the United States would avoid involvement in Latin American domestic political crises and would "stop trying to distinguish between dictatorships and democratic regimes in conducting its foreign policies." Although the report was denied, its plausibility has been subsequently confirmed by the enthusiastic United States response to the Brazilian military coup of 1964, the resumption of "correct" if not cordial relations with Duvalier in Haiti, and the token United States response to the Bolivian military coup of November 1964, a coup that overthrew a regime closely identified with the United States for over a decade and considered to be a model of Alliance-for-Progress rectitude.

Within the Alliance itself there has apparently been some change from the earlier United States emphasis on long-range projects designed to alter existing social and economic structures to a more traditional concern with short-range financial measures designed to restore stability and order. Significantly, within six months of Johnson-Mann rule, Teodoro Moscoso, one of the architects of the Alliance, had resigned as its United States chief. and soon he was publicly charging that the Johnson Administration had forgotten the political meaning of the Latin American revolution.

It is now clear that under the Johnson Administration the United States has returned to a modified version of its postwar policies in Latin America. Like the Kennedy Administration in its last few weeks, the Johnson Administration is generally pessimistic—or, as it likes to think of itself, "realistic"—about the ability of the United States to have a constructive influence on internal Latin American political processes. Again like the Kennedy Administration, the Johnson Administration professes to see a change in Latin American militarism: according to Mann, "the [Latin American] military establishments are demonstrating an ever greater degree of social consciousness and political responsibility."

In some ways, however, the Johnson Administration really differs from its predecessor. For one thing, at the highest levels of decision-making for Latin America, the nonprofessional Kennedy appointees are gone. Men like Arthur Schlesinger, Richard

Goodwin, Teodoro Moscoso, and Arturo Morales-Carrion have been replaced by foreign service officers, exemplified by Thomas Mann himself. The Kennedy men were deeply committed to liberal democracy and, perhaps because of the academic background most of them shared, were predisposed toward long-range general plans and programs, even at the cost of short-run setbacks. The career men, on the other hand, tend to be cautious, anti-"idealistic," concerned with the immediate crisis and the short-run, ad hoc solution. It is not merely that most senior career men were recruited in a relatively conservative era and from generally conservative backgrounds, but that the very nature of their function, the roles they must play, tends to establish a pattern of behavior that eschews "ideological" foreign policies in favor of the protection of United States "interests," and gives priority to getting along with existing governments rather than undermining them. In short, the Foreign Service, for both sociological and structural reasons, tends to favor a policy of stability.

For another thing, though both the Kennedy and the Johnson Administrations have been concerned first and foremost with preventing the spread of Communism in Latin America, the Kennedy Administration viewed the threat primarily as long-term in nature, to be met by long-term measures. The Johnson Administration is far more preoccupied with the allegedly immediate dangers of Communist subversion, so that cooperation with the "anti-Communists" of Latin America, *any* anti-Communists, seems necessary. That the most vigorous Latin American anti-Communists are often also the most vigorous anti-democrats has undoubtedly not escaped the attention of present policy-makers, but, "realists" that they are, they choose to ignore the implications. "Never leave ahold of Nurse, for fear of finding something Worse."

To be fair, the differences between the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations should not be overstated. The Kennedy Administration was concerned enough with the immediate threat of Communism to accept without much fuss the Argentine military coup of 1962 and the Ecuadoran and Guatemalan military coups of 1963, all considered to have forestalled dan-

gers from the extreme left. Moreover, through its military assistance program, the Kennedy Administration sought to strengthen the capabilities of the Latin American armed forces for the maintenance of "internal order." Since the Latin American armed forces historically have been prone to resist the very forces the Alliance for Progress was designed to encourage, here the Administration's long-term objectives collided with what were thought to be short-term exigencies. Still, it is clear that the Kennedy Administration was considerably less obsessed with the "subversion" danger than the Johnson Administration and therefore was considerably more sophisticated in its anti-Communism.

The present Administration likes to think of itself as "pragmatic," and pragmatism is defined as a willingness to work within the framework of existing Latin American realities, rather than engage in what are considered to be futile attempts to alter them. As a result, the Johnson Administration has leaned toward a policy of disengagement from direct United States intervention in Latin American political processes—except, of course, when the danger of a Communist takeover is considered serious—substituting instead an emphasis on the protection of United States "national interests," traditionally defined.

It is not likely, however, that under Johnson the United States will go so far as to openly embrace dictatorships, as was done in the 1950's. Nor is it likely that the United States will cease altogether to strive by indirect methods—primarily through the Alliance for Progress—for political, economic, and social reforms in Latin America. But it seems probable that whenever the Administration is forced to choose in Latin America between the maintenance of stability and the attainment of democracy, it will choose stability.

The recent shift in policy is vulnerable to criticism on a number of grounds. For one thing, the revival of reactionary militarism in Bolivia, Honduras, and the Dominican Republic (and perhaps Brazil) demonstrates that it is premature, to say the least, to conclude that the military has changed its stripes. Professor

Edwin Lieuwen's well-known analysis of the Latin American armed forces as fundamentally anti-progressive still seems valid.

Moreover, while it is true that the influence of the United States is not unlimited, its leverage in Latin American political processes has probably been underestimated. The moderate behavior of the Peruvian military junta, certainly atypical in Latin America, suggests that the United States actions there had their intended effect. The de-Trujillization of the Dominican Republic was a direct result of United States measures. (The overthrow of Bosch indicated not the inherent futility of intervention but the need for continuous external pressures until democracy has established indigenous roots.)

But even when United States pro-democratic pressures fail, as in Haiti, potential dictators elsewhere may be deterred, especially if they are convinced that United States disapproval will be persistent and manifested in more than rhetoric. Moreover, when the United States sides, even futilely, with democracy, its prestige among the emerging populist groups is increased; no small part of President Kennedy's appeal for Latin America derived from the role the United States played in Peru, the Dominican Republic, and Haiti.

The "pragmatic" approach has repeatedly demonstrated its inadequacy in a revolutionary age. The "realities" of today tend to become unrealities overnight, and a "policy" that merely drifts along with a highly fragile and ephemeral status quo is hardly worthy of the name. United States support of, or even acquiescence in, dictatorship in Latin America succeeds only in alienating the increasingly important populist forces and driving them to the extreme left. Hence, active United States support for the moderate left in Latin America is the sine qua non for an effective anti-Communist policy. Moreover, the development of some form of popular democracy in Latin America is the sine qua non for the ultimate stabilizing of hemispheric politics. One would have thought that the Batista-Castro sequence in Cuba would have irrevocably demonstrated all this, but the Castro lesson seems to have been unlearned.

THE ALLIANCE FOR PROGRESS: FAILURES AND OPPORTUNITIES

By THOMAS J. DRAPER

IN his Inaugural Address John F. Kennedy announced, "To our sister republics south of our border we offer a specific pledge to convert our good words into good deeds—in a new alliance for progress—to assist free men and free governments in casting off the chains of poverty." Before two months were out, President Kennedy called the Latin American ambassadors to a meeting in which he told them that the United States would convoke a conference of all American republics for the purpose of planning and implementing a war against poverty in this hemisphere. He was in a hurry. He had made a promise, and he wanted to get to work on it. But there was a special reason for the United States' sudden interest in Latin American poverty at that particular moment: it was once again about to use military force in an intervention in Latin American affairs. Just five weeks after Kennedy's first meeting to announce his plans for the Alliance, on April 10, 1961, Cuba was invaded at the Bay of Pigs.

The Alliance for Progress was turned out in such a rush and in such circumstances that it never succeeded in establishing a community of purpose among its constituents. At the meetings held in Uruguay to draw up the Alliance Doctrine in August, Cuba was represented by Che Guevara, who had little difficulty in attacking the United States' sincerity—after so recently backing an attempted invasion of his country, it was trying to tell the Latin Americans that it had no intention of intervening in anyone else's business, but only wanted to lend a hand to help Latin Americans to help themselves. The seven days that the meetings lasted were consumed in rhetoric, some diplomatic but most recriminatory, and the program that resulted was a travesty of

Kennedy's inaugural intent. No effective plan for a campaign against poverty was ever agreed upon.

The Alliance Doctrine is a vapid statement patched together to serve the immediate needs of United States diplomacy, an attempt to cover up the failure of the Cuban invasion. It never represented a common hemispheric effort, though it was tailored to look as though the Latin Americans were at last united with us in an effort to save the hemisphere from Communism. Agreement among the Latin American nations was bought by the promise of United States money.

The unilateral nature of the Alliance is apparent from the very fact that, although it is supposed to be a joint effort of the American republics, it dates itself from the announcement of the President of the United States; and all the specific pledges in the Alliance Doctrine are on the side of the United States. This nation pledged itself to spend one billion dollars within seven months of the signing of the Doctrine, though the places where the money was to be spent had not yet been ascertained; it further pledged itself "to supply financial and technical cooperation, . . . to furnish development loans on a long-term basis, where appropriate, running up to fifty years and in general at very low or zero rates of interest."

The Latin American nations, for their part, agreed "to work toward" various vague goals, such as improving the standard of living and strengthening the democratic processes of government in their countries, and "agreed to devote a steadily increasing share of their own resources to economic and social development, and to make the reforms necessary to assure that all share fully in the fruits of the Alliance for Progress." Each country further promised to "formulate a comprehensive and well-conceived program for the development of its own economy." But no expenditure of money was specified nor time set, and nowhere does the Doctrine say that even these vague Latin American commitments are to be considered prerequisites to obtaining the specific and substantial pledges of the United States. Obviously the Alliance is no joint venture; because it is a unilateral commitment, it fails in its original purpose.

Bargaining, if there had been any, would have been long and tedious. The United States was alone against twenty different countries, each with ideas and circumstances peculiarly its own. At one extreme, the Cuban government was effecting a revolt of the masses and confiscating the properties of the rich; at the other, governments were controlled by wealthy landed classes and by military forces that those classes also controlled. Bringing the Latin American governments to an agreement on a common internal policy was out of the question. And the United States was operating at the disadvantage of needing to recover quickly from the recent Cuban failure. So there was no bargaining, the objectives of the program were never agreed upon. As a result most of the money goes to Latin American governments and ends up far from its announced target, which is poverty; and, much worse, the effect of the Alliance is at most palliative, alleviating but not curing a flagrant ill that urgently needs remedy.

To see the Alliance for Progress at work, early this year, I traveled down the east coast of South America and then up the west coast, stopping in seven countries on the way. Everywhere the people are divided into two classes: one is rich and owns land and capital, the other is poor and owns nothing. And there is little or no middle class in between, to cushion the contrast and to ease the conflict. This division is more marked on the west coast than on the east; on the west Spanish colonists came four centuries ago and superimposed themselves on the native Indians, and the descendants of those colonists still control everything in sight, while the Indians remain abjectly poor, with no opportunity to improve their lot. The east coast was populated by immigrants from Europe and Africa; there were very few earlier indigenous peoples. Descendants of these original European and African immigrants control much of the land and the wealth, but opportunities are still plentiful for new immigrants. There is in short one great difference between the poor of the east and the west coasts—on the east they have reason for hope.

on the west they have only despair. Economic development is quite different on the two sides of the Andes: the east coast is developing fairly well, while the west coast is stagnating under semi-feudal conditions.

South America is bound to the rest of the Western Hemisphere by a vast network of ties. It is linguistically and ethnically related to the Central American and Caribbean countries. Its most obvious link with the United States is geographic, and the land, sea, and air connections which today provide an easy passage for trade and friendly services between the two continents equally constitute an open invitation to unfriendly infiltration and subversion. The security of the United States has already been threatened in Cuba, and it might well happen elsewhere, particularly and most obviously in the west coast countries.

To pull themselves out of stagnation and into the modern world those countries need to develop rapidly. Many facts could be adduced to demonstrate that need, but most telling are the figures on illiteracy, because a nation is in a poor position to industrialize until its people are in a position to master new skills by reading and writing. Yet a little over a third of Latin Americans cannot read and write. In Chile the figure is twenty percent; in Peru it is a staggering sixty percent. A 1961 United Nations report said that fifteen million children of school age in Latin America had no educational facilities at all available to them, and that less than ten percent of the children entering first grade have the opportunity to complete their primary school education. New schools are being established, but there is well-founded concern that they are not even keeping up with growth in population. Under such a burden of illiteracy nations cannot industrialize and the laboring classes cannot advance out of their poverty.

Without industrialization, the chief source of wealth is the land, and the pattern of land-ownership is equally discouraging to the hopes of the masses. The rich have vast estates; the poor have tiny plots. In Chile two percent of the number of farms comprise forty percent of all the land that is owned, while 23

percent of the number of farms comprise a mere 1.7 percent of the land owned. Figures for Peru are not even available, but they would certainly be still more unfavorable to the poor.

So the extremes of poverty and wealth live side by side in Latin America, with neither class liking or cooperating with the other. And the gap in wealth and opportunity between them seems to be widening. Governments, too weak to tax the rich, are taxing the poor, and at the same time following inflationary policies that further reduce their already pathetic purchasing power. The eighty percent who are poor are getting poorer, and have neither time nor energy to support the Alliance for Progress. The twenty percent who are rich are privileged and want to keep things the way they are. They block the tax and land reforms that are prerequisites to effective progress. With the poor unable and the rich unwilling, nobody is left in Latin America to cooperate with the Alliance for Progress in the war on poverty. And this lack of cooperation is the fundamental cause of the Alliance's failure to date.

The governments that signed the Doctrine are in no stronger position to take action. They are bound by no specific commitments, and all of them, whether military or quasi-representational, depend on the wealthy classes for their ultimate support.

Between rich and poor is the feeble beginning of a middle class, but it is still too small to influence events in the next few decades. An articulate handful of liberal students are fast going over to Communism. They deride the United States for supporting governments that they consider reactionary and for refusing to do business with Cuba, which they regard as the only true people's government in Latin America. They point out discrepancies between our announced policies of nonintervention and support of the masses on the one hand and our invasion and blockade of Cuba on the other. They mistrust our motives.

A student rally in Lima last February was ringed by military police in battle garb. Communism never appeared openly, but the literature distributed and the speeches delivered leaned heavily on the Communist line. The special target that day was

North American ownership of all Peruvian oil refining and of well over half of Peruvian oil production. No one spoke up in defense of the United States when it was charged with imperialism. No one mentioned the North American investment in time and money and technical skill that went into finding and unearthing this mineral wealth of Peru. Only one view was presented, and many poor, illiterate, angry people were taken in by it, and will remain taken in because no one is presenting the other side of the story. In Peru there are few who say anything in our behalf. The government is not committing itself to our policies, and we fail to speak up effectively for ourselves. Communism gets through to the people, and it is a mark of the failure of the Alliance for Progress that it has not created a voice in reply.

The need for such a voice is not debatable. Our economic well-being is tied to Latin America, and, what is more important, so is our national security.

Latin America is important to our well-being both as a source of supplies and as a market for our own products. From Latin America we receive over half of our petroleum and copper, nearly half of our lead and sugar, a third of our cocoa, and nearly two-thirds of our coffee imports. When Cuba, our chief supplier of sugar, went Communist in 1959, we found sugar elsewhere, but at a higher price. That situation could be repeated.

The threat of losing markets is no less serious. Fifteen percent of our exports go to Latin America, with a total monetary value of almost four billion dollars a year. Private investors from the United States have invested over eight and a half billion dollars there, with a return of $964 million a year. Investors lost a stake of $871 million in Cuba, with an annual return of about $66 million. Besides these losses to the private sector of the economy when a Latin American nation goes Communist, we have the additional costs to the public sector that result from maintaining security installations against infiltration and attack. These public costs are reputedly substantial.

The importance of Latin America to our national security

has been acknowledged at least since 1823, when Monroe called it essential. In the hundred and forty years since, as our dependence on stability to the south has increased, we have alternately intervened in and ignored Latin America, tried to make friends or shown indifference, as other circumstances dictated. But now, for the first time, we are faced with actual enemy military installations at our border. Latin America today is a security problem for us in an immediate way that Monroe could never have visualized.

The Alliance for Progress must be revised. What is needed is not more money but more thought. Already five billion dollars have been spent, and Alliance for Progress offices have been established in all the Latin American countries except Cuba. Many good research studies have uncovered specific targets for corrective action, and bases for a program of action have been established. But the crux of the problem is that no one has been assigned the responsibility for taking action. The Alliance has a head, but no hands. No one but the Latin Americans can take action that is needed, and, as we have seen, they are divided between those who will not and those who cannot. Yet the hands must be Latin American, because the poverty is theirs.

What we can do is to conduct a vigorous program of reeducation in Latin America. Its first objective should be the landed classes, in an effort to convince them that they have to help the masses lift themselves out of poverty or risk losing all in violent revolution. These landed classes must be frightened for their own good. Their situation is ominously similar to that of the prerevolutionary landed aristocracies of France, Russia, and Cuba, but they refuse to recognize the parallel or draw the logical conclusions.

At the same time we need a program of reeducation directed at the poor, to encourage their aspirations for a better life, and to persuade them that improvement comes more surely from evolution than from revolution. Puerto Rico is our one point of linguistic and ethnic contact, and the remarkable success of

"Operation Bootstrap" cannot be emphasized too much. We should stress in this program not only our achievement of the highest standard of living in the world but also our readiness to help those who want to help themselves.

The need for reeducation is the major difference between the Marshall Plan and the Alliance for Progress. Europe already knew about thriving economies; Latin America does not. Europeans took the economic aid available and used it to the full; Latin Americans do not know what to do with it and so misuse it.

We must remember that the Latin Americans are deeply ambiguous in their attitudes toward their North American neighbors. The same people who stoned Vice President Nixon on his good-will trip in 1958 wept when John F. Kennedy was killed. On November 24, 1963, thousands assembled near the cathedral in São Paulo, Brazil. A representative of the American government at the memorial services closely resembled the dead President, and when he came out of the cathedral the crowd stilled, a woman fainted, a voice cried "Miracle!" and people wept and fell to their knees. They resented Nixon as the representative of a rich and indifferent Uncle Sam; they loved Kennedy as a promise of hope for the masses.

The same students who attend rallies against United States imperialism admire and imitate North American styles. Western-style levis are in demand everywhere in Latin America. High up in the Andes bordering Chile, in the south of Argentina, three university students told me that "Made in U.S.A." levis sell for twice the price of a locally made equivalent. One of them wore an old American army jacket that he was vigorously proud of, and the three listened in rapt attention as I translated the directions of usage that were sewn in its lining. Levis and jacket were special possessions, and the three were proud of both them and their source.

Latin American governments can with adequate force and at great expense close out the infiltration of Communism, but they cannot stifle the irrepressible ambition of their people. The alternative to repression is constructive development, which

calls for technical assistance, education, health and welfare services—all of which the Alliance is offering.

The American government has all the facilities at hand to create the kind of educational program that is needed—movies, books, pamphlets, television shows, and radio broadcasts. While this program is under way, Alliance funds should be spent for projects that directly affect the mass of the people, such as health installations, schools, agricultural stations, roads, and other means of communication. Funds should be carefully surveyed to keep them out of the control of the military, whose distaste for Communism is often matched by their dislike of democracy. We cannot afford another incident like the one in Peru in 1963, when an elected government was forced from office by a military junta in a display of force in which tanks built in the United States led the way in breaking down the gates of the presidential palace.

A traveler returned from South America recalls the worried, harried people of that continent—the Indian woman with her three nearly bare children who stumbled through the traffic in Lima; the taxi driver whose fare was half what it would have been in New York and whose car and spare parts cost twice as much; the students with their passionate concern for the future and the students proud of their American-made clothes; the airline clerk in Montevideo who supports a family of four on $200 a month; the bus driver in Paraguay whose month's salary is a day's lodging in a good hotel. Is there hope for any of them? And for the other 230 million Latin Americans?

A lot depends on how intelligently the United States builds its program of help. If the Latin Americans want our help, then they must be persuaded to use it properly and effectively. Only if they work with us in using it is there a chance of building a free and thriving Latin America that is friendly to us. The war against poverty—theirs and ours—can be won. Our stake in the effort is high—the security of the United States.

COMMUNIST STRATEGY IN LATIN AMERICA

By JOSEF KALVODA

THE success of Communism in Cuba has been a powerful stimulus to all Communists in this hemisphere, and even a casual reader of newspapers is aware of the increase in their activities throughout Latin America. Their ability to deceive the Catholic Church in Cuba, the government of the United States, and the majority of this country's mass media during the process of their capture of power in Cuba testifies to the efficiency of their propaganda and the gullibility of their audience, and success has only strengthened their belief in the invincibility of their movement and the inevitability of its victory.

The announced aim of Latin American Communists is first the encirclement of the United States and then the takeover of the whole hemisphere. To accomplish this aim they have adopted the strategy and tactics of revolution originally devised by Lenin and refined by his successors. Lenin's plan of attacking imperialism through its "weakest link," as presented to the Second Congress of the Communist International in 1920, has been the theoretical foundation of Communist-led revolutions in Latin America, as it has been in Asia and Africa. According to this plan, since the possibility of revolution in advanced industrial countries is very slight, the Communists will have to concentrate on gaining ground and spreading their power in the dependent and underdeveloped areas on this globe, the "weakest links" in the imperial system. And since Latin America, according to the Communists, is the weakest link in the United States' system, it is obviously the first target in this hemisphere.

The technique Lenin outlined for subverting the weakest links is known as "boring from within," that is, capturing control of already existing organizations. Wherever in colonial, former

colonial, or semi-colonial areas, there are native political movements aimed at political and/or economic emancipation from foreign domination and at internal social revolution, especially if those movements have the support of several classes and social groups, the Communists are to exploit them. They are to identify themselves with the genuine aspirations of the native peoples, advance the already stated aims of the nationalist movements, add to them their minimum program, assume their leadership, and finally capture them completely from the inside. Although Communism is internationalist by definition, its supporters in the "weakest link" countries will often have to conceal their true identity, masquerade as nationalists, work with the masses, capture leadership in indigenous movements, and make their followers believe that they, and the program advanced by them, represent the true aspirations of the people.

Lenin's 1920 plan for capturing the weakest links by boring from within was supplemented the following year by a plan for temporary collaboration between the Communists and the local nationalist revolutionaries and leaders of some political parties. This broadened the basis for Communist action by introducing the tactics of the "united front"—cooperation between the Communist party and some other left-wing parties. Now, in addition to infiltrating the native nationalistic movements, the local Communist parties were advised to adopt the tactics of the "united front from above" (collaboration with the leaders of non-Communist organizations on a temporary basis) and/or the "united front from below" (appealing to rank-and-file members of such organizations over the heads of their leaders). Lenin realized that the Communists could not win power alone, that they would have to seek the collaboration of sympathizers, fellow-travelers, and the so-called "innocents" if they were to succeed. He knew that Marxist doctrine had so little appeal for the masses that the Communists would have to stimulate nationalism and foment social discontent through broader political coalitions under such names as "people's front," "united front," or "front of national liberation" in order to capture political power. In Latin America the "united front" strategy was tried

in the 1920's, 1930's and 1940's with little success, but in the 1950's and 1960's it was revived, with the results we now observe.

While the appeal of nationalism was being used to capture the middle class, social discontent was to be cultivated among the peasants, by far the largest segment of the population in dependent and semi-dependent areas. Lenin had learned in Russia that without the support of the peasantry, or at least its neutralization, the forces of revolution had no chance to succeed.

The theoretical aspects of the Latin American revolution and its fundamental strategy have been worked out by the theoreticians and leaders of the international Communist movement. They may argue among themselves, they may disagree on tactics to be used in specific instances (on what shovel they should use to bury us), but they agree on fundamentals. They all point to the need to capture political power as the first task of any Communist party operating outside the "peace zone" of the world socialist system, and to a remarkable extent they agree on how it is to be done. Those who argue that the Russian and Chinese positions are opposed should compare the following two quotations, the first from the "Program of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union" of 1961 and the second from the Chinese "Proposal Concerning the General Line of the International Communist Movement" of 1963:

(1) The success of the struggle which the working class wages for the victory of the revolution will depend on how well the working class and its party master the use of *all forms* of struggle—peaceful and non-peaceful, parliamentary and extra-parliamentary—and how well they are prepared for any swift and sudden replacement of one form of struggle by another form of struggle. . . . But whatever the form in which the transition from capitalism to socialism is effected, that transition can come about only through revolution.

(2) In order to lead the proletariat and working people in revolution, Marxist-Leninist Parties must master all forms of struggle and be able to substitute one form for another quickly as the conditions of struggle change. The vanguard of the proletariat will remain unconquerable in all circumstances only if it masters all forms of struggle—peaceful and armed, open and secret, legal and illegal, parliamentary struggle and mass struggle, etc. It is wrong to refuse to use parliamentary and other legal forms of struggle when they can and should be used.

There is nothing new in these passages; the Marxist-Leninists have always put great emphasis on the need to master all forms of struggle and to change tactics to suit different situations. In Latin America these have ranged from the ostensibly parliamentary tactics of the Chilean Communist Party to the terrorism of the Venezuelan Party. These differences in methods and approaches have stimulated rather than hampered Communist subversion in the Western Hemisphere, as a recent Organization of American States report notes.

In Latin America the "fronts of national liberation" have been advised to exploit such local issues as poverty, the peasants hunger for land, labor-management frictions, racial strife, and rifts among their opponents. Soviet *Pravda* of April 12, 1965 ("Latin America in the Struggle for Democracy and Social Progress" by S. Mikhail and A. Shegovsky), advised Latin American comrades in countries ruled by military juntas or *caudillos* to embrace "the defense of democratic liberties." There "the struggle for the restoration of civil liberties and working people's social rights is assuming enormous importance. It is precisely these forms of action that make it possible to draw into the liberation movement those strata of the population that are still infected with anti-Communist bias and that nurture illusions about United States imperialism." Consequently, in the Latin American dictatorships, Communist leaders pose as champions of those very individual rights and civil liberties that they would themselves suppress as bourgeois concepts and practices if they came to power.

The article recommends somewhat different forms of struggle in "such countries as Mexico, Chile, and Argentina, where the activities of Communists and other progressive parties and organizations are legal." There the Marxist-Leninists should attempt to organize broad popular movements by propagandizing for the "extension of democracy" and by advocating social change, economic independence, and an "independent foreign policy line." An "independent foreign policy" will lead to establishing diplomatic relations with Communist-dominated countries, and that will in turn open new avenues for the native

Communist parties. Then diplomatic representatives of Communist countries can supply native parties with funds and advice under the protection of diplomatic immunity. Furthermore, as the article states, establishing diplomatic relations has a powerful propaganda effect, and it points out that when relations were established between Chile and the Soviet Union there were "great repercussions throughout Latin America" which led "many politicians . . . to reexamine their opinions regarding the expansion of contacts with the socialist countries."

Flexibility of approach is again emphasized by Ernesto Judisi in his article "The Revolutionary Process in Latin America: Some Lessons of the Liberation Movement in Argentina" in the *World Marxist Review*, February 1965. "Although some features coincide, the revolutionary process in the different countries is developing in diverse forms," Judisi observes. "The Marxist-Leninist parties in the different countries, familiar with the conditions and possibilities, are best qualified to define the ways and means of the revolutionary struggle in their countries." Though the Communist victory in Cuba "opened new revolutionary vistas to the countries of Latin America," it would be unwise to try to repeat exactly the same methods in some other country. In Cuba the revolution was nationalistic ("middle class") and anti-Batista in its appearance, but in Argentina "it is the proletariat, and not the petty bourgeoisie, that heads all important and decisive actions." And yet he warns against "the error of idealizing the working class," though the national bourgeoisie "should act as an ally of the proletariat in the struggle, and not vice versa."

"Creative Marxism manifests itself in an increasing variety of ways and forms, without seeing any one of them as an absolute," Judisi argues; what is unchanging is the revolutionary goal—the defeat of "United States imperialism on the continent." The revolutionaries must rely "on the forces which are most progressive and which carry the most weight at the given moment and in the given circumstances"; they must work with the forces "actually available at the moment." In Argentina the party has expressed its program in the slogan: "For mass action to win

power." A mass "unity movement" of the working class, spearheaded by the Communists, is to be organized against the "alliance of the reactionary military and civil forces." Slogans of "working class unity" are expected to take in some of the members and leaders (on the "middle-level") of the Socialist, Peronist and Christian Democratic parties. Since the army is "rent by group rivalries" and is in "a process of political and ideological differentiation," the Communist leaders must try to divide their enemies and unite their friends among the military. The "different forms" of unity to be pursued, depending on the concrete situation, include "broad democratic unity," "a national liberation front," and "unity of the left." The leaders of the party decide, at any given time, what particular form of "unity" is to be pursued in order to achieve maximum possible gains.

In spite of their emphasis on flexibility, Communist writers on Latin America often tell their readers that the Marxist-Leninist professionals in this hemisphere must follow "the Cuban way to revolution." That way can be briefly summarized. In the 1950's an elite of professional revolutionaries was trained at various institutions in Mexico, in the Soviet Union, and, most important, at the Graduate School of Latin American Studies in Prague. There they were indoctrinated in Communist ideology and mastered the Marxist-Leninist techniques of guerrilla and psychological warfare. They learned how to manipulate the peasants and bourgeoisie through slogans and catchwords and libel of their enemies, how to disguise their Communist affiliations, and how to handle firearms, drugs, and poison. Although they maintained close connections with the international Communist movement (the revolution was largely financed from the Soviet embassy in Mexico City), the revolutionaries for some time denied that they were Communists, and thereby deceived much of the public in Cuba and elsewhere. In the United States, for example, most newspapers reported favorably on Castro's guerrilla activities and on his new government when he first came to power early in 1959, and a well-known politician hailed Castro as a liberator in "the best Simon Bolívar tradition."

The revolutionaries denied that they had any plan to establish a Communist regime, to imitate the Soviet Union, or to collectivize agriculture; on the contrary they approved of private initiative and small businessmen. All that they wanted to accomplish was an end to their country's dependence on foreign capital and to its domination by "big business and large landowners." In all this they were simply following the steps of the approved strategy for a Communist revolution: first, the domination of a nationalist front by the Communist party, operating either openly or in disguise; then, a period of "national liberation" marked by purely temporary cooperation with non-Communist groups; and finally, avowed Communism. The tactics change, but the objective remains the same.

Hugo Barrios Klee, a prominent Guatemalan Communist, discussed the specific meaning of the "Cuban way to socialism" in the March 1964 issue of the *World Marxist Review* under the title "The Revolutionary Situation and the Liberation Struggle of the People of Guatemala." He hails the Cuban revolution as a turning point in the history of Latin America, not only because its success has demonstrated the existence of a revolutionary potential there that had often been doubted, but also because it has actually advanced the revolutionary situation in the Western Hemisphere. Cuba has become a political and military stronghold from which Communist subversion and guerrilla activities are directed and financed, and Latin America is now one of the main fronts of the struggle against the United States. All Latin American revolutionaries must learn from the Cuban experience, but "loyalty to the spirit of the Cuban revolution does not mean mechanically copying its experience. Taking the Cuban way does not necessarily mean following the exact pattern of events in that island." Latin America has changed since 1959, and the non-Communists have learned from the Communist victory in Cuba; "the imperialists . . . are hardly likely to repeat their fatal mistakes of 1956-1959. They have intensified their resistance and they are doing everything to consolidate their forces."

To overcome the obstacle represented by the stiffening of the non-Communist resistance, Barrios Klee calls for more maturity.

more unity, and greater efficiency in the revolutionary leadership. "Larger masses of people must be drawn into the movement," he argues; it must "enlist the support of those sections which did not play a big part in the revolutionary struggle in Cuba (for example, progressives in the armed forces)." To take "the Cuban way," he says, now means to "use flexible and diverse forms and methods of struggle."

That the Latin American Communists have learned the lesson of flexibility in tactics was demonstrated in the Dominican revolution of April 1965. The revolt started when Donald Reid Cabral, the Dominican leader, sent his army chief of staff to fire two officers for graft and corruption on April 24. The chief of staff was instead arrested by rebels whose proclaimed goal was to overthrow the triumvirate headed by Reid Cabral and to return Juan Bosch as president of the republic. In planning the revolution the Communists cooperated with other parties, including the Dominican Revolutionary party (on whose ticket former president Juan Bosch had been elected). Air Force Brigadier General Elias Wessin y Wessin, instead of crushing what was then a small mutiny of some Communist and non-Communist military men, tried to act as a mediator between the rebels and Reid Cabral, whom he advised to resign to avoid bloodshed. While the rebels were pushing for a full scale civil war, General Wessin offered to set up a military junta with them, if they would agree to holding a free election within ninety days. They refused.

The Communists helped to trigger an "indigenous" revolution and tried to control it. They took advantage of the temporary power vacuum when the main forces of law and order, the army and the police, were divided and thereby nullified. They helped to create chaos by distributing between five and ten thousand guns to civilians, including toughs who organized street mobs, gangs of thieves and juvenile delinquents (the most prominent gangs being the *turbas* and the Tigers), to local Communists, and to some from abroad. Now they were able to take over the rebellion completely. The street gangs looted, raped, and killed at their pleasure. A Cuban Communist, Luis Acosta,

led the mobs that seized Santo Domingo's radio and television stations at the beginning of the revolt, and radio broadcasts encouraged the liquidation of Cuban refugees in the Dominican Republic. There were mass executions of prisoners, and some members of the Dominican Revolutionary Party, realizing where their cooperation with the Communists had left them, took asylum in the embassies of other Latin American countries. At this stage, when the Communist-led rebels claimed complete victory, the President of the United States responded to the urgent request of Ambassador Bennet, and sent United States troops into the Dominican Republic, in order to save the lives of American citizens and others, and to "prevent another Communist state in this Hemisphere."

Communist exploitation of the Dominican revolt has been obvious to all open-minded people; however, a small but vocal minority has been sharply critical of the President's action. In order to make even the most skeptical aware of the need to keep the Inter-American peace-keeping force which has replaced the United States troops in the Dominican Republic, our government is planning to issue a "white paper" which would fully document the danger posed by the uprising to the entire Western Hemisphere. It is hoped that the present (October 1965) interim government in the Dominican Republic will be succeeded by a new one issuing from a free election held under the auspices of the Organization of American States.

In his discussion of the "liberation struggle" in Guatemala, Barrios Klee emphasizes the need to draw the peasants and the Indians in the Guatemalan mountains into the struggle. He acknowledges that the Indians are backward, without political consciousness, and, like the peasants, under the influence of the Church, but he hints at a Communist plan to change all this by the use of terror: when the guerrillas attack the government forces they will make the peasants and Indians support them; if the peasants and Indians refuse, "punitive expeditions" will be organized against them. In the ensuing struggle they will be caught in the middle; some will be neutralized, others will join

the Communists. The plan recalls the activities of Tito's partisans in Yugoslavia during the last two years of the Second World War and the terrorism of the Viet Cong in South Vietnam. And in fact waves of terrorism have moved already across Venezuela, Colombia, Bolivia, and Guatemala several times during the past few years.

The lack of mass support among the working classes, peasants, and Indians (to continue Barrios Klee's analysis) is to be compensated for by increased support elsewhere. Some segments of the armed forces can be enlisted in the Communist cause, as recent events in the Dominican Republic demonstrate, and the need for broad alliances with other political parties is re-emphasized. (In Guatemala the United Resistance Front is such a coalition, and the Insurrectionary Armed Forces represent its military arm.) Some urban middle-class people who "are petty bourgeois in thinking and in status" can nevertheless, "as the Cuban experience has shown, play an important revolutionary role in Latin America."

That Barrios Klee is correct in assessing the role of the urban middle class is shown by the part they have played in the Communist attempts to seize power in Brazil, Honduras, and the Dominican Republic. The "Armed Forces of National Liberation" (FALN) in Venezuela consist largely of middle-class students, and even of some extreme right-wing army officers. In Argentina the Communists are wooing the Peronists to join them in a "united front" against the present government, although, from what is being printed in the *World Marxist Review*, it would seem that their overtures to the Peronists have not been very successful so far. The strenuous attempt to woo the middle class demonstrates once more that in Latin America, as elsewhere, the Communists do not speak for the working class and peasants, that they do not have any considerable support among them, and that their claim that they are the vanguard of those classes, interested only in improving their economic and social condition, is a myth.

Realizing the weakness of the Communist movement in Latin America, Barrios Klee calls for the exploitation of any rift

among its opponents, though he also points out that there may be chances for peaceful transfer of power and ownership of the basic means of production, so that in some countries the revolution may be non-violent, and cites Chile as a case in point. In other countries the early stages of the revolutionary process can be accomplished peacefully, through the development and use of legal forms of mass struggle. He is probably thinking of British Guiana and the situation as it existed in Brazil before the changes of April 1964. But, in the end, "guerrilla warfare . . will be the main form of struggle everywhere." However varied the preliminary forms of struggle, when the day arrives, when conditions are ripe, violence must be resorted to. "We believe that these conditions exist in Guatemala," Barrios Klee declares. "Our Party therefore supports the guerrilla actions now taking place in the country."

The policy of peaceful coexistence wins Barrios Klee's support because it promotes rifts among the non-Communists; some will take it at its face value and denounce those who do not as warmongers, imperialists, and enemies of peace. So as a result the non-Communist governments will have trouble in devising and following consistent policies vis-à-vis the Communists, making it all the easier for them to switch from one form of struggle to another, to maintain initiative, to get the support of temporary allies, and generally to deceive their opponents.

Since the publication of Barrios Klee's article the Communists have suffered two serious setbacks in Latin America, the first in Brazil early in April 1964, and the second in Chile early in September 1964, when the front supported by the local Communists lost the presidential election, after high hopes of a peaceful take-over had been built up.

Early in 1964 the Secretary General of the Brazilian Communist party, Luis Carlos Prestes, boasted that the Communist-dominated front in Brazil "has already won"; yet a few months later the front was defeated, and President Joao Goulart and his brother-in-law Leonel Brizola fled to neighboring Uruguay. This setback only convinced the Brazilian Communists that

they must analyze their mistakes and learn from them, as the following account by Lucas Romao ("Democratic and National Struggle in Brazil and Its Perspectives") in the *World Marxist Review* (February 1965) shows:

> The United Front gravely underestimated the strength of its adversary; it was taken for granted that the military forces supporting Goulart far outnumbered those of the conspirators. The masses had not been prepared for the emergency which necessitated the use of all forms of struggle, including armed action. Like the other forces in the United Front the Communist Party was taken by surprise. We realized that we had underestimated the enemy's strength in claiming that we could foil any plot. This was due, on the one hand, to the illusions we entertained concerning army support for the government. On the other hand, we did not perceive that a political realignment was taking place in the enemy's camp, that he was winning over people associated with the Front. . . .
>
> The Party as a whole, with the leadership in particular, living in illusions, placed too much reliance on the command of the army, in its ability to resist the coup. In point of fact, we failed to understand that victory over the enemy depended largely on mass action throughout the country. . . .
>
> The program approved by the Fifth Congress of our Party in September 1960, and defined more precisely in the documents circulated in preparation for the Sixth Congress (it was postponed in view of the new situation), noted the possibility of the peaceful and non-peaceful path of development of the Brazilian revolution, of armed action being one of the possible forms of the struggle. However, we tended to see the peaceful way as the sole way and, consequently, failed to prepare for the eventuality of armed struggle. . . .

The Brazilian Communists, in short, were overconfident; they overestimated their own strength, underestimated the strength of the democratic forces opposed to them, and relied too exclusively on Khrushchev's then-prevalent theory that the revolution could be peaceful. The failure of a gradual and non-violent strategy in Brazil has forced the Communists there and elsewhere to reevaluate that theory.

The new line of the Brazilian Communist Party was defined in the Political Notes adopted by the Executive Committee in October 1964. It holds that the present government of Brazil

has deeply wounded the feelings of the nation, whose anger is mounting." Communists therefore should exploit a wide variety of economic and social problems, ranging from the overproduction of coffee, the rising cost of living, and inflation, to payment of debts to the United States, as well as the differences of opinion and frictions, especially on the election issue, among the present political leaders of the country. "At the moment," the communiqué says, the aim is

> to set up a national and democratic government. In present conditions this means a struggle to overthrow the dictatorship, to oust those who seized power through a military coup. The main form of the struggle will be determined by the course of events, but irrespective of what this form will be, the overthrow of the dictatorship can be secured only through mass actions by the working people. Our efforts are concentrated on setting up a united front of struggle against the dictatorship, a front which will include all the forces opposed to reaction. The steps already taken in this direction are encouraging.

The plan of action provides for "combining legal with illegal activity," for "working in the various mass organizations," for "struggle in all its forms," and for "correctly combining the different forms, peaceful and nonpeaceful" in order to oust the present government and prepare for a Marxist-Leninist revolution.

In Equador the Communists make a similar appeal for "the overthrow of the military dictatorship by joint action of the forces destined to unite in a national-liberation front," and for establishing a "people's government" which would include "Communists, Socialists, and representatives of the mass following of the Liberal Party, the Federation of Popular Forces, etc." (See Ricardo Ortiz Gonzales' "Ecuador: Realities and Prospects," *World Marxist Review,* March 1965.) This "democratic revolutionary" government, in which the "leading role would be played by the alliance of the workers and peasants," must adopt and carry out "the program adopted by the Seventh Congress of the Communist Party of Ecuador" of which the basic demands are as follows:

> democratic agrarian reform; industrialization; strengthening the state sector in the economy; a tax reform removing the bulk of the tax burden

from the shoulders of the working people; nationalization of enterprises owned by foreign monopolies as well as of foreign trade; democracy; consistent extension of trade union rights; raising the material and cultural level of the working people; an independent foreign policy; peaceful settlement of the Peru-Ecuador frontier problem; and the establishment of diplomatic relations with all countries, and primarily with the socialist countries.

Ricardo Ortiz Gonzales pays lip service to a "non-violent revolution," but he hastens to add that there are serious "limitations on peaceful and legal forms of struggle." Therefore, he asserts "the decisive role will be played by armed struggle."

A year ago there appeared to be a split among the various Communist parties in Latin America. Some leaned toward the Chinese, others toward the Russians, and for a time dissensions plagued the whole movement. Now the crisis seems to be over for the present. The new theme of all the parties, the theme adopted by the representatives of the revolutionary parties in all the Latin American countries at a conference held at the end of 1964, is "militant unity of Latin American Communists."

The communiqué of the conference, issued on January 19 1965, calls for "promoting the solidarity movement with Cuba" through restoration of diplomatic and trade relations, ending the economic blockade, and exposure of "the preparations for renewed aggression and the counter-revolutionary activities of CIA agents." The communiqué further calls for "active struggle against the ruling oligarchies and military juntas in many Latin American countries"; for the organization and support, on a continental scale, of solidarity movements with the liberation fronts in Venezuela, Colombia, Guatemala, Honduras, Paraguay, and Haiti; for the independence of Puerto Rico and British Guiana, the autonomy of Martinique, Guadaloupe, and French Guiana, and the like.

To promote the unity of the world Communist movement, the communiqué advocates calling bilateral and multilateral meetings and conferences. It condemns factional activities and insists on immediate discontinuation of public polemics; and

it calls for adoption of a "common point of view" expressing the "common ideology, Marxism-Leninism."

The inauguration of a new phase in the Latin American revolution was hailed by Fidel Castro, who predicted new victories and boasted that the guerrillas operating in Colombia, Venezuela, and Guatemala could not be crushed by the armies of those countries. There is a considerable body of evidence that many of the Communist activities in this hemisphere are directed and financed from Havana. In September 1964, Undersecretary of State Thomas C. Mann observed that "between April and August, 1960, the Castro regime promoted armed invasions of Panama, the Dominican Republic and Haiti. They all were failures. Then, under the guidance of his Soviet and Chinese Communist masters, Castro's campaign to destroy representative democracy in the Hemisphere became more sophisticated and more dangerous. The new tactic was to overthrow free governments by subversion from within, using and expanding on the Communist apparatus which already existed in every country."

On June 11, 1965, Castro's sister Juanita described her brother before a subcommittee of the House Un-American Activities Committee as a man obsessed with a desire to destroy the United States, and detailed what she called "Castro-Communist plans for intervention and aggression in the Hemisphere." Earlier, in February 1963, a United States Senate Committee published a report entitled "Cuba as a Base for Subversion in America" which discussed at length some of the evidence concerning the role of Cuba in Communist plans for conquest of this hemisphere. The report called attention to the numerous training centers that have been established in Cuba to prepare workers for the "wars of national liberation" in Latin America. In the 1950's most of the professional revolutionaries in Latin America were trained in Prague and the Soviet Union, but in the 1960's Cuba has become a center for training activists of all kinds: leaders, orators, and propagandists; experts in sabotage, espionage, and terrorism in all its forms; specialists in the handling of arms and radio shipment, in guerrilla warfare, etc. Recruitment is carried on preferably among students, teachers,

workers, artists, and writers. As long ago as June 1961, Castro announced granting a thousand fellowships to students from various American countries to study in Cuba.

The report further pointed out that a number of organizations devoted to subversion in the American nations have their headquarters in Cuba. These organizations are useful in making contacts with new people, in infiltration of non-Communist organizations and societies, in using innocent dupes and working through them to insure the safety of Communists who operate behind the scenes. The Cuban government has sponsored many congresses and meetings for the purpose of spreading Marxist-Leninist ideas and winning support for them. The various fronts affiliated with the Communist movement in this hemisphere have tried to weaken the social structure and resistance to Communism through the process of dislocation. The breakdown of law and law enforcement plays directly into the hands of those who are trained to capitalize on chaos. Semi-military organizations are prepared to become the instrument of force without which no Marxist-Leninist revolution can succeed.

According to the report of the Senate Committee, the propaganda that comes out of Havana to the rest of Latin America aims at weakening the governments by creating the kind of social and economic chaos that constitutes a pre-revolutionary situation. The subjects of propaganda vary from country to country according to circumstances. Its most common themes are "Yanqui imperialism" and the pursuit of "national liberation," and its chief instruments are diplomatic and consular missions, trade and technical assistance missions, binational centers and associations for friendship or culture, radio (local broadcasts and transmissions from abroad and tele-communications), printed material, motion pictures, and television. The report concludes that Communism in Cuba "poses a threat of the utmost gravity to the security of the Hemisphere," and points to the terrorism, sabotage, and other subversive activity that Castro's Communism has unleashed in some of the other Latin American countries.

While the danger has been recognized, there has been a

great deal of hesitation to face it. Any measure taken to counteract Communist activities which is not directed at the elimination of the source of the threat will fail in the long run. Attempts to eliminate Communism from this hemisphere by economic aid without eliminating it from Cuba will be ineffectual.

A number of plans of action against Castro have been proposed, chief among them, perhaps, the proposal of Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut, who in 1962 urged that the United States commit itself to a "declaration of independence and freedom for the Cuban people" and recognize a broadly representative provisional Cuban government in exile. No definite steps have been taken to put those proposals in effect, or to form a "Cuban Freedom Legion" in exile whose ranks would be open to all Latin American nationals. It would be useful to establish an Organization of American States military force in order to counteract new Communist attempts to seize power in other Latin American countries, and to have it in a state of readiness should the Cuban people decide to take definite steps against their Communist governors.

The Cuban regime will not collapse because of economic difficulties. The Soviet Union, Red China, the East European countries, and even some of our allies are supporting it and trading with it. Neither will the sharp decline in the Cuban living standard under Castro prevent Communist success in other countries; such reversals of expectation do not discourage the Marxist-Leninist professionals. At the same time, it is easy to exaggerate the difficulties of intervention in Cuba. Fear that Russia would start a nuclear war in response is unrealistic. The Russian leaders do not take high risks; they would certainly not jeopardize all that they have for a small island whose defense would involve extremely difficult problems of logistics and prohibitive costs. The liberation of Cuba from Communism is in the best interest of the security of this country, of the Western Hemisphere, and of the free world. If such action had been taken earlier, there would have been no need to send marines and paratroopers to the Dominican Republic earlier this year.

Without Cuba, the Communists would have great difficulty in

staying on the offensive in Latin America, and without the Communist threat, private investment, creating new jobs and new prosperity, would flow to all the Latin American countries that wanted it, and the present outflow of capital and decline in economic activity would be reversed. The money that Latin American entrepreneurs have deposited in Switzerland and the United States would be put back to work, and the living standard would rise.

On the other hand, the continuation of our present inaction cannot lead to anything but disaster. Miss Castro said in her testimony that if her brother still had Soviet offensive missiles he would not hesitate to use them against the United States; "I do not think the fact that there would be a nuclear war would worry Fidel at all." One day Castro may be in command of nuclear warheads. Our unwillingness to eliminate that danger would certainly be interpreted as our weakness and would stimulate the violence and terrorism that would result in Communist victories elsewhere in Latin America. The combined political and military threat from Cuba to us and to our Latin American neighbors must be dealt with soon.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE HARLEM CLOWNS: ILLUSION AND COMIC FORM IN GENET'S *THE BLACKS*

By HOMER D. SWANDER

PLAYWRIGHTS from Aristophanes on have created characters and employed techniques that appear to blur the line between theatrical illusion and reality—characters who speak directly to the audience as such and techniques that force the audience more or less bluntly into the play. Whether it is Shakespeare's epilogue in *The Tempest* transforming our applause into the final action of the play (the golden act of mercy and prayer that defines us, with Prospero, as human); or Clifford Odets' naïve assault on illusion in *Waiting for Lefty*, with actors in the orchestra seats and the audience joining the shouts for a strike; or Jack Gelber in *The Connection* asking us to believe that in paying for our tickets we have helped to buy heroin for the "real" addicts who appear both on stage and in the lobby, or, as in his more recent play, *The Apple*, inflicting a quarrelsome, paranoid drunk upon the customers in the lobby before the curtain goes up—and however different in detail, scope, and importance such plays may be from one another, or however extradramatic the different strategies may seem to be—they are alike in this essential: all are orthodox in asking us to cooperate in a theatrical illusion that, for the playwright at least, represents a truth. But it is precisely on this point that Jean Genet's technique in *The Blacks*, which at first appears to be similar, is fundamentally different. When the Negro Archibald says to us, "You are white. And spectators," no illusion whatever is involved, even though the word "spectators" soon comes to carry more than one meaning. The actual fact, the situation that is literally real, is what Genet exploits; and it is this real situation that in every sense

and at every point determines the shape, tone, and meaning of the play. Subject, dramatic form, and meaning have never been more identical than in this play that is not so much an esthetic artifact as—literally, in each performance and only in performance—an act of war.

"Only in performance" because it takes the physical presence of Negroes and Whites, actually and ambiguously confronting one another in the theatre, to *produce,* not simply to represent, the reality in which Genet means to submerge us. He has himself defined this aspect of the play by insisting that no performance is possible without black performers and a white audience. He will, to be sure, allow the white audience to be represented, if necessary in some extremity, by a dummy; but this is sufficiently close to sticking the pin in an effigy to meet the twin demands of reality and ceremonial magic (another important aspect of the play). And he will allow no substitution of any kind for the Negro actors. In refusing a white Polish company permission to produce the play, he has written:

> . . . you can well understand that if, a few days before their execution, men under sentence of death—*real* ones—could, in the presence of their judges and executioners, perform, in the prison yard, a play dealing with the perfidious relations between themselves and their judges and executioners, the dramatic emotion arising out of such a performance would have *nothing in common with what usually happens in the theatre* [my italics]. Now, it happens that Blacks—real ones—are under a weighty sentence delivered by that weighty tribunal, Whites—also real ones. These Blacks are thus in the situation indicated by the image I used above: real condemned men in the presence of judges and executioners.
>
> Any Negro performer can act in my play, anywhere, without my permission: to that extent, it no longer belongs to me. But you must certainly realize that the drama would *cease to exist in the hall* [my italics] if white actors, made up as blacks, appeared on the stage instead of real blacks speaking out their real miseries.

This letter makes it impossible to follow such interpretations as that of Mr. Martin Esslin in his book on *The Theatre of the Absurd,* where he says that "the Negroes in *The Blacks,* acted by Negroes, are not really Negroes." We must take Genet at his word here, yet those caught in any of the popular oversimplifications of his work—that, for example, he intends (as Irma's

last speech in *The Balcony* seems to suggest) to reveal everything as false, that his constructs are always in every sense an endless hall of mirrors, that all of his plays are Orthodox Absurd and microcosms of the basic human condition, or that whatever outcast he happens to be writing about he is really writing about all outcasts—may find the letter mildly surprising. Surely Whites playing Blacks playing Whites would seem to take us one step further into the Absurd, and would be closer to the technique and meaning of *The Maids,* in which Genet intends boys to play women playing maids playing their mistress and one another? Perhaps. But in *The Blacks* Genet limits himself —if it is a limitation—to the savage ambiguities inherent in the real Black-White relationship that by his strictures about actors and audiences, and by his procedure in the play, he produces as authentically in the theatre as it appears in a lunch counter in Alabama or in a theatre-gymnasium with the Harlem Clowns.

In fact, Genet's Clown Show, as he subtitles it, is in effect an extension and deepening by a white Frenchman of genius of that peculiarly Negro American art form—the basketball clown show—that has come out of Harlem as one complex resolution of the Negro's role as performer, as entertainer in a white society where slavery remains a vivid memory. The Negro As Performer—Louis Armstrong, Rochester, Lena Horne, Willy Mays: next to the Negro As Servant it is the image the White most clings to; and its seed first appeared in American slavery.

The lyrical history of the Black Man that Genet gives to Village in the play begins, "With my long dark strides I roamed the earth. . . . The surfaces of my body were curved mirrors in which all things were reflected: fish, buffaloes, the laughter of tigers, reeds. . . . I was not singing, I was not dancing"; and it ends, "I crawled through the cotton plants. The dogs sniffed me out. I bit my chains and wrists. Slavery taught me dancing and singing. . . . I died in the hold of a slave ship." As a dead man, then, the Negro started on the road to the wounded, sad, ironic, American art of jazz and the blues and the clown. And as the white world has since allowed him only an illusion of being, he is a performer in a deeper sense than he himself usually knows, bound fast in a grotesque kinship to the theatre. Archi-

bald says, "An Actor . . . a Negro . . . who wants to kill turns even his knife into something make-believe." "They tell us," he has said earlier, "that we're grown-up children. In that case, what's left for us? The theatre!" Genet has seen, in other words, that what he takes to be the basic illusion of the Negro—that his life is a state of being—combined with the white-sanctioned Negro role as performer, makes the theatre the natural, even the inevitable, place in which to explore the meaning of color; and the play manages to activate even the bitter irony that this should be so.

"This evening we shall perform for you," Archibald says twice in explaining the play-within-the-play to the audience; "our sole concern will be to entertain you." It is the apparently innocent and simple claim of the Harlem Clowns, who are however—as actors, basketball players, and Negroes—engaged in a complex, ambiguous rite before a White court and a White judge in which, freely breaking all rules of the game, they ridicule and execute (by defeating) their white opponents. Under cover of a clown show, they act out a fantasy of rebellion through the power of their usually superior athletic ability and by appropriating for their own racial dreams the privileged freedom of the clown.

Since *The Blacks,* we can no longer regard such activity as innocent. Through Genet, the Negroes in the play—characters *and* actors—have learned the new significance, possibilities, and purpose of the Negro as performer. The play-within-the-play and the play itself share the same purposes: to terrify, amuse and hold the attention of the Whites while decisive—and real—events occur elsewhere; and to open the way to a true state of being for the Blacks.

The effect of the play upon the actors appears clearly in Mr Roger Blin's discussion of the difficulties he encountered in directing the first production. The most serious

> were the difficulties . . . with the "white" Negroes living in Paris. They were well brought up Negroes, assimilated Negroes who were shocked by Genet's language. They did not want to be taken for savages. And yet, one did not have to scratch too deeply to discover that they had suffered the tortures of racism and persecution, the immense pain of being

considered inferior. Fundamentally, they agreed with every word in the play, with the spirit of the work. And keep in mind that *The Blacks* went into rehearsal at a time when many African countries were seeking their independence. For these actors, then, the piece took on great meaning. Even the most assimilated Negro felt a deep craving for independence, to expel their oppressors.

Any white person who has seen the play performed understands why Eugène Ionesco could not stay to the end. Mr. Blin has reported that "As a white man . . . [Ionesco] felt he was being attacked; he sensed the great pleasure the Negro actors took each time they insulted the whites."

Yet this pleasure is an essential part of the play: "real blacks speaking out their real miseries." Genet has quite consciously written a play in which the actors themselves cannot know when they are acting and when they are not. Archibald tells the others, "You're a Negro and a performer. . . . Now, this evening—but this evening only—we cease to be performers, since we are Negroes [for in one sense of course Negroes who play Negroes are not pretending]. On this stage, we're like guilty prisoners who play at being guilty." But later he wonders about Diouf: "is he still acting or is he speaking for himself?" No one knows, perhaps least of all the actor playing Diouf. Illusion—ordinary stage illusion, people pretending to feelings not their own—and reality are, for actors and audience, inextricably mixed. Genet has complained that the "occidental actor does not try to become a symbol laden with symbols; he wants merely to identify himself with a character"; and *The Blacks* directly attacks this kind of acting by making ordinary theatrical identification impossible for the paradoxical reason that, in the depths of themselves and at real moments, the actors *are* the characters, and this identification is not only real but is one of the symbols with which they are laden. It is part of what Genet had in mind when he claimed that "the dramatic emotion arising out of such a performance would have nothing in common with what usually happens in the theatre."

Mr. Blin's difficulties in the real world are exactly those that Archibald has in the play with Diouf (who wants to love mankind) and Village (who wants to love a woman): for Genet fore-

saw all such difficulties, recognizing them as part of his subject and as one of his symbols. In each case—Blin's and Archibald's —they accurately mirror the Negro world beyond the stage and beyond the Parisian rehearsals. Like Blin, Archibald must hold his actors to the language and gestures demanded by a violent, uncompromising script; but presumably unlike him (who, after all, is white), his purpose is not to produce a play but to pursue racial total war by the only means now at his command: the theatre.

On the one hand, as we have seen and as Ionesco felt so strongly, there is no pretense at all: the hatred is real. On the other, there is every possible pretense: masks, a fake catafalque, the story of a murder that constantly changes, the parody of a trial, executions with pop guns, the castration of a Bishop. All of this is the Clown Show proper, what Archibald calls the entertainment but what progressively reveals itself as an "architecture of emptiness" intended only "for display" so that we will sense "nothing of what's going on elsewhere"; a weapon of rage intended to "set [our] teeth on edge," to haunt and terrify us; a savage caricature of white ideas; and a series of "symbols laden with symbols." We are really watching a play-within-a-play-within-a-play, and though the lines between them shift without warning, the confusion does not prevent identification: at the center is the conflict between a White Court of Justice (Negroes in white masks: Queen, Bishop, Judge, Governor-General, Artist-Valet) and the Negroes; inside that is the reenactment for the Court of the supposed rape-murder of a white woman; and outside it, containing the rest, lies the structure that includes Archibald's speeches to the audience, the Court when it unmasks, the reports by Newport News of events elsewhere, and the Village-Virtue love affair. The conflict with the Court and the reenactment of the crime together comprise the ambiguous "entertainment" of the evening, and Archibald reigns over them as play-director and racial strategist.

His ultimate goal is exactly that of the Black Muslims—the death of all Whites—but his strategy is different. Though they glorify their blackness and outlaw hair straightening and dyeing, they carefully avoid the White-imposed image of the Negro as

a dancing, singing, laughing, shouting people. Aggressively conservative in speech, gesture, dress, and manners, they even proscribe all "Negro" food (cornbread, pork, collard greens, and so on). But Archibald says:

> I order you to be black to your very veins. Pump black blood through them. Let Africa circulate in them. Let Negroes negrify themselves. Let them persist to the point of madness in what they're condemned to be, in their ebony, in their odor, in their yellow eyes, in their cannibal tastes. Let them not be content with eating Whites, but let them cook each other as well. Let them invent recipes for shin-bones, knee-caps, calves, thick lips, everything. Let them invent unknown sauces. Let them invent hiccoughs, belches and farts that'll give out a deleterious jazz. Let them invent a criminal painting and dancing. Negroes, if they change toward us, let it not be out of indulgence, but terror.

This is to accept blackness in all its ramifications, even those that are false, an acceptance like Genet's own celebrated existential choice, derived like it from an ontology in which to be called a thief (or a Black) and not to be one—to be a prisoner and not to be guilty—is not to be at all. The Muslims use the theatre in what Archibald would think a futile, meaningless gesture: to proclaim Black innocence and White guilt. In their widely produced play—which is also about a trial—the judge, jury, police, and prosecutor are all nobly black; and a cringing white man is pronounced guilty and condemned to death for all the crimes of the human race. Archibald, on the other hand, believes that "The time has not yet come for presenting dramas about noble matters." The Whites, he says, "merge us with an image and drown us in it"—are blind to us as persons, see only their own generalizations, thus steadfastly deny us Being—so We'll play at being reflected in [the theatre], and we'll see ourselves [as individuals] . . . slowly disappearing into its waters. . . . Nothing will remain but the foam of . . . rage . . . a specter . . . to haunt them." Denied Being, that is, Genet's Blacks choose to dwell violently in the state of non-being, and to do so in the place that is itself the deepest symbol of their plight: in the theatre, where all is—isn't it?—"make-believe."

Mr. Esslin's widely-shared error about the reality of the Negroes arises partly from a misunderstanding of two questions that

preface the play. After explaining that someone had urged him to write a play for an all-black cast, Genet asks, "But what exactly is a black? First of all, what's his color?" At first the questions do seem to suggest that there is no such thing as a definable Black, and this understandably leads to Mr. Esslin's conclusion that the Blacks represent something beyond themselves (all outcasts, he thinks). The questions are indeed ontological, but (as the play reveals and Genet's letter to the Polish producer implies) they remain unanswered only in a white society where the Negro is never a person but only an image in the white man's head, where the White imagination shapes everything in its own terms—"I am white," the Queen says, "it's milk that denotes me, it's the lily, the dove, quicklime, and the clear conscience, it's Poland with its eagle and snow!"—and where history and all that it contains (art, literature, philosophy, man's ideas of nature) are white: the Queen legitimately invokes to her rescue the "angel of the flaming sword, virgins of the Parthenon, stained-glass of Chartres, Lord Byron, Chopin, French cooking, the Unknown Soldier, Tyrolean songs, Aristotelian principles, heroic couplets, poppies, sunflowers, a touch of coquetry, vicarage gardens. . . ." In such a society, "Negro" and "black" are either synonymous with "guilty" or are as empty of meaning as the "shiny black make-up" from the shoeshine kit with which (in Archibald's words) the Negroes "embellish" themselves "in order to serve" us. The plays—both Archibald's and Genet's—mean to move toward a point from which answers can be found for Genet's questions, from which Black, that is, will define itself as a unique and noble state of being; and to reach such a point it is first necessary, as Newport News says, to "corrode and dissolve the idea they'd like us to have of them." As the Queen very astutely sees, the Negro strategy is to "transform [the Whites] into an allegory," to adorn them with titles, charge them with hatred, make of each an image, a symbol. She reminds Archibald that real people once existed behind the allegory: "I had to live and suffer to become that image . . . and I have even loved . . . loved." But her ludicrous sadness and the possible truth of the remark evoke no compassion—she does not expect it to—the Negroes are far too busy doing as they were

ɔne by: in the absurd figures of the Court and Marie, the mur- ɛred middle-class housewife, they have merged the White with ı image and drowned him in it.

The reenactment of the murder, designated by the characters ıemselves as a ceremony or rite, is intended to be salvific but ın only be so if Village kills in hatred and in order to deserve ıe judgment that white civilization has pronounced upon the egro. His motivation is a matter of general and deep concern, r only in its purity is there a way to Being. Snow (speaking ıt of the female suspicion that black men desire white women) ants to be "sure that Village bumped the woman off in order heighten the fact that he's a scarred, smelly, thick-lipped, ub-nosed Negro . . . sure [that] he killed her in order to erge with the night." Archibald, pointing to the catafalque hich, as the shifting story makes clear, contains the White ace: men, women, children, heroes, and tramps), says, "We'll saved by *that.*" And later he says of Village, "His crime saves m. If he committed it with hatred. . . ." Only then can it ɔssess the absolute meaning that the Judge sees clearly: "He lled out of hatred. Hatred of the color white. That was tanta- ount to killing our entire race and killing us till doomsday." hich is indeed the purpose—and the reality—of the rite, con- ived as it is in just such a hatred. Unless we understand is, we understand nothing of *The Blacks:* properly performed, is tantamount to killing the entire white race and killing it l doomsday. The struggle and the sacrifice that Village (under e pressure from Archibald) makes to bring himself to the re- ıired purity suggest the great struggle and sacrifice demanded all Negroes—even though, as Snow says caustically, the ength needed is only "enough to kill a white woman who's eady dead."

Both Whites and Blacks, as Genet represents them, are dead; ıt the Whites have yielded to death, and the Blacks are in the ocess of choosing life. Denied all that is real except guilt, they ng to it at all costs—"don't," says the Negro queen, Felicity, ɛt the crime be glossed over." And by insisting on the state of ing that potentially resides in the guilt of being black, they ınsform the crime: it is, cries Felicity, "sprouting, sprouting,

my beauty, it's growing, bright and green, it's bursting into bloom, into perfume, and that lovely tree, that crime of mine, is all Africa!" Moreover, as the white Queen sees, by engaging "every single second . . . in a preposterous and baleful rite" against the Whites, the Negroes create flowers the murderous odor of which spreads all through the White West.

Though the strategy demanded of them is savage, the Negroes openly yearn for an existence in which order, justice, harmony, and love are realities, not illusions. And in spite of what is usually said about Genet, this play (beyond the hate that motivates it) bases itself upon a respect for perfectly traditional values, the values that have been appropriated, exploited, and corrupted by Whites, that in the West are identified with whiteness. It is this piratical identification, which imprisons the Blacks in guilt, that Archibald and the others intend to destroy; but they mean not only to destroy but to create: "everything," Felicity says,

> is changing. Whatever is gentle and kind and good and tender will be black. Milk will be black, sugar, rice, the sky, doves, hope, will be black. So will opera to which we shall go, blacks that we are, in black Rolls Royces to hail black kings, to hear brass bands beneath chandeliers of black crystal . . .

Speaking in the new language of Black Being that Genet has given her, Felicity achieves even an incipient metaphysic: "Beyond [the] shattered darkness, which was splintered into millions of Blacks who dropped to the jungle, we were Darkness in person. Not the darkness which is absence of light, but the kindly and terrible Mother who contains light and deeds." And in the new life the night will be a "merciful mother," while the day will be a time when Negroes will "perform for the sun ceremonies like those of this evening"—will attack the sun itself, that is, engaging not mere Whites but the universe. They will have earned the right to perform noble dramas, tragedies instead of clown shows. They, like the Whites whom Diouf describes, will be "able to perform true dramas and to believe in them."

"The tragedy," says Archibald, "will lie in the color black! It's *that* that you'll cherish, *that* that you'll attain, and deserve

It's *that* that must be earned." And until it is, the Clown Show —whether from Harlem or from Paris—is symbolically right because it is all that is truly possible, a fact that reveals itself in various ways. For example, a friend of mine once saw *Hamlet* acted by an amateur, Southern Negro cast; and in that strange performance (which Genet would have appreciated) lies, as in the show of the Harlem Clowns, the source, justification, and verification of Genet's style and dramatic genre. Early in the play, partly as a result of an uncalculated incongruity between native accent or gesture and the white-classical demands of the role, Polonius got a laugh. At once, he and the others, sensing the cause of the laughter, succumbed to the temptation presented by it—and began actually to exploit the incongruity, exaggerating their native accents and gestures. Soon a grotesque, complicated, and (I imagine) uneasy laughter was the only possible response: the tragedy of the White Prince of Denmark had become a Negro clown show. Inevitably, Genet would say. What else could it be in what Diouf calls the Negro "realm of gratuitousness," a realm where even necessity—without which tragedy and Being are impossible—is absent? When taken (as a white woman) up into the white world—up to the gallery where the Court reigns—Diouf finds necessity "a very curious novelty. The harmony thrills me." But on the lower stage the clown show, Archibald says, goes on "to the very end, absurdly." An absurd theatre is all that is possible now.

Diouf—whose American counterpart is the Rev. Martin Luther King (as seen through the eyes of Elijah Muhammud or Malcolm X), and whose divided mind at the same time corresponds exactly to certain real divisions within the Negro world —has suffered too much "Negro solitude" not to "need . . . to glorify my exquisite savageness," and "too much shame not to want to befoul [the] beauteous souls" of the Whites; but he knows that "it's not easy to cast off a guilty meekness that the heart desires," and he would like "the performance . . . to unfold so harmoniously that they *(pointing to the audience)* see only the beauty of it, and I would like them to recognize us in that beauty which disposes them to love." The stage directions at this point indicate a long silence: the other Negroes

are so stunned that comment is impossible. At last Bobo remarks that if Diouf were in the desert, he would relieve his thirst by opening his own veins for a drink. And Archibald flatly rejects beauty, harmony, and love as a basis, for Negroes in a white world, of drama or society: "Sir, if you have any intention of presenting even the most trivial of their ideas without caricaturing it, then get out! Beat it!"

The play-within-the play is thus, in conformance with Archibald's demands, a caricatured representation of a state of nonbeing: an illusion of an illusion, an "architecture of emptiness" —in front of which and behind which something real is taking place. The reality in front is our relations with the actors, and Genet exposes this in many ways. At one point, Village—out of the impatience of his love for Virtue, his desire simply to live—rebels against Archibald: "We don't want to be guilty of anything any more, Virtue will be my wife." And Archibald tells him too, "Then get the hell out. Beat it! Go away. Take her with you. Go join them *(pointing to the audience)* . . . if they'll have you." As he looks from Village to us and back it is a terrible moment, for we know all too well the terms on which the white world would have them. At another point a white spectator is asked to come on stage to hold Marie's knitting. After several minutes, during which the play goes on and he is left standing foolishly with the knitting, Village directs him to return it to Marie and to return to his seat. As he did so in the excellent West Coast production, the Negroes followed him with their eyes, holding him for an interminable moment in a glare full of hatred and contempt. The illusion that we were merely in the theatre disappeared entirely; it was another of those moments that drove Ionesco away from the play.

The reality *behind* the emptiness takes place outside the theatre—in the American South, in Black Muslim temples, especially in Africa. When, in a long impassioned outburst, Felicity calls all Blacks to her rescue, a single Negro enters slowly but conspicuously: Newport News, the man in touch with Blacks elsewhere who are pursuing another mode of action in the same total war, Blacks who compose a court, a congress, and an army—a Black government in which real events occur. One

kind of Negro—a traitor, presumably a Negro who hoped for peace with the whites—is tried and executed; another kind—a leader who is "Exactly as he must be in order to spread panic by force and cunning"—is acclaimed. Of the trial, Archibald says, "Bear in mind that it's a matter of judging and probably sentencing and executing a Negro. That's a serious affair. It's no longer a matter of staging a performance. The man . . . is a real man . . . it's a matter of living blood, hot, supple, reeking blood, of blood that bleeds." And Newport News agrees: "That's very tough. But though we can put on an act in front of them *(pointing to the audience)*, we've got to stop acting when we're among ourselves. We'll have to get used to taking responsibility for blood—our own." This trial marks the end, in other words, not only of the Negro-as-assimilationist but of the Negro-as-performer. He has moved into a state of being. He is beginning to answer in deeds the questions, "What exactly is a black? What's his color?"

Of the new leader, Newport says, "He's on his way. He's going off to organize and continue the fight. Our aim is . . . to fight [the whites] in their actual persons, in their flesh and blood." Again it is real; and as for the performance in the theatre, it was "only for display," so that we would not sense what was "going on elsewhere." The moment Newport begins his announcement (which is signaled by fireworks offstage), there is no longer any need for the clown show—and the members of the Court take off their masks. When they later continue briefly, it is only to allow the Negroes—the condemned—to execute their judges: absurdly, as Archibald says. It was Newport News who became angry when he suspected that Archibald wanted "to continue [the ceremony—which is to say, the life of hate] forever and ever"; and it has now been, as he says, his "joy to finish off the performance" with his news of Blacks who are defining themselves as Blacks. Once when Newport leaves, ostensibly to visit the trial, the Valet asks where he has gone, and Archibald replies, "Backstage." Which is of course true, but back of this stage—as Roger Blin's actors knew—stretches all of Africa.

It is thus a mistake to take *The Blacks* as an absurdist fantasy

similar to Genet's three earlier plays. The very nature of its subject moves it toward prophecy, for the Negro is—actually, and therefore in the play—an outcast with a real possibility of overthrowing his oppressors. These characters—unlike the sisters in *The Maids*—know exactly what they are doing, and possess an intelligible goal that may actually, in history, prove accessible; and unlike the characters in *Deathwatch* and *The Balcony,* as well as in *The Maids,* the Negroes want—are determined—to escape their imprisonment. Thus the generalizations about Genet that one is likely to fall into—Mr. Esslin's for example: "Genet's game of mirrors . . . is a device to uncover the fundamental absurdity of being, its nothingness," and "Genet's theatre . . . explores . . . [man's] futile search for meaning and reality"—simply do not apply to *The Blacks.*

Negroes, unlike Genet's other outcasts, need not content themselves with symbolic acts (like Genet's own thieving, for example). They have a real future in their own terms. And the symbolic acts—of the actors in this play, or of the Harlem Clowns, for example, all those acts in which they are what we say they are—become diversionary tactics in a war that can be won. Darkness, as the white Queen knows, gives birth "every day to a hundred heroes who put on an act." In the interim period before complete victory, the traditional role of performer, of entertainer is transformed: the Harlem Clowns become heroes. The Negro entertainer—Belafonte, Wilt-the-Stilt, or Dick Gregory—now serves, whether he knows it or not, a racial purpose—for the Muslims, for the black chiefs of Africa, for the perhaps secret desires of his own black heart. His clown show, whatever its form, is a diversionary façade behind which the real things happen.

Furthermore, the order that Genet's Negroes foresee is not fundamentally absurd. Newport News, in answer to what the stage directions designate as a stern inquiry about the offstage trial, insists, "Not only were the forms of justice applied, but the spirit as well." These Blacks reject the easy servitude offered by the Queen, consciously choosing the hardships and responsibilities of those who "have to *be*"—even though it may mean "Long labor on continents, for centuries," only (as the Queen

warns) "to carve yourself a sepulchre that may be less beautiful than mine." The possibility of death at the end does not make Being appear to them absurd.

Genet has somewhere written that "If one has chosen to contemplate oneself dying deliciously, one must rigorously pursue and arrange the funeral symbols. Or choose to live and discover the Enemy. For me there will never be an Enemy anywhere, there will never be a homeland." The light this throws on *The Blacks* is very great; for here we have the Whites, who are pursuing funeral symbols, the Blacks, who have chosen to live, and Genet himself—who, because he is white but hates the White West, fits into neither category. *The Blacks* is thus a gift, the first play he has not written essentially for himself. He has, after all, himself been a thief, a pimp, an employee, a prisoner. But he cannot be a Black; thus their choice is not open to him. So he has written the play for, and given it to, Negroes. They may even, as he explains in his letter to the white producer, act it without his permission. Where they are concerned, "it no longer belongs to me."

Archibald, Newport News, Village: they are the heart of the gift. Archibald has "discovered the Enemy," Newport News is in touch with the "homeland," Village is every moment "choosing to live." And upon Archibald, Genet has conferred his own great ability to manipulate mirrors, which have thus become a weapon against the white audience. These Negroes are what the Whites never counted on: shrewd, calculating, intelligent, disciplined, determined, revolutionary (not happy, carefree, lazy, ignorant, bestial). James Baldwin, as a preface to his book *Another Country*, quotes Henry James:

> They strike one, above all, as giving no account of themselves in any terms already consecrated by human use; to this inarticulate state they probably form, collectively, the most unprecedented of monuments; abysmal the mystery of what they think, what they feel, what they want, what they suppose themselves to be saying.

Presumably Baldwin means his novel to speak for these strangers, and perhaps it does by demanding compassion. All but two or three of his characters (white or black) are inarticulate.

undisciplined, irrational, and lost—hopelessly so—and in this they contrast as sharply with Genet's heroic clowns as the hangers-on in a Harlem honky-tonk with the solemn, composed Black Muslims in their dark, Ivy League suits. Genet does not offer himself in any sense as a spokesman. Instead, he offers a play in which, out of a vividly poetic ontology and epistemology of color, Negroes—Negro actors—speak for themselves. They choose to accept the prison of blackness into which they were born, to escape it by intensifying, exaggerating, and transforming it into Being.

Genet's concluding symbol is of course in the final stage image or, to put it another way, in the form of the play: the end to which the beginning and middle bring us. Here the play takes its place with Wycherley's *The Country Wife* for absolute union of matter and dramatic form, using and violating the traditional pattern of comedy in ways that arise directly out of the subject and serve perfectly the idea. The defining ingredients of the comic form are openly there: music, a loving couple a harmonious community. For the Negroes it is certainly a comedy. But through a strategy absolutely new in Western drama, the audience can *in no sense* share the comic community. In his opening remarks to the audience, Archibald has said:

> . . . in order that you may remain comfortably settled in your seat . . . in order that you be assured that there is no danger of such a drama's worming its way into your precious lives, we shall even have the decency . . . to make communication impossible. We shall increase the distance that separates us—a distance that is basic—by our pomp, our manners, our insolence. . . . If we sever bonds, may a continent drift off and may Africa sink or fly away . . .

"May it fly away," repeats the white Queen, "was that a metaphor?" It was indeed, and the final staging completes it:

> The black backdrop rises. All the Negroes—including those who constituted the Court and who are without their masks—are standing about a white-draped catafalque like the one seen at the beginning of the play. Opening measures of the minuet from *Don Giovanni*. Hand in hand Village and Virtue walk toward them, thus turning their backs to the audience. The curtain is drawn.

The similarity to the opening scene has led some critics to think that the play is circular, perhaps like Ionesco's *The Lesson,* and that we are back where we started. But this is to miss the whole point. These actors are, quite literally, not where they were at the beginning. They are farther away: the "distance" (in all of its meanings) between them and us has increased. They are, furthermore, behind the point at which the backdrop has defined the stage, which is to say that they are (and this should be a vivid part of the visual image) *backstage,* that mysterious continent to which Newport News traveled: a place where there is not so much as a white mask much less a White. The catafalque, to be sure, is draped in white—a reminder that black is no longer the color of funerals. When Village and Virtue turn their backs on us as if we no longer existed, and the curtain is drawn, the "distance" has become a total severing. Africa has indeed flown away. And if the actors are true to the spirit of the work, they will answer no curtain call.

As a form, comedy looks forward—into the happy future promised by the harmonious resolution—and (for the Negroes) *The Blacks* is perfectly orthodox in this. Village, freed at last from the demands of the "performance," can turn in love toward Virtue. But how?—"if I take your hand in mine? If I put my arms around your shoulders . . . if I hug you?" It is a real uncertainty: the forms and gestures of humanity have been claimed too long and too successfully by the white race. Virtue wants him to invent something else, and the last words of the play are these:

> *Village:* For you I could invent anything: fruits, brighter words, a two-wheeled wheelbarrow, cherries without pits, a bed for three, a needle that doesn't prick. But gestures of love, that's harder . . . still, if you really want me to . . .
> *Virtue:* I'll help you. At least, there's one sure thing: you won't be able to wind your fingers in my long golden hair . . .

They are no longer guilty, no longer in prison. Though some of the broken chains still dangle about them, Genet has created a real sense of victory for the freedom to *be.* The Blacks have begun to speak and act and love in their own terms as they dis-

cover those terms, creating themselves as they invent new metaphors, new gadgets, new gestures, perhaps.

But they do so over the corpse of the White West. Very early in the play the Governor says, "we know that we've come to attend our own funeral rites." And when we leave the theatre, we know—or ought to know—that simply by coming we have been pursuing the symbols of *our* funeral.

Should we, then, have come at all? What can be our reaction to a play that is an open assault on the idea of humanity as such, on the idea of bonds created by a shared human nature that is deeper than color; to a play that is "tantamount to killing our entire race and killing us till doomsday"? Genet has said that Evil "is the only thing that has sufficient power to communicate enthusiasm to my pen, a sign, in this case, of my fundamental allegiance." *The Blacks,* in which his pen is clearly enthusiastic, is true to this allegiance. It is an evil act: in intention and in fact; far more evil because far more pure than a meeting of the White Citizens Council or of the Black Muslims. As a work of art, it is perfectly ordered, and as a prophecy it looks forward to order. But as a concrete act in the world, its effect is to create the chaos of hate. Unfortunately the only play about race that is equal to its subject—nothing yet written in love can come close to it—it is like an intercontinental missile, a perfect and complicated order the sole purpose of which is to destroy. And there is at last only one decent or intelligent human reaction: to hate it.

To ask how this hatred should be translated into action is only to remain in the extraliterary world in which the play lives. The White West is, as only the foolish deny, on trial; and one strange but instructive way of putting it is: can we destroy Genet's play before it destroys us? If, through our own creative acts, we ever dissolve the prison and build a world that is profoundly human instead of white or black, we shall have rendered *The Blacks* precisely as meaningless as if it were to be performed by white actors. In such a world, the play—to use Genet's words —"would cease to exist in the hall." Which would be a death worth celebrating.

CHAMPION RED ARCHER

By THOMAS SINCLAIR

CROWELL, Gerald, and Virginia Fox would inherit all of the properties in the town of Oyster Bay—the securities, the cash, and the real estate and development business that for sixty years had been the basis of the family wealth. Their grandfather dead, his two sons—their father and his older brother—had assumed control twenty years before. Their father, though less active in the business, had always shared equally in the profits, which became considerable with the end of the war in 1945 and the subsequent explosive growth of the town.

Tom Fox, their uncle, had no children, and at sixty-eight was still not retiring. He had always got on with his younger brother, decently as he knew he should, and cherished his niece and two nephews. He consulted with his brother, three years younger than he was, and decided it was time to surrender part of the fortune to the children. It would be the only way to limit the damage that taxes would do to the family fortune at their deaths.

So it was in the winter of 1964 that Crowell, Gerald, and Virginia Fox found themselves trustees of one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars each in real property that they couldn't touch while their elders were alive, and eight thousand dollars each in cash with which they could do as they pleased.

Crowell Fox at thirty-two was the eldest, unmarried, and executive assistant to the president of a small but important corporation. He made eighteen thousand dollars a year, and had no immediate plans for the money.

Gerald was thirty, married, lived in Cold Spring Harbor with his wife and son, worked in the family business, was harried for money and would use most of his share to get out of debt for a sports car, furniture, dental bills, clothes—all the extravagance of living on the twelve thousand a year he earned.

Virginia Fox taught school in Lattingtown; at twenty-seven she was enormously fat, reclusive, lived at home with her

mother, father, and brother Crowell, attended church vigilantly with her mother, traveled in the summers and had been to Rome twice to be blessed by John XXIII and Paul VI. She put her eight thousand into securities which would undoubtedly one day be the gift of a virgin aunt to deserving and undeserving nieces, nephews, and St. Frances de Chantal Church. She had no personal use for the money at all, other than genuinely liking a good deal of it for itself.

Crowell Fox was a stunning man.

Six foot one, broad powerful shoulders, chest, and arms, broad muscular waist, black hair faintly thinning, even-featured, fine clear blue eyes. After country day school, Canterbury, and two years at Brown, he left for five years with the Holy Cross Fathers as a student for the priesthood. He completed his undergraduate degree at Catholic University in Washington while he was with the Fathers.

It was his fifth year, when he was to have taken his final vows that he left them. He had asked himself searching questions about why he was entering the priesthood, and concluded that it was less for love of Christ and His Church than for leaving the world he knew. He didn't like that in himself, recognized in himself a parallel with his father's retreat from much of business, most of life, to his house and incidentally his wife and children, his house where he read extensively, cared for his property, became increasingly cranky with the years, and visited and was visited very little by his own choice.

Crowell saw too how his mother encouraged his father in his retreat from life. He saw his sister Virginia—hugely heavy, not truly discouraged, not openly driven by the example of others or covertly driven by her mother's and father's desire to live another kind of life. She had been vastly overweight from childhood. Apart from her teaching, church, and one or two unmarried women of her own age, as physically unattractive as herself, teachers like herself, she had no one. She traveled in the summer, went to the theatre occasionally through the rest of the year. She had not gone out with a man since her first two or three years at college. She had dropped her Oyster Bay friends altogether, her childhood and high-school friends. They were

married, all of them, but she would have dropped them anyway.

Gerry, Crowell's younger brother, for all his faults, had at least become engaged with life, with the result that he was now engaged with his wife, his child, his wife's large family, and his chronic indebtedness. Crowell loved him, had patience for him. With Gerry's failing out of Williams his first year and returning to live at home under stern parental surveillance, and then nearly failing out of, but barely completing, St. John's, Crowell's father had become increasingly discontented with both his sons. Whatever Gerry's impulsive, error-filled, edgy (school, wife, business, money) life was, Crowell yet admired his willingness to enter into it.

Apart from his family's way of living, which Crowell knew had something to do with his decision to be a priest (and made him doubt that he was right for the priesthood), other and graver questions stirred in him. The year after he left the Fathers he was wholly lost. He felt vacant. The world was unfamiliar. Though he returned to his family in Oyster Bay, he remained, he later recognized, altogether withdrawn. He was indecently sensitive to family, old friends, the town. Their knowledge of him. He felt unchristian disgrace. Shame. At twenty-five.

The beginning of that year he couldn't work. He would do nothing at all. He bought a small car and drove along the beaches and ran his Irish setter. Half-way through the year he ventured his first visit and chose Brown friends who he knew summered in East Hampton. They knew little of his last five years and exerted the least pressure on him at that time. He brought himself out with them.

That same summer, incidental to those long weekends with his friends, he showed his setter at a South Hampton breed show. The dog took a ribbon, and Crowell's deep affection for him was enhanced with a new interest. The setter had champion blood, Crowell knew, and at the end of the summer he bought a bitch and built a kennel and run on the family property. He began to breed setters.

The pleasure his dogs gave him led him back into life—and expense. At the end of the year he wanted to work. With his beautiful manners, style, training, intelligence (he had worked

hard a long time), and his family's connections he easily found a job in New York. There he quickly had considerable success, and there he had stayed the past seven years.

Now, to his inheritance of eight thousand dollars, he added six thousand of his own and bought the setter that had been first of hunters and second of the six best dogs at Westminster the year before, for fourteen thousand dollars. Crowell knew it was a hell of a risk, but the champion was magnificent. His pleasure in the dog was overwhelming. The champion's nerve, head, chest, bone, color were astonishing. He had been seeing him in shows for three years. Now to hold him: his own. The risk was there, but with the breeding fees, showing him, and, most important, the breed line he could establish, the possibilities were almost unlimited.

When he brought the champion to Oyster Bay, his family admired him, especially his mother and Virginia. They had had Irish setters since Crowell was a boy. They had given him the setter he showed first when he had been in Washington.

He bred Champion Lex Red Archer to one of his own setter bitches that winter, and received requests for other matings and allowed three. He earned twelve hundred dollars. His bitch's litter was due the middle of April. He showed the champion once in early March, and the dog won first in show as much on reputation as on his enormous style. The absolute nerve when he was put down was stunning—the tension, the exquisite quivering sense of the animal.

Maureen Cole went to the first show with Crowell. She had seen the champion the first week after Crowell had bought him when Crowell brought the dog to her apartment in New York. Earlier she had seen Crowell's old dog, and the difference she perceived at once in the new setter was his youth, his incomparable youth.

"He's a beautiful animal," she told Crowell.

Crowell nodded and smiled. "He is." His voice was low, as it always was.

"You're happy with him." She looked at Crowell.

"Very." He looked down at the dog sitting by him, ruffled his head.

"What did you pay for him?" She looked at Crowell amazedly, half amused, pleased for him.

"Fourteen thousand dollars." Each word carefully.

"My God." She laughed.

"How've you been?" he asked.

"Fine." She looked at the dog. She hadn't been near anything, as close to it, knowing it, associated with it, as expensive as this in her life. It was strange and good looking at it. It occurred to her then she hadn't seen Crowell in two weeks. She'd known him a little more than a year, had seen him often the past eight months.

"You look fine." He watched her, and she was embarrassed. She turned her head a moment to evade his eyes, looked at a picture on the wall.

From Port Huron and the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, at twenty-three she had come to New York and been there three years when she met Crowell. She had a graduate degree in economics and had been asked to come from Michigan with one of the airlines. At twenty-seven she was a marvelous woman—fine, decent, good: five foot two or three, wonderful sandy hair, sweetly nervous, physically nervous, not in any other way, untroubled altogether, an absolute level of energy; fine blue eyes that were the least large, a pretty, young face, and a fine figure, good legs; but most important, her lovingness and gift for appreciation, her senses, her generous smiling, smiling easily and well, her beautiful insensitivity to meaningless, unintentional gesture. She saw past the gesture and considered. She loved Crowell. She had loved him very quickly when she met him first the summer a year before. His body, his face, his eyes, him, the way he was, his manners at first, more even than his manners almost at once after that. She loved him.

She was always deeply pleased when he called. She sat a little busily now, as she often did, one leg beneath her on the forward edge of the flowered couch. It was a late Saturday, end-of-January afternoon. She glanced quickly over her shoulder to the paired windows behind her. There was some snow. She re-

turned her attention to Crowell, looking at him, lowering her glance to avoid his eyes watching her. She looked up. "Cold."

Crowell smiled. "Snow." He rose from his couch, across a low table from its duplicate where Maureen sat. He reached his hand down and touched her face on his way to the window. She looked up at him and held his hand to her face for a moment then released it as he gently drew it away. He had to incline his head toward the pane to see down the steep face of the building to Lexington Avenue below, beginning to be covered with snow. Then he looked up at the sky.

Maureen came to stand beside him at the window and looked out with him at the leaden sky, the busy street, hugging her arms at the chill near the windows, enjoying the warmth of the room and looking out at the first snow of the year.

"What a lovely day," she said, and meant it, grateful for the shelter and their separateness from everything outside her windows those hours.

"It's going to last," Crowell said and put his arm around her shoulders.

"It is indeed," she said.

He kept looking out of the window. "How do you know?" He smiled.

"I know." She came close to him, her breath clouding the pane before her.

"How do you know?" He looked down at the top of her head holding her so tightly that she could hardly turn her head toward him, and she laughed.

"I know for New York there's going to be a lot of snow." She turned around in his arm and looked into his eyes, his face, and clasped her hands around his waist and stood away from him a little. He leaned his face down toward hers, and she said "Crowell," and kissed him.

Her lips, her face were so tender to him. He kissed her again at the window and felt the silk of her face as he held her, and knew the powdery scent from her bath, and the sweet taste of her lips, and the tenderness of her eyes wet when he put his face against hers. He held her closely and felt her back, the bone small and warm, tender to his hands through the silk blouse, and

he lifted the blouse out of her slacks as she leaned up to him, wanting him to do it, and felt her flesh warm and alive and flowing, moving to him and away from him.

He kissed her, then he took her hand. "Come on," he said.

She nodded. Passing she turned off the lamp between the couches. She'd forgotten the setter. He lay quietly beside the lounge where Crowell had been sitting; now he suddenly rose. "Stay," Crowell ordered quietly. "Stay." The setter lay down again. Crowell held her head tenderly and went with her out of the living room to her bedroom off the small hallway. He kissed her, and she kissed him, then drew away a moment and sat on her bed and put her hand on the cover beside her to indicate the place for him. He leaned down to her, and she lay back on the bed and drew him to her fiercely. They were close and holding each other, then weren't dressed and were together that long afternoon.

In the early evening they bathed, and she found him a towel when he called from the shower to ask for one. At seven-thirty they left. On Lexington Avenue the traffic was stilled altogether except for an occasional car moving slowly. The streets were covered with snow, thick with it. They found a small restaurant they knew a few streets away on Seventy-sixth Street, and after walking in the quiet snowy night they were very happy to talk about her work, the pilots at the airlines (he nodded gravely, then amusedly) and later about his work, his business, and the champion. Crowell told her what he fed him.

They ate well and drank well in the lovely night, then in two hours returned to the apartment and Crowell spent the night with her.

It was the first time they had been together the whole night. They had never been with each other at all for most of the first year they knew each other—the past four months only.

The lovingness Maureen felt for him after that night became unbreakable. She needed and longed to be with him always now. He was in her thoughts all her days now, each day at work and at home, with other women friends from work or from home who were in New York as she was. She loved him.

Crowell loved her as well, not so deeply, knowingly, but just

as well for him, and his life was so much easier with her, easiei than he'd ever known it. That night, that snowy night returnin with her to her apartment—he'd never known himself so caln in his own body.

From that night through the first week in March, tw months, they were with each other nearly all the weekends. H didn't stay the night again, but she went with him the firs Saturday in March when he showed the setter and took th ribbon.

Friday afternoon, the end of that month, she had a messag from him at her office when she returned from lunch. Sh called him, and he was on the phone.

"Crowell?"

"Maureen?"

"Yes. What is it?" He'd asked to be called as soon as sh returned.

"About tonight." They were to meet. "Lex is injured." H spoke quietly, with a terrible caught edge in his voice.

"What?" She was stunned.

"He was getting out of the run. My mother closed the gat His leg." He was quieting enormous distress in his voice.

"Oh, Crowell."

"I'm going to Oyster Bay."

"Do you want me to come?" she asked.

Crowell was quiet.

"Crowell?" she asked.

"Can you be ready?"

"Yes, of course." She glanced at her watch. They were ne each other. "Twenty minutes. Two-thirty. The Park Aven entrance."

"You want to come?"

"Yes."

"Two-thirty, then."

"I love you, Crowell," she said. "Don't worry." She put tl phone down.

She left word with her secretary that she'd be gone for the da gathered up her coat quickly, and went out of her office to tl elevator and into the main lobby of the building.

Crowell. Crowell.

She waited inside the lobby doors, looked through the glass for his car, then impatient for him went out of the building and looked up Park Avenue. She saw the car then. Crowell had seen her and drew the car up to the curb.

She hurried to the car, the traffic behind it irritatedly blowing horns. "Damned traffic here," she said as she hastened into the car, drawing her coat under her as she sat next to Crowell. Crowell shut the door behind her.

"How are you?" he asked.

"I'm awfully sorry, Crowell," she said.

He nodded.

"I'm sure he'll be fine." She watched him as he drove.

They were down to the East River Drive. He was terribly preoccupied. She said nothing, then lighted a cigarette for him and he took it.

"Thanks."

She lighted one for herself.

It was a clear lovely early spring afternoon, cool outside, but through the closed car windows the sun warmed them.

"I'm sorry, Maureen." He spoke directly, glanced at her, then looked ahead as they were over the Triborough Bridge and on to the Grand Central Parkway.

"Why?" She looked at him.

"Christ," he said urgently, quietly.

"Don't. Wait till you see him. Have they got a vet?"

"I told my mother to get one as soon as she could." His voice was caught, the words half trapped. There was some anger, deep concern. "I'm damned worried about him, Maureen."

"I know, Crowell."

They were on the Oyster Bay Expressway from the Southern State, and Crowell drove the car quickly, beyond the speed limit. and they were off it and into the country in a few miles. It was a fine day. In Oyster Bay (Maureen had never seen the village) they drove east a half mile, and as they turned from the top of the hill Maureen saw the bay, magnificent below her, for the first time. They came to two squat brick pillars, a low black sign.

dull gold letters that said FOX, and for a quarter of a mile they went down the blacktop road that cut between the pillars. They drove to the front of the house. There was a vast lawn, not green yet, that swept down to the bay—blue, clean, the enormous bowl of the bay.

The house was magnificent, built of dull French brick. Crowell hastened to help Maureen out of the car, saying nothing, urging her by his own motions to move quickly, yet waiting for her decently as always. She went ahead of him to the house that sprawled more than a hundred feet to the garages. Maureen looked up briefly to the gabled windows three stories over her. They were at the door, and Crowell opened it.

They were in a large center hall, a staircase in front of them. There were broad opened paired doors to the left and right. Crowell touched Maureen's arm and looked into the rooms on both sides, then called "Mother."

His mother came from a door at the right of the staircase before he'd finished calling.

"He's in your room, Crowell," his mother said tentatively, looking at her son, concern, responsibility for what she'd done inadvertently, carelessly, on her face.

Crowell nodded. "It's all right, Mother." He looked at Maureen, then his mother. "Mother, this is Maureen Cole. My mother, Maureen."

"Mrs. Fox," Maureen said.

"How do you do," his mother responded. She had only concern for her son's feeling toward her at the moment.

"Come up, Maureen," Crowell said and restrained himself from going ahead of her. Maureen saw it and hastened as he guided her. She hesitated at the landing.

"Come on," he said and took her down the hallway to an open door. The champion was on quilting laid on the floor near his bed. Crowell knelt down. The hind leg was splinted. The dog was exhausted. "Lex," Crowell said evenly, and gently felt the dog's left hind quarter. He lay inert under Crowell's hand. Crowell gently held his head and stroked his muzzle briefly, then rose and looked down at him. When he turned to Maureen he saw his mother in the room with them.

"Dr. Randles wanted you to call him as soon as you got in."

Crowell nodded. He was puzzled for a moment, strained. "What's his number?"

"He left it on the table." Crowell turned his attention to his mother once more, questioningly. She gestured with her head. "Near your phone."

Crowell shook his head. He looked at Maureen, saw her waiting silently. "Let me take your coat, Maureen."

"I have it," she said and removed it, holding it over her arm.

Crowell went to the phone and spoke into it quietly; then with genuine alarm, awfully controlled, he put it down. He stood a moment looking out of the window in front of him, half turned away from his women.

He glanced at the dog, then turned. "We'll stay up here, Mother." He looked at her. She nodded her head gravely, said nothing, and went out of the room.

Crowell took Maureen's coat and put it over a desk chair. "Please, sit down, Maureen." He gestured to one of the two club chairs in front of his bedroom windows. Maureen went to sit down and saw the bay out of the windows and paused to watch the scattering of boats. She sat on the edge of the chair, her legs crossed, her hands clasped in front of her. She watched Crowell. He looked at the champion again, knelt and held him, then came to her.

Maureen felt immodest, embarrassed that she had come. She had not been there before. She had only met Crowell's sister, Virginia, once, in the city that fall. Crowell had introduced them in the theatre.

Crowell looked at her tentatively. "Let me get you a drink." He was still preoccupied. What else could he be?

"Thank you, Crowell."

"A moment." He went out of the room.

Maureen sat back in the chair more comfortably. The room was fine, silent, with only the setter's breathing. She went to him for a moment and stroked his lovely coat and spoke to him softly, then was up and looking out the windows to the bay, then returned to her seat where she sat more easily, waiting. She lighted a cigarette and smoked.

Crowell came in with a tray and set it down on the table between the chairs.

"Scotch."

"Fine." She nodded.

He put ice in two large tumblers and poured whisky into her glass until she nodded at a respectable amount. He added soda to hers and handed her the glass. He poured a very considerable amount into his and looked at her.

She had no idea of what to say, then of course did. "Thank you, Crowell." She took some of hers. Crowell drank most of his down, then sat in the chair beside her. He loosened the knot in his tie and drew his shirt collar away from his neck.

"I'm glad you came," he said. "I'm sorry if it's difficult. It should have been another time."

"No," she answered. "I wanted to come." She paused. "What did the vet say?" She put the question hesitantly, thought possibly intrusively. But she wanted to know for Crowell, for the setter.

"He set the leg. But there's a possibility of embolism."

"What's that?" she asked.

"Apparently fat from the bone marrow can get into the blood Into the heart. If that happens, it could be very bad."

"Oh, Crowell, that's too bad." She paused. "That's too bad." she said again.

Crowell finished what was left in his glass then poured more and drank it slowly. The enormous sense of hell, the ominous sense of his life remained. He had felt this terrible uneasiness other times. He abhorred it in himself. He turned to Maureen He had to stir himself out of it. He knew he must.

So did Maureen. She knew her own feeling for life. She loved Crowell. She needed him but she had known him now well over a year. She had observed him.

She looked around her, spoke consciously. "This is a fine room, Crowell. This is a lovely house."

He nodded.

She had to bring him out. She rose from the chair, went over to the windows and looked down the bay. Crowell turned to her. "You've sailed there," she said.

"Yes."

"Have you this year?"

"December. Not since then." She heard his speech faintly edged and watched him pour another drink for her, put ice in his own glass, fill it. While his attention was on the drinks she glanced at her watch, unseen by him, then was deeply ashamed of herself. To think of leaving now. She damned herself.

Over the bay the late afternoon grew bluer, darker. The room was darker too. The setter lay more faintly seen at the end of the room. He slept, breathed deeply in the silence.

Below, downstairs, there were voices and a door shut, reaching them quietly. Crowell stirred in his chair, listened. Maureen turned from the windows, went to his chair, wanted to touch him, speak to him, but could not, not here. There were steps in the hallway outside the room.

His father came to the door.

In a suit, tie, below his son's height, broad, thick-waisted, heavy-shouldered, white-haired, with glasses, his nose a little bent, angry, indifferent to Maureen but concerned for his son, for his son's setter, he touched a switch at the door and a lamp lighted the room near Crowell's bed.

"What happened, Crowell?" He walked into the room a few steps, looked around, saw the setter. "My God," he said and went to the setter, knelt down to him.

Crowell was out of his chair, glanced at Maureen, excused himself with a gesture. He looked down at his father. "His leg."

"What did Randles say?"

"He doesn't know and won't. It depends on how he responds."

His father rose, still looking at Maureen coolly, with an absolute indifference, without anger or pleasure, without calculated coolness—as he was as a man. He looked at her without seeing her, his attention directed to his son and the setter. "Isn't there anything he can do?" He showed the strain in his legs from kneeling, in his face, in his voice.

"Sedative medication. Every four hours. He sees him tomorrow. He doesn't know."

"My Christ," his father said.

Crowell turned to Maureen. "This is Maureen Cole, Dad."

His father nodded. No word, then remembered his son. "How do you do?"

Maureen tightened her eyes a moment, then smiled openly. "How do you do, Mr. Fox."

He walked toward the door, half-turned from both of them, then remembered again. "Are you going to stay up here?" He spoke only to his son.

Crowell was beginning to feel the alcohol, and it showed in his voice. "I will. Maureen will go down for dinner. Tell Mother."

His father nodded and left the room.

Crowell went to his dog, looked at him, leaned down and lifted, held his forepaw gently, then lowered it softly.

The light seemed brighter in the room now. It was early evening, altogether dark outside the windows. Two or three bright white mooring lights far across the bay were all that showed outside.

Crowell sat in the chair beside her. He put more of the scotch into his glass.

Maureen laughed. "You see, you haven't eaten."

Crowell smiled easily. "No."

"And if you haven't eaten, and you drink more of this—" Maureen cautioned him pleasantly.

"I know." Crowell nodded his head.

"You know," she said.

"I know."

"Crowell."

"Yes."

"What you do for *him* is fine. You love him, and that's very fine. What you do to yourself isn't. You know that."

Crowell nodded.

What could she say in this house where nothing was ever said? She could only say whatever she wanted to, whatever seemed right to her.

They were with each other another half hour before Virginia Fox finally came to call them to dinner. When she saw her brother's dog, she was stunned at the injury and price. Crowell wouldn't leave him because he felt he must not, but Maureen

went down to dinner, as much out of relief as because he wanted her to. Virginia was totally unconcerned whether either of them went to the table.

But it was not really unconcern that came from the father, the sister, the vanished mother; it was the absence of love, the enormous presence of fear of one another, of all of it, of her, Maureen realized now. With no other choice she observed them with an absolute power and went to dinner with confidence, behind the hugely heavy Virginia. She hadn't remembered her as so heavy. She had seen her in the car that evening long ago, that fall.

They walked along the paneled hallway and down the broad magnificent staircase to a beautiful dining room off the center hall. Along the walls stood old, very good pieces, a Boulle chest. The dining table, rectangular and massive, could easily seat ten unextended.

Virginia looked at Maureen for the first time since they had left Crowell's room. "Would you like a drink?"

"Thank you, yes." Maureen answered.

Virginia smiled. "Manhattan?"

"Fine."

Virginia went to a sideboard. There was a decanter, a long glass stirring rod. "My brother and his wife are coming." She looked at the watch on her heavy wrist. Maureen looked at her, the pouched heavy young face, her own age or a year older. There was no strength in the face, a pouting face without pleasure. Maureen saw the small crucifix and medal on a thin chain on her bosom.

Virginia went on talking about her brother and his wife, as she poured the two Manhattans, sipped hers briefly, set it down, then gestured with her eyes at Maureen to come for hers. She barely lifted it to her brother's guest.

Maureen smiled for Virginia. "Thank you." She was pleased she had the strength to lift it and regretted that she had come downstairs. But she would remain.

The doorbell rang. Maureen turned toward it and Virginia walked half way to the hall. Voices chattered at the door and Maureen realized that Virginia had left her altogether. She

could hear her greet her brother and sister-in-law and speak to a child named Tommy.

When they came into the dining room, Maureen saw that Lynn McCarthy Fox, who came first, was taller than she was by two or three inches; black hair neatly done, straight, a gray checked suit, a good figure, slender, slender head, blue eyes, cool easy restraint in her voice, a slightly forced smile, white teeth. Just behind her, almost at her side, a young man, a boy really, seventeen or eighteen, quite tall, Crowell's height, blonde full head of hair, easily and warmly smiling, very good looking, youthful, navy blazer, grey flannels, a good tie.

Mrs. Gerald Fox looked around the dining room, at Maureen. "I'm Lynn Fox," she said to Maureen.

Maureen smiled and came forward. "I'm Maureen Cole." Lynn turned to her brother who was at her side. "This is my brother. Peter."

Maureen smiled, took his extended hand in a warm clasp. "How do you do," he said.

Virginia came into the room with Gerald, tall, edged, concerned, uneasy, harried. Virginia held her nephew's hand—a little blonde boy in jacket and short pants. Gerald looked at Maureen. Virginia teased her nephew, waited, then remembered. She looked at Maureen. "This is Maureen Cole, Crowell's friend. This is my brother Gerry, my nephew Tom." She looked down at the little boy. "Lynn, Gerry's wife, and Peter, Lynn's brother."

"We've met," Lynn said. "Now, what happened?" she asked, and looked at Virginia keenly, irritated by her sister-in-law's insensibility to her son.

Gerald had nodded pleasantly to Maureen. He spoke to his sister. "Where's Crowell?"

"In his room with the setter."

"How is he?" He looked at Virginia and Maureen.

"I don't know," Virginia answered. "Not good, I think."

"I'm going up." He excused himself particularly to Maureen and left the room.

He was up the staircase and into Crowell's room and found his brother looking up at him at the entrance to his room.

"Gerry."

"What the hell happened, Crowell?" He walked to the champion. "My Christ. My Christ," he said. He leaned down to the dog and touched him as gently as his brother did. "My Christ." He turned to Crowell. "Will he make it?"

"He'll make it," Crowell answered.

"You certainly won't be able to show him any more."

Crowell looked quickly at the glass in his hand to save his brother his blunder, then studied his younger brother who once when he was at school and failed to receive his allowance didn't have sense enough to feed himself for three days. He had simply waited for a check from his father, going hungry. Crowell remembered his father's rage when he discovered that the boy didn't have brains to feed himself, to go out and earn his food when a check was three days late.

"You can stud him." Gerry went on without encouragement. "Mother closed the gate on him, Virginia said." Finally he stopped, knew enough not to go on before his brother Crowell.

Crowell was altogether filled with his drinking. He knew he was drunk but he remained unmoved at all by it. The ominousness still hung at the edge of his memory. His feeling, his sense of himself, of the setter, hadn't changed at all.

"Why don't you go down, Gerry. Mother's probably waiting for you."

"I'm sorry, Crowell."

"Thanks, Gerry."

"What a hell of a thing."

Crowell nodded.

"He's insured."

"He is." Crowell looked tiredly at his brother.

"Do you want anything?" Gerry asked.

"Not now," Crowell answered.

"I'll see you later."

Crowell nodded and once more was alone, as he wanted to be.

Gerald Fox returned to the dining room and took his seat next to his father. They had waited for him, talking, Lynn casually to Virginia and Maureen, his mother listening, offering only the briefest responses to questions from Lynn. Gerald observed

that the family had finished their drinks, drank lightly from his glass, and put it down.

When dinner was over, a quarter to eight, Mr. Fox excused himself and left the room. The women, Gerald Fox, and his young brother-in-law down from preparatory school for the weekend with his older sister took more coffee. Maureen listened to their talk politely and spoke when it seemed appropriate. Gerald Fox suffered least from the family constraint but his behavior was always directed by his wife. The boy, young man at any rate brother-in-law was fine and easy with Maureen whenever he spoke to her, but was always brief. Mr. Fox had preserved his silence almost unbroken as long as he remained. Mrs Fox observed without observing, vacant, weak, incompetently childishly difficult with the Negro maid and her own family unequal to any of them, to what they really were. Lynn Fox could hide herself among them behind a hostile equality that she discovered only when she was among them.

Maureen was tired of having to wait for them to finish so that she could return to Crowell. They lingered obstinately. She controlled her desire to offer intemperate observations but knew that she could trust her responses to all of them, though she recognized that anyone would come to mistrust his responses if he had to be with these people all the time. She wanted only to be with Crowell now, had a terrible moment of doubt about him, then cursed herself for being swerved by his family.

She looked at Peter McCarthy and smiled, and smiled as well at Mrs. Fox, inviting her into the conversation. The thin bewildered old woman acknowledged her and listened inattentively. "How's school?" Maureen asked Peter, quietly, in order not to interrupt a conversation between Lynn and Virginia Fox.

"Fine," he answered.

"Where do you go?"

"Connecticut. Choate."

"Do you like it?" She looked at Mrs. Fox, who no longer heeded them, hardly listened to her children.

"Yes."

"This must be near your last year," Maureen said and smiled.

"My last year," he answered.

"Are you planning to go on?"

"Yes, I am. September."

Maureen nodded.

Peter excused himself from her attention with a smile and turned to address his brother-in-law. "Gerry, can I go up to see the setter?"

Lynn Fox turned to her brother.

Gerald Fox answered tentatively, "Go ahead. Tell Crowell 'll be up in a little while."

Maureen was about to leave, then hesitated as Mrs. Fox asked ıer at last and without conviction or concern about her work n New York. She longed to leave but responded.

Peter McCarthy got up from the table, smiled his excuses, left he room, and bounded lightly up the stairs as the voice of Mrs. 'ox—interrupting her attention to Maureen—followed him ıith instructions for finding Crowell's room.

Crowell was drunk but alert; he remembered the boy at the oor as his sister-in-law's brother; he had seen him before, a year r more earlier at Gerald's house. "Yes," he said from his chair, ıen half-rose out of it to look down on the setter.

"I'm Lynn's brother."

Crowell nodded.

"I'm sorry about your dog."

The boy came into the room.

"Thank you," Crowell acknowledged the boy's formally exressed yet genuinely felt concern. He saw it in the boy's eyes hen he looked at the dog.

"It's too bad," the boy said standing near him, looking down ı the champion. "Gerry said you've shown him."

"I have," Crowell said.

The boy's face was grave, open.

Crowell suddenly saw his dog, almost inert, unmoving, almost ithout breath, and quickly knelt down to him and touched m. The setter didn't move at all. He lifted the setter's head, en at last there was some spasm of movement in the animal and recurrent exhausted breathing.

Crowell was stunned and rose, the light faint in his room. He ıs ill and pale and recovered himself before the boy and had to

return to his chair, sinking weakly, faintly into it. He was exhausted with everything. "Do you want something?" he muttered, all he knew to do. Exhausted. The alcohol.

The young man looked at him. "No," he answered.

Crowell from where he was in the chair had to look into the light. He worked, lifted himself out of the chair, and carried himself with intensest effort to it and shut the lamp near his bed For the setter, for himself. No light.

In the darkness, returning to the chair, half stumbling, he brushed by the boy and turned to look at him and took his hand, half-holding the boy's hand, half-shaking it quickly in a clasp of thanks, and carefully fell back into the chair.

"Sit down. Sit down," Crowell urged.

The boy sat down.

"Do you have a dog?" Crowell almost whispered into the silent room.

"Yes," the boy spoke quietly.

"You're at school."

"Yes."

"Do you have your dog at school?" Crowell was exhausted, half-asleep, not listening to responses, barely awake with it Shamed that he had got drunk watching beside the champion he tried to rouse himself to alertness. He must watch and listen He would look after the champion.

"We're not allowed to," Peter answered.

"What kind of dog do you have?" Crowell spoke very slowly

He didn't wait for the answer; he was out of the chair and beside the great dog and knelt and heard him breathe. He must watch and listen. He must. Before God.

He turned, and the boy had risen from his chair, and Crowell went toward him as the boy came toward him and the setter Crowell reached his hand through the darkness and felt the boy's face and his hair and held the back of his neck, and the boy came toward him urged as he felt he had been by his sister's older brother-in-law and urged as he was in himself. He came toward Crowell and felt Crowell's hand on his waist and heard Crowell mutter to him and felt himself drawn close then took himself out of Crowell's embrace as Crowell moved back from him stunned

dull, appalled at himself and his brother Gerald in the light of the door to his room.

Gerald came into the room. He had seen them in the darkness briefly and went to his brother and shoved Peter away with all his strength and raged at him, "Get out. Get the hell out of this room."

Crowell looked dazedly at his brother, heard his shout, half-understanding him, then fully understanding what he had done, unconcerned, concerned, in shame, confusion, degradation for himself.

Gerald turned on him half-shouting, then speaking with impossible restraint in his voice, "What the hell were you doing?"

Crowell looked at him.

"What the hell were you doing with him?" Gerald raged again.

Crowell went past his brother, sick, pulling at his tie until it was open and hanging from his shirt collar, then sat in the chair. "Go away, Gerald. Go away." He spoke hoarsely.

"My God." Inconceivable anger, contempt, anguish for his brother in him. Hatred and disgust for his brother. His face and his hair were soaked with sweat. He felt the sweat under his arms and his shirt glued to his body with it.

Below Mr. Fox heard the first shout of Gerald's voice, then listened and heard the quiet and was out of the living room and with a gesture of his hand as he passed the women in the dining room turned to the sound of the single raised voice in his family as it trailed down the staircase to them. Mr. Fox's gesture kept them all where they were, as he intended. Quickly he was up the staircase, passing the boy Peter in the hallway, looking at the boy's stunned face. He passed him without a word and went into his older son's room.

In the darkness he saw Gerald standing over Crowell.

"What is it?" He asked. "What the hell is it, the dog?"

There was no answer from his sons.

"What is it, Gerald? Crowell?" He called out at them. "Gerry." He looked at Crowell dazed, drunk in the chair.

"Ask him," Gerald said, his back to his father, staring down at his brother.

"What is it," the old man said quietly.

"Ask him." Gerald turned on his father in rage. "Ask him."

Mr. Fox stared at his younger son in the intensity of uselessness he had less overtly expressed to him for a long time. "Get away from him." He gestured to Gerald with a finger.

"Crowell." Mr. Fox called to his son across a long distance. "Crowell." He reached down and held his son's face in his hands. He shook him and grasped his shoulders and shook them.

Crowell looked into his father's face.

In the dining room, when Peter came in, Maureen Cole no longer felt any allegiance to the women with her and rose from the table and moved out of the room in spite of Mrs. Fox's urgently suggesting with her face that she not move at all. But Maureen was out of the room and up the staircase. From the hallway, about to enter Crowell's room, she saw him in his chair and his father leaning over him and Gerald, his head leaning forward and down over both of them, his back to her. None of them attended her. She saw Crowell in the darkness looking ahead of him, away from her, not seeing her at all, looking into his father's face.

"What's wrong with him?" The old man asked no one. "What is it, Crowell?"

"Go away," Crowell muttered. "Go away, both of you."

The old man stood over his son. "What happened?" He turned to Gerald.

Maureen stood back in the hall ashamed of having come up, of being there. She knew that she had to be with Crowell, but she had no right to be there now. She turned back toward the staircase and walked away from them, not to hear them, not to intrude.

"Crowell and the boy," she heard Gerald rage. "He was with the boy. Holding him."

"What the hell are you talking about?" the old man swore bewilderedly. "Get out of here."

"Ask him," Gerald insisted bitterly.

"Get out of here," the old man shouted at him. "Get him out of this house." The old man moved toward his son and in his age lifted his hand. Gerald couldn't tolerate this in his

father, that he might now lift his own hand against his father, and went out in the hallway with Maureen and stood with her for a moment.

"Crowell," the old man said. "Crowell, what is it, Son? What is it?"

"Nothing. Nothing." Crowell answered. "Nothing."

"What it is, Son?"

"Nothing."

"Crowell, God."

"Speak to him."

"Crowell," the old man pleaded.

"Speak to Gerald."

The old man came closer to his son. "What did you do?"

Crowell began to come to life now, to come out of it, whatever it was, but he was still weak and vacant, drunk and ashamed of what he had done, or what in any case he might have done. Which he would not have done, which he would not do.

He went past his father to the setter who lay quiet, ignored his father, and raised his hand for stillness. The champion breathed more regularly, less stertorously.

He turned to his father. "I've done it." He looked into his father's eyes. He searched his father's face, himself. "I want the setter in peace. I want you in peace."

He put the lamp on near his bed, and his father looked at him intently as he returned the examination. "I'm leaving the house," he told his father. "Let Gerald alone."

His father shook his head.

"I want to take the setter to Randles."

He waited for his father to leave.

Maureen too waited for the old man to pass, then went to Crowell's room. She saw him buttoning his shirt, knotting his tie.

"I'm taking the dog to the vet." He looked at her. "I'm taking you home. I have to talk to you. You know." He spoke to her directly, looked at her directly. "Do you want to come with me?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

THE EIGHTH DAY

By THEODORE WEISS

TWILIGHT lidding the fifth day,
did He steep His hands in them, self-
reaping riches newly won, His powers
proud to see themselves adorned
by what they did—
the horned, lowing
as they moved, a forest headlong,
into balmy slumber like His stabling
hands: the serpents, no more twisted
than their manes: the condors,
bedded
in their puffed-up feathers, curling
by the lambs, shaggy vines festooning,
consummating dark: winds also, water,
nodding to their hum?
And still
the coursing in His fingers of that
thoroughfare, the lovely and com-
mingled traffic burst from Him, stars
too dazzled
in that all-talking air.
Having made so much, each a witness
to His growing mastery, sufficient
to itself if not to Him, He must
pass on,
press through these others
to the last, the one in whom the rest
would congregate, who, gisted of them,
would at once be able to salute
the thoroughfare
with names that,

murmuring, afford them room to mine
and bruit their teeming, secret wealth.
Accordingly, this sixth day, upright,
strove to be,
the manly day that,
looking back through bird and snake,
tree, water, wind, would feel these
words, those hands, so resonant
within he must break free.

LANDSCAPES FOR VOYAGERS

By VAN K. BROCK

SAILING to north without a word for winter,
We docked our hollow ships and moved inland,
In search of new worlds, toward this temperate region
Where foliage hid the land as in the tropics.

Though the summer was as hot as any other,
Whatever autumn asked for with its color
Was answered only by the animals,
Who understood the language of the weather.

Winter is the hard, essential landscape.
Cold, reassuring our sick, we move toward seas,
Not knowing whether there is any ship that goes
Where we desire, ready to challenge all captains.

THE SCOPE OF SEAS

By AL LEE

EITHER sea-mist or drizzle
dampens this one suit I seldom wear.
The skies fade to an uncordial gray
and the cool south wind rolls in
over the bristling ocean.
Blurring my own scope,
the scope of seas drowns
this thicket at cliff's top near
the Holy Trinity Cathedral,

Anglican, small, and brownish.
It might be England. Or Jamaica.
See there: unshaven Robert Newton
beside slick Louis Hayward,
their longboat low with treasure.
Beyond on the spit
a mile or so off,
have Spaniards manned the cannon
and white castle walls of Christiansborg?

A backdrop to what you please,
these vastest waters with their noises
forever have currents all their own.
A block away, two platoons
of fancy Negro soldiers
with fixed bayonets
guard the Parliament.
I was best man this morning
at the wedding of a Harvard man.

My barbarous Gulf of Guinea
pours southward past the flat horizon
toward springtime's icy Antarctica,
but visiting this coastline
I am thankful for a breath
of football autumn,
dreary, chilling the
interminable summer.
Seasons, I have grown old by seasons.

Pale and wet, I cannot wait
much longer to observe my body
face-down and afloat in the distance.
Tonight with a leggy blonde
I'll have clearer purposes.
At the Star Hotel,
stepping the High Life,
we shall be happy, middle-
class, and resolutely out of it.

AMPURIAS, SPAIN

BY JOHN UNTERECKER

GREECE folds its lovely form on this white coast to learn the sardane
Against elegant Rome. How I tire of mosaic floors!
A white Catalan stone that is neither Spain nor France chips at the sea.
Flint mountains on the sky chip at the sun.
I think: This is where Greece ended, an African grace began.
Catalan farmers plow the mosaic floors. Dancers gather by the sea.
We sift the bones of the dead, searching for potsherds. In the luminous air,
We classify the dead: in this heap, Greece; in this garish heap, Rome.

PRAISE FOR A HOUSEHOLD

By RICHARD TILLINGHAST

WAKING on your kitchen floor
I keep my eyes shut—nose
Remembering spice tins where they were
Last time I slept here—keep my eyes

Shut, and lapse into the parlor
Where my mother kept an apple
Stuck with cloves: nose-curler.
Even now the light floats supple

On your chairs, among the dishes
In the sink. No need to look,
We've never had a rainy morning.
The morning streams with goldfishes

Smiling in the placid light-beams.
When I go to steal the neighbor's paper,
The bosom-windowed buildings lour
Committee disapproval.

I cannot know what morning you two wake to
In your bed too narrow for any but lovers;
My backside dreams are none that would shake you
And start you wide-eyed from arms and covers.

Before the windows start to roar
Before life clamors at the door
I give you what I can,
The selfish praise of the single man.

THOREAU'S SOCIAL CRITICISM AS POETRY

By LAWRENCE BOWLING

THOREAU'S thin, penetrating, big-nosed face, even in a bad woodcut, conveys some hint of the limitations of his mind and character." Thus wrote Robert Louis Stevenson in an essay in which he called Thoreau a "prig" and "skulker" and insisted that narrow-mindedness was evident not only in his writings but even in his portrait. James Russell Lowell called Thoreau an extreme egotist and classified him with "misanthropes on the spindle side. . . . He makes his own whim the law. . . . Mr. Thoreau had not a healthy mind, or he would not have been so fond of prescribing. His whole life was a search for the doctor." Henry Seidel Canby maintains that Thoreau was not a patient in search of the doctor but the doctor who had the proper cure for today's patient. He feels that psychiatrists are only trying to patch up what Thoreau, by his personal example, has shown us how to cure. "There is," says Canby, "more dynamite in his writing for Americans than in all Marxism." Sinclair Lewis declares that Thoreau "conducted a one-man revolution and won it . . . we aren't within seventy-five years of catching up with him."

These conflicting views have one element in common. They isolate and exaggerate one facet of Thoreau's complex writings and character. Since Thoreau is versatile in his thinking, it is erroneous to consider him in any narrow role, whether as doctor or as patient, whether as reformer or as misanthrope. The demonstrable facts are: first, Thoreau was not a social reformer, in the modern sense of the term; second, most of his so-called social criticism may be best appreciated, not when viewed as objective observation of social conditions, but when read as personal responses to specific situations which he encountered in his daily life—not when viewed as exhortation for reform, but when read as poetry. Only when we read Thoreau in this man-

ner do we allow him that freedom—which he repeatedly insisted upon—of expressing the various facets of what he called "the whole man."

Although many reformers have attributed to him a profound influence upon their movements, Thoreau did not view himself as a reformer. This fact is amply attested by numerous statements throughout his writings. In *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,* he remarks: "The wisest man preaches no doctrines; he has no scheme." In *Walden,* he writes: "I would not have anyone adopt *my* mode of living on any account; . . before he has fairly learned it I may have found out another for myself. . . . I would have each one be very careful to find out and pursue *his own* way, and not his father's or his mother's or his neighbor's instead." Even in "Civil Disobedience," which the reformers always cite as the basis for their reform movements, Thoreau asserts: "I came into this world, not chiefly to make this a good place to live in, but to live in it, be it good or bad." That Thoreau was not fundamentally a reformer is further verified by Emerson's appraisal. In his biographical sketch, Emerson observes that Thoreau "found himself not only unrepresented in actual politics, but almost equally opposed to every class of reformers."

The fact that Thoreau was neither a social scientist nor a social reformer should be self-evident. By definition, both the social scientist and the reformer are concerned with the behavior of people in groups and in the improvement of external, material living conditions. Thoreau, however, sharply objected to "the habit of looking at men in the gross," and he did not believe that the altering of external conditions would accomplish anything of great significance. If he had been a social scientist or reformer, he probably would have participated with other transcendentalists in the social experiment at Brook Farm. Instead he built a cabin at Walden Pond and lived there for more than two years, alone.

Thoreau considered himself to be fundamentally different from reformers: "It is a great pleasure to escape sometimes from the restless class of Reformers. What if these grievances exist

So do you and I. . . . The reform which you talk about can be undertaken any morning before unbarring our doors." Here, as always, Thoreau emphasizes the importance of beginning reforms, not only *at* home but *within* the home, and especially inside oneself. The reform with which he was most concerned, throughout his writings and throughout his life, was internal rather than external; it was individual self-improvement rather than group action. If there is one theme which runs consistently throughout his work, it is this: The more we improve ourselves on the inside, the less we need to reform others on the outside.

This theme of individual, personal integrity is the central issue, even in his strongest "reform" writings. In "Civil Disobedience," he observes: "Law never made men a whit more just." In "Slavery in Massachusetts," he maintains that the most important reforms are not accomplished at the ballot-box: "The fate of the country does not depend on how you vote at the polls . . . it does not depend on what kind of paper you drop into the ballot-box once a year, but on what kind of man you drop from your chamber into the street every morning." This is not the point of view of the social scientist or of the reformer, for Thoreau has shifted the emphasis from the external to the internal, from law to conscience, from society to the individual, from politics to ethics.

Social scientists are interested in specific experiences, not for the sake of the sensations of those experiences, but for the general principles which may be educed from these individual cases. The poet, on the other hand, cares little for the generalization, the "theme." What interests the poet, and what we demand of him, is the imitation or the sensation of the life experience. On this point, Thoreau (speaking not as social scientist but as poet) remarks: "Men commonly exaggerate the theme . . .; the theme is nothing, the life is everything. All that interests the reader is the depth and intensity of the life excited."

Even as a naturalist, Thoreau was not interested in facts primarily for their objective, scientific value. The total amount of scientific data which he gathered in his whole life was comparatively meager and unsystematic. Consequently, scholars

have criticized him for being a poor scientist. As F. O. Matthiessen correctly observes, however, Thoreau was not really a naturalist but an artist and, therefore, did not aim at scientific objectives. "Thoreau has not ordinarily been approached primarily as an artist," Matthiessen says. "His first disciples tended to think of him as a naturalist, with the result that later scientists have criticised him for his want of severe method and his crotchety inaccuracies. He gave enough warnings against this interpretation."

The approach to Thoreau's observations on men and society has exactly paralleled the approach to his naturalistic writings, with the result that he has been condemned, first, for not having any original ideas and, second, for being inconsistent. His detractors, like the reformers who claim him as their model, overlook an important fact: Thoreau did not profess originality or consistency. Two years after writing "Civil Disobedience," he made the following perceptive self-appraisal: "I am prepared not so much for contemplation as for forceful expression." In his moments of better judgment, even Lowell was able to perceive that Thoreau "was not a strong thinker but a sensitive feeler," that although he was "a sorry logician" he was nevertheless "an artist in rhetoric." Most of Thoreau's critics have advanced only as far as the discovery that he was not a great thinker and have not arrived at the realization that he made his major contribution in the realm of art.

When Thoreau's comments on men and society are viewed strictly as social criticism, their inconsistency is readily apparent. This fact may be well illustrated by two of his contradictory remarks on government. In "Civil Disobedience," he concedes that "the Constitution, with all its faults, is very good; the law and the courts are very respectable; even this State and this American government are, in many respects, very admirable, and rare things, to be thankful for." Five years later, he wrote in his *Journal* (and incorporated into "Slavery in Massachusetts") the following assertion: "I had never respected this government, but I had foolishly thought that I might manage to live here, attend

ing to my private affairs, and forget it." Of these two statements, the first is by far the more rational; as social criticism, it is by far the more sound. But the latter has the greater poetic vigor and is the one more often quoted, even by social critics.

One of the most prominent and most nearly consistent themes in Thoreau is his disappointment with the materialism of our society. "The principal object" of manufacturers, he laments, "is, not that mankind may be well and honestly clad, but, unquestionably, that the corporations may be enriched." Repeatedly, he expresses displeasure with those "who are more interested in commerce and agriculture than they are in humanity."

One who speaks in this manner may be expected to sympathize with those who make a profession of loving and assisting their fellow men. When Thoreau actually came into close association with humanitarians, however, he cared no more for them than he did for the materialists. Of "three ultra-reformers, lecturers on Slavery, Temperance, the Church, etc.," he wrote in his *Journal:* "They addressed each other constantly by their Christian names, and rubbed you continually with the greasy cheeks of their kindness. They would not keep their distance, but cuddle up and lie spoon-fashion with you, no matter how hot the weather nor how narrow the bed." He was "awfully pestered," he says, by their "benignity": "What men call social virtues, good fellowship, is commonly but the virtue of pigs in a litter, which lie close together to keep each other warm."

If we would follow Alexander Pope's injunction to "read each work of wit with the same spirit that its author writ," we must read Thoreau's work as poetry. Although his best writing is in prose, we know, as did Aristotle, that it is not the superficial verse form which makes a poem. Thoreau is a great prose poet. What to another writer might have become the stimulus for a thoroughgoing polemic for social reform becomes for Thoreau the subject for a prose lyric. Not only his best and most characteristic writings but even his strongest "reform" essays deal less with grievances than with griefs. The difference, according to Robert

Frost, is that grievances are "a form of impatience," whereas griefs are "a form of patience." Grievances involve "bitterness" and a desire to reform the situation at once, whereas griefs involve sympathy and pity and may correctly be described as "bitters, though without bitterness." Griefs (not grievances), says Frost, are the proper subjects of poetry. This is precisely the view expressed by Thoreau himself in the following remark: "I know very well what Goethe meant when he said that he never had a chagrin but he made a poem out of it." Most of Thoreau's so-called social criticism will be best understood and most fully appreciated if it is read, not as a series of chagrins, but as lyric poems in prose.

Pertinent to a distinction between social criticism and poetry and also to a proper classification of Thoreau's observations on men and society, is Theodore Dreiser's introduction to a volume of lyrical prose selections from Thoreau's writings. Although Dreiser does not say explicitly that he reads Thoreau's social comments as poetry, this is clearly his meaning. "It seems to me," Dreiser remarks, "that almost all his comments on men society, the vindictive and critical side of his nature, his moral views, are not really essential to his greatness at all, but only necessitated by the superficially physical bounds of his being. I feel as if he were tapping some marvellous, musical, lyrical source. . . . This suggestion of force, of something cloudy and beautiful, fearless, not taking thought—all in one thing—that it is which he intimates of nature. That is where his inconsistencies count for nothing, because, as I see it, his *source* is inconsistent."

Dreiser is not impressed by Thoreau's observations because of any sociological value they may possess (since, as social criticism, they are often inconsistent); but he is deeply moved by their vitality of expression, which derives from "some marvellous, musical, lyrical source." The chief characteristic of valid social criticism is not its lyrical (subjective) quality but its factual objectivity. To Thoreau, however, bare facts without subjective interpretation were of little interest. "A fact stated

barely is dry," he maintained. "It must be the vehicle of some humanity in order to interest us." "There is no such thing as pure *objective* observation. Your observation, to be interesting, *i.e.*, to be significant, must be *subjective*." "I have a common-place-book for facts and another for poetry, but I find it difficult always to preserve the vague distinction which I had in my mind, for the most interesting and beautiful facts are so much the more poetry and that is their success. They are *translated* from earth to heaven. I see that if my facts were sufficiently vital and significant,—perhaps transmuted more into the substance of the human mind,—I should need but one book of poetry to contain them all."

In these remarks, the line of distinction which Thoreau is drawing is not between prose and verse but between factual prose and lyrical prose, and it is evident that he thinks of the latter as poetry.

Thoreau's temperament is that of a poet; his language is that of a poet; his whole approach is that of a poet. The poet strives to present individual experiences in all their human wholeness (emotions and all); the rationalist (whether he is a physical scientist, a social scientist, or a logician) endeavors to strip away all emotional biases and to present the facts in their most coldly intellectual and abstract terms. Thoreau, however, preferred to view human experiences in their living, throbbing wholeness, rather than in terms of cold abstractions. "The best and bravest deed," he says, "is that which the whole man—heart, lungs, hands, fingers, and toes—at any time prompts. . . . This is the meaning of integrity; this is to be an integer, and not a fraction." Thoreau conceived this to be the essential point of view of the poet, and the writings which he produced in this manner he viewed as poetry: "Whatever things I perceive with my entire man, those let me record, and it will be poetry."

The scientist may be said to report what is seen; the artist, to express the way in which it is seen. On the basis of this distinction, Lowell excused Thoreau's logical and sociological inconsistencies because Thoreau is primarily a poet and what is

important in his writings is not the outward fact but Thoreau's subjective interpretation. "In outward nature it is still man that interests us," Lowell observes, "and we care far less for the things seen than the way in which they are seen by poetic eyes like Wordsworth's or Thoreau's."

This is not to say that science deals with truth and that poetry deals only with opinion. It is more nearly correct to say that science aims at objective truth and that poetry aims at subjective truth. Actually, poetry approaches more nearly to its goal than does science. For, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as *objective* truth. "Things seen" have no truth apart from "the way in which they are seen." Whether the eyes that see them are poetic eyes or scientific eyes, the fact is that they must be seen from some *particular* point of view. Complete elimination of the subjective element is therefore impossible. This is precisely what Thoreau meant when he asserted: "There is no such thing as pure *objective* observation."

Insofar as we would endeavor to achieve the whole truth, we must seek it with the whole man; and things thus perceived and recorded by the "entire man," Thoreau maintained, "will be poetry." Poetry is therefore superior to philosophy, science, and history. Poetry, Thoreau writes in *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,* is "the last and finest result. . . . It is the simplest relation of phenomena, and describes the commonest sensations with more truth than science does, and the latter at a distance slowly mimics its style and methods. . . . It is the chief and most memorable success, for history is but a prose narrative of poetic deeds."

Viewed as poetry, Thoreau's comments on men and society are not self-contradictory but complementary. As poetry, they have a deep and fundamental appeal, even to readers who (like Lowell and Dreiser) object to his sociological premises or conclusions. On the other hand, although there is much good positive advice in these observations, they cannot be taken as literally as reformers sometimes insist.

A good example is the following little lyric on the evils of the railroad:

We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us. Did you ever think what those sleepers are that underlie the railroad? Each one is a man, an Irishman or a Yankee man. The rails are laid on them, and they are covered with sand, and the cars run smoothly over them.

In order to appreciate these remarks, we need not feel (or even assume that Thoreau means) that railroads should be eliminated. All that he is insisting upon is that, in our rage for external progress, we tend to lose sight of the individual and of the importance of the inner man. It is the same point made by Emerson in his complaint that "things are in the saddle and ride mankind."

In another lyric, Thoreau pities his friends who have gone to the city to hear the music of man, while he remains with the music of Nature:

When my hoe tinkled against the stones, that music echoed to the woods and the sky, and was an accompaniment to my labor which yielded an instant and immeasurable crop. It was no longer beans that I hoed, nor I that hoed beans; and I remembered with as much pity as pride, if I remembered at all, my acquaintances who had gone to the city to attend the oratorios.

These comments may not be valid as either social or musical criticism, but they do present a tenable point of view and an important inner truth, and this is the essence of poetry. In poetic language, Thoreau is stating a simple fact, that the country (as well as the city) offers a high quality of entertainment. But he is also restating the idea that the greatest treasure often lies buried in your own vineyard, that the kingdom of heaven is within you. Combining the sublime with the commonplace, as he often does, Thoreau is saying that you may experience great spiritual transports without leaving your own bean-field.

Since this lyric and the one about the railroad are observations on society, both may be designated as social criticism. They are not, however, offered in the spirit of "objective observation," and any reform which is suggested would have to be interpreted as reactionary rather than progressive. The same would be true, even of the following lyric, in which Thoreau calls attention to

the fact that we often defeat our primary objective by mistaking the means for the end:

> . . . always on the limits, trying to get into business and trying to get out of debt, . . . still living, and dying, and buried by this other's brass, always promising to pay, promising to pay, to-morrow, and dying to-day, insolvent; seeking to curry favor, to get custom, by how many modes, only not state-prison offences; lying, flattering, voting, contracting yourselves into a nutshell of civility, or dilating into an atmosphere of thin and vaporous generosity, that you may persuade your neighbor to let you make his shoes, or his hat, or his coat, or his carriage, or import his groceries for him; making yourselves sick, that you may lay up something against a sick day, something to be tucked away in an old chest, or in a stocking behind the plastering, or, more safely, in the brick bank; no matter where, no matter how much or how little.

Even though it deals with certain unpleasant facts, this lyric is eloquent and beautiful. It not only discloses some of our shortcomings but reminds us of our primary objectives and also inspires within us higher ideals than those by which we normally live. Since perfection is not the natural condition of man, however, we realize that we cannot easily reform the situation. We know that we must earn a living; we must do the best we can, within the limitations of our human frailties. But this realization, that we cannot always live as Thoreau and we ourselves would ideally like to live, does not prevent our enjoying (or even being morally improved by) this expression of a desire for something better. And the reason that we appreciate such passages in Thoreau's writings is that (usually without realizing that we are doing so) we read them, not as grievances but as griefs, not as social criticism but essentially as lyric poetry.

THE EYE OF THE STORY

By EUDORA WELTY

IN "Old Mortality" how stirring the horse race is! At the finish the crowd breaks into its long roar "like the falling walls of Jericho." This we hear, and it is almost like seeing, and we know Miss Lucy has won. But beyond a fleeting glimpse—the "mahogany streak" of Miss Lucy on the track—we never get much sight of the race with our eyes. What we see comes afterward. Then we have it up close: Miss Lucy bleeding at the nose. For Miranda has got to say "That's winning too." The race would never have got into the story except that Miranda's heart is being prepared to reject victory, to reject the glamor of the race and the cheering grandstand; to distrust from now on all evidence except what she, out of her own experience, can testify to. By the time we *see* Miss Lucy, she is a sight for Miranda's eyes alone: as much symbol as horse.

Most good stories are about the interior of our lives, but Katherine Anne Porter's stories take place there; they show surface only at her choosing. Her use of the physical world is enough to meet her needs and no more; she is not wasteful with anything. This artist, writing her stories with a power that stamps them to their last detail on the memory, does so to an extraordinary degree without sensory imagery.

I have the most common type of mind, the visual, and when first I began to read her stories it stood in the way of my trust in my own certainty of what was there that, for all my being bowled over by them, I couldn't see them happening. This was a very good thing for me. As her work has done in many other respects, it has shown me a thing or two about the eye of fiction, about fiction's visibility and invisibility, about its clarity, its radiance.

Heaven knows she can see. Katherine Anne Porter has seen all her life, sees today, most intimately, most specifically, and down to the bones, and she could date the bones. There is, above all, "Noon Wine" to establish it forever that when she wants

a story to be visible, it is. "Noon Wine" is visible all the way through, full of scenes charged with dramatic energy; everything is brought forth into movement, dialogue; the title itself is Mr Helton's tune on the harmonica. "Noon Wine" is the most beautifully objective work she has done. And nothing has been sacrificed to its being so (or she wouldn't have done it); to the contrary. I find Mr. Hatch the scariest character she ever made, and he's just set down there in Texas, like a chair. There he stands, part of the everyday furniture of living. He's opaque, and he's the devil. Walking in at Mr. Thompson's gate—the same gate by which his tracked-down victim walked in first—he is that much more horrifying, almost too solid to the eyes to be countenanced. (So much for the visual mind.)

Katherine Anne Porter has not in general chosen to cast her stories in scenes. Her sense of human encounter is profound, is fundamental to her work, I believe, but she has not often allowed it the dramatic character it takes in "Noon Wine." We may not see the significant moment happen within the story's present; we may not watch it occur between the two characters it joins. Instead, a silent blow falls while one character is alone—the most alone in his life, perhaps. (And this is the case in "Noon Wine" too.) Often the revelation that pierces a character's mind and heart and shows him his life or his death comes in a dream, in retrospect, in illness or in utter defeat, the moment of vanishing hope, the moment of dying. What Miss Porter makes us see are those subjective worlds of hallucination, obsession, fever, guilt. The presence of death hovering about Granny Weatherall she makes as real and brings as near as Granny's own familiar room that stands about her bed—realer, nearer, for we recognize not only death's presence but the character death has come in for Granny Weatherall.

The flash of revelation is revelation but is unshared. But how unsuspecting we are to imagine so for a moment—it *is* shared and by ourselves, her readers, who must share it feeling the doubled anguish of knowing this fact, doubled still again when it is borne in upon us how close to life this is, to *our* lives.

It is to be remembered that the world of fiction is not of itself visible. A story may or may not be born in sensory images in a

given writer's mind. Experience itself is stored in no telling how many ways in a writer's memory. (It was "the sound of the sea, and Beryl fanning her hair at the window" that years later and thousands of miles away brought Katherine Mansfield to writing "At the Bay.") But if the physical world *is* visible or audible in the story, it has to be made so. Its materialization is as much a created thing as are the story's characters and what they think or do or say.

Katherine Anne Porter shows us that we do not have to see a story happen to know what is taking place. For all we are to know, she is not looking at it happen herself when she writes it; for her eyes are always looking through the gauze of the passing scene, not distracted by the immediate and transitory; her vision is reflective.

Her imagery is as likely as not to belong to a time other than the story's present, and beyond that it always differs from it in nature; it is *memory* imagery, coming into the story from memory's remove. It is a distilled, a re-formed imagery, for it is part of a language made to speak directly of premonition, warning, surmise, anger, despair.

It was soon borne in upon me that Katherine Anne Porter's moral convictions have given her readers another way to see. Surely these convictions represent the fixed points about which her work has turned, and not only that but they govern her stories down to the smallest detail. Her work has formed a constellation, with its own North Star.

Is the writer who does not give us the pictures and bring us the sounds of a story as it unfolds shutting out part of life? In Katherine Anne Porter's stories the effect has surely been never to diminish life but always to intensify life in the part significant to her story. It is a darkening of the house as the curtain goes up on this stage of her own.

Her stories of Mexico, Germany, Texas all happen there: where love and hate, trust and betrayal happen. And so their author's gaze is turned not outward but inward, and has confronted the mysterious dark from her work's beginning.

Since her subject is what lies beneath the surface, her way—quite direct—is to penetrate, brush the stuff away. It is the

writer like Chekov whose way of working is indirect. He moved indeed toward the same heart and core but by building up some corresponding illusion of life. Writers of Chekov's side of the family are themselves illusionists and have necessarily a certain fondness for, lenience toward, the whole shimmering fabric as such. Here we have the professional scientist, the good doctor, working with illusion and the born romantic artist—is she not? —working without it. Perhaps it is always the lyrical spirit that takes on instantaneous color, shape, pattern of motion in work, while the meditative spirit must fly as quickly as possible out of the shell.

All the stories she has written are moral stories about love and the hate that is love's twin, love's impostor and enemy and death. Rejection, betrayal, desertion, theft roam the pages of her stories as they roam the world. The madam kicking the girl in "Magic" and the rest of the brutality in the characters' treatment of one another; the thieving that in one form or another infects their relationships; the protests they make, from the weakness of false dreams or of lying down with a cold cloth over the eyes, on up to towering rages: all this is a way of showing to the inward eye: Look at what you are doing to human love.

We hear in how many more stories than the one the litany of the little boy at the end of "The Downward Path to Wisdom," his "comfortable, sleepy song": "I hate Papa, I hate Mama, I hate Grandma, I hate Uncle David, I hate Old Janet, I hate Marjory, I hate Papa, I hate Mama. . . ." It is like the long list of remembered losses in the story "Theft" made vocal, and we remember how that loser's decision to go on and let herself be robbed coincides with the rising "in her blood" of "a deep almost murderous anger."

"If one is afraid of looking into a face one hits the face," remarked W. B. Yeats, and I think we must conclude that to Katherine Anne Porter's characters this face is the challenging face of love itself. And I think it is the faces—the inner, secret faces—of her characters, in their self-delusion, their venom and pain, that their author herself is contemplating. More than either looking at the face or hitting it, she has made a story out of her anger.

If outrage is the emotion she has most strongly expressed, she is using outrage as her cool instrument. She uses it with precision to show what monstrosities of feeling come about not from the lack of the existence of love but from love's repudiation, betrayal. From which there is no safety anywhere. Granny Weatherall, eighty, wise, affectionate and good, and now after a full life dying in her bed with the priest beside her, "knew hell when she saw it."

The anger that speaks everywhere in the stories would trouble the heart for their author whom we love except that her anger is pure, the reason for it evident and clear, and the effect exhilarating. She has made it the tool of her work; what we do is rejoice in it. We are aware of the compassion that guides it, as well. Only compassion could have looked where she looks, could have seen and probed what she sees. Real compassion is perhaps always in the end unsparing; it must make itself a part of knowing. Self-pity does not exist here; these stories come out trenchant, bold, defying; they are tough as sanity, unrelinquished sanity, is tough.

Despair is here, as well described as if it were Mexico. It is a despair, however, that is robust and sane, open to negotiation by the light of day. Life seen as a savage ordeal has been investigated by a straightforward courage, unshaken nerve, a rescuing wit, and above all with the searching intelligence that is quite plainly not to be daunted. In the end the stories move us not to despair ourselves but to an emotion quite opposite because they are so seriously and clear-sightedly pointing out what they have been formed to show: that which is true under the skin, that which will remain a fact of the spirit.

Miranda, by the end of "Old Mortality" rebelling against the ties of the blood, resenting their very existence, planning to run away now from these and as soon as she can from her own escape into marriage, Miranda saying "I hate loving and being loved," is hating what destroys loving and what prevents being loved. She is, in her own particular and her own right, fighting back at the cheat she has discovered in all that's been handed down to her as gospel truth.

Seeing what is not there, putting trust in a false picture of life,

has been one of the worst nightmares that assail her characters
"My dreams never renege on me, Mr. Richards. They're al
I have to go by," says Rosaleen. (The Irish are no better tha
the Southerners in this respect.) Not only in the comic an
touching Rosaleen, the lovely and sentient and tragic Miranda
but in many other characters throughout the stories we watc
the romantic and the anti-romantic pulling each other to pieces
Is the romantic ever scotched? I believe not. Even if there rise
a new refrain, even if the most ecstatic words ever spoken tur
out to be "I hate you," the battle is not over for good. Tha
battle is in itself a romance.

Nothing is so naturally subject to false interpretation as th
romantic, and in furnishing that interpretation the Old Sout
can beat all the rest. Yet some romantic things happen also t
be true. Miss Porter's stories are not so much a stand against th
romantic as such, as a repudiation of the false. What alone ca
instruct the heart is the experience of living, experience whic
can be vile; but what can never do it any good, what harms
more than vileness, are those tales, those legends of more tha
any South, those universal false dreams, the hopes sentiment
and ubiquitous, which are not on any account to be gone by.

For there comes a confrontation. It is then that Miss Porter
characters, behaving so entirely like ourselves, make the fatal
wrong choice. Enter betrayal. Again and again, enter betraya
We meet the betrayal that lies in rejection, in saying No t
others or No to the self, or that lies with still more cunning i
saying Yes when this time it should have been No.

And though we are all but sure what will happen, we a
possessed by suspense.

It appears to me irrelevant whether or not the story is co
ceived and put down in sensory images, whether or not it
dramatic in construction, so long as its hold is a death-grip. I
my own belief, the suspense—so acute and so real—in Katheri
Anne Porter's work never did depend for its life on disclosu
of the happenings of the narrative (nothing is going to turn o
very well) but in the writing of the story, which becomes o
single long sustained moment for the reader. Its suspense is o

with its meaning. It must arise, then, from the mind, heart, spirit by which it moves and breathes.

It is a current like a strand of quicksilver through the serenity of her prose. In fiction of any substance, serenity can only be an achievement of the work itself, for any sentence that is alive with meaning is speaking out of passion. Serenity never belonged to the *now* of writing; it belongs to the later *now* offered its readers. In Katherine Anne Porter's work the forces of passion and self-possession seem equal, holding each other in balance from one moment to the next. The suspense born of the writing abides there in its own character, using the story for its realm, a quiet and well-commanded suspense, but a genie.

There was an instinct I had, trustworthy or not, that the matter of visibility in her stories had something to do with time. Time permeates them. It is a grave and formidable force.

Ask what time it is in her stories and you are certain to get the answer: the hour is fateful. It is not necessary to see the hands of the clock in her work. It is a time of racing urgency, and it is already too late. And then recall how many of her characters are surviving today only for the sake of tomorrow, are living on tomorrow's coming; think how we see them clearest in reference to tomorrow. Granny Weatherall, up to the last—when God gives her no sign acceptable to her and jilts her Himself—is thinking: "There was always so much to be done, let me see: tomorrow." Laura in "Flowering Judas" is "waiting for tomorrow with a bitter anxiety as if tomorrow may not come." Ordinary, self-respecting, and—up to a certain August day—fairly well blessed Mr. Thompson, because he has been the one to kill the abominable Mr. Hatch, is self-tried, self-pleaded for, and self-condemned to no tomorrow; neither does he leave his sons much of a tomorrow, and certainly he leaves still less of one to poor, red-eyed Mrs. Thompson, who had "so wanted to believe that tomorrow, or at least the day after, life, such a battle at best, was going to be better." In "Old Mortality" time takes Miranda by the hand and leads her into promising herself "in her hopefulness, her ignorance": "At least I can know the truth about what happens to me." In "Pale Horse, Pale Rider" the

older Miranda asks Adam, out of her suffering, "Why can we not save each other?" and the straight answer is that there is no time. The story ends with the unforgettable words "Now there would be time for everything" because tomorrow has turned into oblivion, the ultimate betrayer is death itself.

But time, one of the main actors in her stories—teacher, fake healer, conspirator in betrayal, ally of death—is also, within the complete control of Miss Porter, with his inimical powers made use of, one of the movers of her writing, a friend to her work. It occurred to me that what is *seeing* the story is the dispassionate eye of time. Her passionate mind has asked itself, schooled itself to use Time's eye. Perhaps Time is the genie's name.

Laura is stuck in time, we are told in "Flowering Judas"—and told in the timeless present tense of dreaming, a brilliant working upon our very nerves to let us know precisely Laura's dilemma. There is in all Katherine Anne Porter's work the strongest sense of unity in all the parts; and if it is in any degree a sound guess that an important dramatic element in the story has another role, a working role, in the writing of the story might this not be one source of a unity so deeply felt? Such a thing in the practice of an art is unsurprising. Who can separate a story from the story's writing?

And there is too, in all the stories, a sense of long, learning life, the life that is the story's own, beginning from a long way back extending somewhere into the future. As we read, the initial spark is not being struck before our eyes; the fire we see has already purified its nature and burns steadied by purpose unwavering in meaning. It is no longer impulse, it is a signal, a beacon.

To me, it is the image of the eye of time that remains the longest in the mind at her story's end. There is a judgment to be passed. A moral judgment has to be, in all reason, what she has been getting at. But in a still further act of judiciousness, I feel, she lets Time pass that judgment.

Above all, I feel that what we are responding to in Katherine Anne Porter's work is the intensity of its life, which is more powerful and more profound than even its cry for justice.

They are excoriating stories. Does she have any hope for us at all? Well, do we not feel its implication everywhere—a desperate hope for the understanding that may come, if we use great effort, out of tomorrow, or if not then, maybe the day after? Clearly it has to become at some point an act of faith. It is toward this that her stories all point: here, it seems to me, is the North Star.

And how calm is the surface, the invisible surface of it all! In a style as invisible as the rhythm of a voice, and as much her own as her own voice, she tells her stories of horror and humiliation and in the doing fills her readers with a rising joy. The exemplary prose that is without waste or extravagance or self-indulgence or display, without any claim for its triumph, is full of pride. And her reader shares in that pride, as well he might: it is pride in the language, pride in using the language to search out human meanings, pride in the making of a good piece of work. A personal spell is about the stories, the something of her own that we refer to most often, perhaps, when we mention its beauty, and I think this comes from the *making* of the stories.

Readers have long been in the habit of praising (or could it be at times reproaching?) Katherine Anne Porter by calling her a perfectionist. I do not agree that this is the highest praise, and I would think the word misleading, suggesting as it does in the author a personal vanity in technique and a rigidity, even a deadness, in her prose. To me she is something more serious than a perfectionist. I celebrate her for being a blessed achiever. First she is an artist, of course, and as an artist she is an achiever.

That she hasn't wasted precious time repeating herself in her stories is sign enough, if it were needed, that she was never interested in doing the thing she knew already that she was able to bring off, that she hasn't been showing off for the sake of high marks (from whom?), but has patiently done what was to her her born necessity, quietly and in her own time, and each time the way she saw fit.

We are left with a sense of statement. Virginia Woolf set down in her diary, on the day when she felt she had seen that great brave difficult novel *The Waves* past a certain point in the writing: "But I think it possible that I have got my statues

against the sky." It is the achieving of this crucial, this monumental moment in the work itself that we feel has mattered to Katherine Anne Porter. The reader who looks for the flawless result can find it, but looking for that alone he misses the true excitement, exhilaration, of reading, of re-reading. It is the achieving—in a constant present tense—of the work that shines in the mind when we think of her name; and in that achieving lies, it seems to me, the radiance of the work and our recognition of it as unmistakably her own.

And unmistakable is its source. Katherine Anne Porter's deep sense of fairness and justice, her ardent conviction that we need to give and to receive in loving kindness all the human warmth we can make—here is where her stories come from. If they are made by the mind and address the mind, they draw their eloquence from a passionate heart. And for all their pain, they draw their wit, do they not, from a reserve of natural gayety? I have wondered before now if it isn't those who were born gay who can devote themselves most wholeheartedly in their work to seriousness, who have seriousness to burn. The gay are the rich in feeling, and don't need to save any of it back.

Unmistakable, too, is what this artist has made. Order and form no more spring out of order and form than they come riding in to us upon seashells through the spray. In fiction they have to be made out of their very antithesis, life. The art of making is the thing that has meaning, and I think beauty is likely to be something that has for a time lain under good, patient hands. Whether the finished work of art was easy or hard to make, whether it demanded a few hours or many years, concerns nobody but the maker, but the making itself has shaped that work for good and all. In Katherine Anne Porter's stories we feel their making as a bestowal of grace.

It is out of the response to her particular order and form that I believe I may have learned the simplest and surest reason for why I cannot see her stories in their every passing minute, and why it was never necessary or intended that a reader should. Katherine Anne Porter is writing stories of the spirit, and the time that fills those moments is eternity.

ON "THE GRAVE"

By CLEANTH BROOKS

IF I had to choose a particular short story of Katherine Anne Porter's to illustrate her genius as a writer—the choice is not an easy one—I think that I should choose "The Grave." I did choose it some months ago for a lecture in Athens, where the special nature of the audience, whose English ranged from excellent to moderately competent, provided a severe test. The ability of such an audience to understand and appreciate this story underlines some of Miss Porter's special virtues as a writer. Hers is an art of apparent simplicity, with nothing forced or mannered, and yet the simplicity is rich, not thin, full of subtleties and sensitive insights. Her work is compact and almost unbelievably economical.

The story has to do with a young brother and sister on a Texas farm in the year 1903. Their grandmother, who in some sense had dominated the family, had survived her husband for many years. He had died in the neighboring state of Louisiana, but she had removed his body to Texas. Later, when her Texas farm was sold and with it the small family cemetery, she had once more moved her husband's body, and those of the other members of the family, to a plot in the big new public cemetery. One day the two grandchildren, out rabbit hunting with their small rifles, find themselves in the old abandoned family cemetery.

> Miranda leaped into the pit that had held her grandfather's bones. Scratching round aimlessly and pleasurably as any young animal, she scooped up a lump of earth and weighed it in her palm. It had a pleasantly sweet, corrupt smell, being mixed with cedar needles and small leaves, and as the crumbs fell apart, she saw a silver dove no larger than a hazel nut, with spread wings and a neat fan-shaped tail.

Miranda's brother recognizes what the curious little ornament is—the screw-head for a coffin. Paul has found something too—a small gold ring—and the children soon make an exchange of

their treasures, Miranda fitting the gold ring onto her thumb.

Paul soon becomes interested in hunting again, and looks about for rabbits, but the ring,

> shining with the serene purity of fine gold on [the little girl's] rather grubby thumb, turned her feelings against her overalls and sockless feet. . . . She wanted to go back to the farm house, take a good cold bath, dust herself with plenty of Maria's violet talcum powder . . . put on the thinnest, most becoming dress she ever owned, with a big sash and sit in the wicker chair under the trees.

The little girl is thoroughly feminine, and though she has enjoyed knocking about with her brother, wearing her summer roughing outfit, the world of boys and sports and hunting and all that goes with it is beginning to pall.

Then something happens. Paul starts up a rabbit, kills it with one shot, and skins it expertly as Miranda watches admiringly. "Brother lifted the oddly bloated belly. 'Look,' he said, in a low amazed voice. 'It was going to have young ones.' " Seeing the baby rabbits in all their perfection, "their sleek wet down lying in minute even ripples like a baby's head just washed, their unbelievably small delicate ears folded close," Miranda is "excited but not frightened." Then she touches one of them, and exclaims, "Ah, there's blood running over them!" and begins to tremble. "She had wanted most deeply to see and to know. Having seen, she felt at once as if she had known all along."

The meaning of life and fertility and of her own body begin to take shape in the little girl's mind as she sees the tiny creatures just taken from their mother's womb. The little boy says to her "cautiously, as if he were talking about something forbidden: 'They were just about ready to be born.' 'I know,' said Miranda. 'like kittens. I know, like babies.' She was quietly and terribly agitated, standing again with her rifle under her arm, looking down at the bloody heap." Paul buries the rabbits and cautions his sister "with an eager friendliness, a confidential tone quite unusual in him, as if he were taking her into an important secret on equal terms: Listen now. . . . Don't tell a soul."

The story ends with one more paragraph, and because the

nding is told with such beautiful economy and such care for he disposition of incidents and even the choice of words, one ares not paraphrase it.

liranda never told, she did not even wish to tell anybody. She thought bout the whole worrisome affair with confused unhappiness for a few ays. Then it sank quietly into her mind and was heaped over by acumulated thousands of impressions, for nearly twenty years. One day le was picking her path among the puddles and crushed refuse of a arket street in a strange city of a strange country, when without warng, plain and clear in its true colors as if she looked through a frame pon a scene that had not stirred nor changed since the moment it hapned, the episode of that far-off day leaped from its burial place before r mind's eye. She was so reasonlessly horrified she halted suddenly starg, the scene before her eyes dimmed by the vision back of them. An Inan vendor had held up before her a tray of dyed sugar sweets, in the apes of all kinds of small creatures: birds, baby chicks, baby rabbits, nbs, baby pigs. They were in gay colors and smelled of vanilla, maybe. . It was a very hot day and the smell in the market, with its piles of w flesh and wilting flowers, was like the mingled sweetness and corption she had smelled that other day in the empty cemetery at home: day she had remembered always until now vaguely as the time she d her brother had found treasure in the opened graves. Instantly upon s thought the dreadful vision faded, and she saw clearly her brother, ose childhood face she had forgotten, standing again in the blazing ishine, again twelve years old, a pleased sober smile in his eyes, turning silver dove over and over in his hands.

The story is so rich, it has so many meanings that bear close d subtle relations to each other, that a brief summary of what : story means will oversimplify it and fail to do justice to its pth, but I shall venture a few comments.

Obviously the story is about growing up and going through a id of initiation into the mysteries of adult life. It is thus the ry of the discovery of truth. Miranda learns about birth and own destiny as a woman; she learns these things suddenly, expectedly, in circumstances that connect birth with death. tending this comment a little further, one might say that the ry is about the paradoxical nature of truth: truth wears a ible face—it is not simple but complex. The secret of birth

is revealed in the place of death and through a kind of bloody sacrifice. If there is beauty in the discovery, there is also awe and even terror.

These meanings are dramatized by their presentation through a particular action, which takes place in a particular setting. Something more than illustration of a statement is involved—something more than mere vividness or the presentation of a generalization in a form to catch the reader's eye. One notices, for example, how important is the fact of the grandmother's anxiety to keep the family together, even the bodies of the family dead. And the grandmother's solicitude is not mentioned merely to account for the physical fact of the abandoned cemetery in which Miranda makes her discovery about life and death. Throughout this story, birth and death are seen through a family perspective.

Miranda is, for example, thoroughly conscious of how her family is regarded in the community. We are told that her father had been criticized for letting his girls dress like boys and career "around astride barebacked horses." Miranda herself had encountered such criticism from old women whom she met on the road—women who smoked corncob pipes. They had always "treated her grandmother with most sincere respect," but they ask her "What yo Pappy thinkin about?" This matter of clothes and the social sense, and the role of women in the society are brought into the story unobtrusively, but they powerfully influence its meaning. For if the story is about a rite of initiation, an initiation into the meaning of sex, the subject is not treated in a doctrinaire polemical way. In this story sex is considered in a much larger context, in a social and even a philosophical context.

How important the special context is will become apparent if we ask ourselves why the story ends as it does. Years later, in the hot tropical sunlight of a Mexican city, Miranda sees a tray of dyed sugar sweets, moulded in the form of baby pigs and baby rabbits. They smell of vanilla, but this smell mingles with the other odors of the marketplace, including that of raw flesh

and Miranda is suddenly reminded of the "sweetness and corruption" that she had smelled long before as she stood in the empty grave in the family burial plot. What is it that makes the experience not finally horrifying or nauseating? What steadies Miranda and redeems the experience for her? I quote again the concluding sentence:

> Instantly upon this thought the dreadful vision faded, and she saw clearly her brother, whose childhood face she had forgotten, standing again in the blazing sunshine, again twelve years old, a pleased sober smile in his eyes, turning the silver dove over and over in his hands.

I mentioned earlier the richness and subtlety of this beautiful story. It needs no further illustration; yet one can hardly forbear reminding oneself how skilfully, and apparently almost effortlessly, the author has rendered the physical and social context that gives point to Miranda's discovery of truth and has effected the modulation of her shifting attitudes—toward the grave, the buried ring, her hunting clothes, the dead rabbit—reconciling these various and conflicting attitudes and, in the closing sentences, bringing into precise focus the underlying theme.

UNCORRUPTED CONSCIOUSNESS: THE STORIES OF KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

BY ROBERT PENN WARREN

IN *The Collected Stories* of Katherine Anne Porter (Harcourt, Brace & World) we have all of the short stories, including four (one, "Holiday," a masterpiece) hitherto uncollected, along with five longer pieces—long stories and short novels. This is a large, solid book, and in its 500 packed pages we find the record of a life and the achievement of a rare, powerful, and subtle creative force. It is a beautiful and deeply satisfying book; and it promises to be a permanent and highly esteemed part of our literature.

Permanent: we may have some confidence in the permanence of this book because, from the beginning, forty-five years ago, the fiction of Katherine Anne Porter has been numinously present but never in fashion. It has had, very definitely, a public, and distinguished appreciation, but its appeal has always been intrinsic, and has never been derived from the accidents of context, social or literary, in which the work appeared. If we look back at the first collection, *Flowering Judas,* what do we find to remind us of the labels and textbook tags for the 'twenties? Or if we look back on the volume of long pieces, "Old Mortality," "Noon Wine," and "Pale Horse, Pale Rider," published in a volume that goes by the name of the last, what do we find that reminds us of the polemics and posturing or, in any obvious way, of the social passion of the 'thirties? Only one story in this collection, the title story of the collection called *The Leaning Tower,* has an air of topicality, and that is the only one which, by the rigorous standard proposed by the rest of the book, can be called a failure. Against the background of shifting fashions, this fiction has always seemed fixed. It seems to have been there always, a part of our spiritual landscape to which one may turn now and then, as to a tree, rock, or hill, for a moment of reorientation. Despite the great richness of detail and the subtlety

of tonal variations, the final effect is one of a classic severity: the memory, as it were, of our own old, half-forgotten inner experiences, suddenly seen in a vital form.

There is, however, a paradox here. Though outside the flux of fashion and beyond the journalism of the chic, this fiction is profoundly, radically, modern. And that, of course, is why it sometimes seems, at first glance, to be outside of what, at a particular moment, may merely appear to be modern. Because of its radical modernism—its root modernism—this fiction often undercuts what is only the accident of a moment.

The most obvious example of this is in the short novel "Old Mortality." Here the legend of the Old South—appearing as a story of romantic family piety, with the beautiful and charming Aunt Amy, long dead, as the heroine—is subjected to a series of "unmaskings," is submitted to a series of tests by corrosives. The person who crucially confronts the legend of Amy, and for whom the unmaskings have a deep bearing on her own vision of life and on her own fate, is Miranda, a child when we first meet her, but at the end a grown girl.

As a child Miranda brings to the family stories merely the test of simple realism. If her romantic father can say, "Thank God, there never were any fat women in my family," the little girl remembers Aunt Keziah, up in Kentucky, "who, when seated, was one solid pyramidal monument from floor to neck." The corrosive of realism is succeeded by that of moral judgment, when Miranda discovers the disastrous effects of Aunt Amy's romantic story—this in the person of Cousin Gabriel, who, as a dashing young man, had married Amy but now is reduced to a whiskey-sodden, wheezing wreck of a man, a failing follower of the tracks, who tortures his present wife with the legend of Amy, a delusion from which he cannot disenthrall himself.

The next stages of the criticism of the legend occurs some years later when Miranda, on the train going back home to Gabriel's funeral, encounters Cousin Eva, who, like Gabriel, had been a victim of the romantic legend—poor, chinless Cousin Eva, who had failed as a belle and has spent her life teaching

Latin in a female seminary or fighting gallantly for the cause of woman suffrage. Cousin Eva, out of the rancor of her old deprivation and defeat, offers Miranda two more kinds of unmasking for the legend. The gay parties of the legend had had a brutal economic undergirding; the parties and the love affairs were a "market." So here we have the very modern corrosive of Marx. But there is another very modern corrosive: "Cousin Eva wrung her hands. 'It was just sex,' she said in despair; 'their minds dwelt on nothing else. They didn't call it that, it was all smothered under pretty names, but that's all it was, sex. . . . None of them had, and they didn't need to have, anything else to think about, and they didn't really know anything about that, so they simply festered inside—they simply festered—' " So the corrosive of Freud is added to that of Marx.

Cousin Eva, with Marx and Freud, speaks for modernism against the romanticism of which Miranda's father is the chief exponent, and thus far, in the various unmaskings of the Southern myth—i. e. the "past" in general—we find a fiction appropriate to its period, the 'thirties. But even as Cousin Eva speaks her piece about sex, "Miranda found herself deliberately watching a long procession of living corpses, festering women stepping gaily towards the charnel house, their corruption concealed under laces and flowers, their dead faces lifted smiling, and thought quite coldly, 'Of course it was not like that. This is no more true than what I was told before, it's every bit as romantic.' "

So Miranda retorts that her own mother had been "a perfectly natural woman who liked to cook"—and with the phrase "natural woman," she gropes out for some truth beyond all the formulations that have been offered her. She is now eighteen, she had eloped only a year before, she has run through her own "romance," and now she is seeking solid footing for her own life. She suddenly thinks she may find the "natural" truth upon returning home, with her father. But this is not to be. When she arrives she finds that there is a secret, unhealable breach between her and her father, and that it is Eva to whom he turns—Eva, who, with her modern unmaskings, had seemed the enemy of his romanticism.

It now appears that Eva and the father are merely the "poles,"

as it were, of the past, the terms of the dialectic of the past, and Miranda is left isolated to find her own "truth" without reference to that past. So we come to the end:

> Ah but there is my own life to come yet, she thought, my own life and beyond. I don't want any promises, I won't have any false hopes, I won't be romantic about myself. I can't live in their world any longer, she told herself, listening to the voices back of her. Let them tell their stories to each other. Let them go on explaining how things happened. I don't care. At least I can know the truth about what happens to me, she assured herself silently, making a promise to herself, in her hopefulness, her ignorance.

The last five words of the story undercut, we may say, one set of assumptions in the story—the simplest being that the past can be "repudiated" in favor of absolute truth in the present. Truth, the last words would imply, is not an absolute, but inheres in the dialectic of the life-process. Each age must create its own truth, out of its own polarities, its own tensions, and this truth, however provisional, is what must constitute its vital commitment. Each age, each person in fact, lives only in the quality —the passion and profundity, and at the same time the critical awareness—of this existential commitment.

This story is, as we have said, the most explicit treatment of this theme, at least in historical and social terms. But it is implicit in "The Old Order." Here the character of Miranda again confronts, as in "Old Mortality," the past. Here is the struggle of the girl to find her own footing, but the struggle is not a simple objective one against the Old Order. She is involved in the values of that order, and the struggle is, finally, a subjective one, for she is fully aware of the virtues of the Old Order, and yearns for them. In "The Jilting of Granny Weatherall" we have a story which might well be in "The Old Order," and a character very close to the grandmother there. We find the toughness and self-reliance of Granny Weatherall (the name is significant), her loyalties and kindnesses, her well-earned pride in her triumph of life. On her deathbed she can think of "sitting up nights with sick horses and sick negroes and sick children and hardly losing one." The fusion of a will to life and a moral attitude, a clear notion of the rules of the game of life

and of the stakes for which it is played—that was what the Old Order offered. The old-fashioned stout ones in these stories have what Faulkner in *Wild Palms* calls "the gift of living once and dying once instead of being diffused and scattered creatures drawn blindly from a grab bag and assembled."

The virtues of the Old Order appear, however, as in "Old Mortality," in the context of its limitations and defects. Since this fiction presents the Southern version of the Old Order, let us take, for example, the life of Nannie—the Black Mammy—as it winds in and out of the stories. There is the time when, as a pot-bellied child, scarcely more than a baby, she is sold at a slave-auction and the purchaser pokes her in the stomach, saying, "Regular crowbait." And the time when, a generation later, she is identified to the seller, now an old judge and respected citizen, who bawls out: "For God Almighty's sake! is that the strip of crowbait I sold to your father for twenty dollars?" Nannie finally airs the grievance to her mistress—whom, long after Emancipation, she had elected to stay with: " 'Looks lak a jedge might had better raisin',' she said gloomily, 'Looks lak he didn't keer how much he hurt a body's feelins.' " The episode, in its very mutedness, is more telling than a catalogue of atrocities. And how complex are the ironies in the fact that Nannie impugns the "raisin' " of the judge—a point on which the Old Order, at any social level, would have had most pride.

If Miranda can look back and yearn for the toughness, the sense of obligation, and the moral certitude of the Old Order, she knows that she cannot have them on the same terms. She must find her own terms, in the New Order; but this means that she may find herself, in the end, as much in conflict with its prevailing values as with any of the past. This is implicit in, for example, "Pale Horse, Pale Rider"; and the theme appears in "Flowering Judas" and is hinted at in the opening of "Holiday," and elsewhere. This is not to say that this theme is dominant, but it is often present, as a kind of under-theme, coloring and modifying whatever may be more dominant, providing another counterpoint or another irony.

The candor, the willingness to confront and explore inner tensions, the conviction that reality, the "truth," is never two-

dimensional, is found in process not in stasis—all this gives the peculiar vibrance and the peculiar sense of a complex but severely balanced form to almost all of the other stories, even those not concerned with the generations or with an over-all society, but with more strictly personal issues. In a story like "Theft" the drama develops from the tension between "world-as-thief" and "self-as-thief," in a rigorous balance of argument subtly unfolding beneath the circumstantial surface of the narrative. In "He," as in "Holiday," the drama develops from the tension between love and compassion, on the one hand, and the gross force of need and the life-will, on the other. In "Maria Concepcion" the drama lies in a contrast between the code of civilization and the logic of natural impulse. In "Noon Wine" it revolves about the nature of motive and of guilt. Did Mr. Thompson really see a knife in the hand of Mr. Hatch? Did he brain the monstrous Hatch to save Mr. Helton's life or to defend the prosperity which Helton had brought him? Or had some other, more mysterious force guided his hand? Poor Mr. Thompson—he can never know and therefore must put the shotgun muzzle under his chin.

The dark pit where motives twine and twist is a place well known, of course, to our modernity; it is the milieu of much modern fiction. It is the milieu deeply pondered and scrupulously reported by Katherine Anne Porter. Not only are "Noon Wine" and "Old Mortality" studies of the ambiguity of motive; such studies are also found in "Theft," "The Tree," and "He," to take only three examples. But it is important to see the difference in effect between her treatment of such ideas and that found in writers whom we think of as specifically modern. For one thing, Katherine Anne Porter never confounds the shadowy and flickering shapes of the psychological situation with vagueness of structure in the story itself, or permits the difficulty of making an ethical analysis to justify a confusion in form. The fallacy of expressive form is not found here. In fact, it may be plausibly argued that the most powerful tension in her work is between the emotional involvements (how great they can, at times, be!) and the detachment, the will to shape and assess experience; and the effect of this is sometimes to make a story look

and feel strangely different, unanalyzably different, from the ordinary practice. But there is a deeper and more significant difference. A great deal of the current handling of the psychology of motive is a kind of clinical reportage. In two respects the work of Katherine Anne Porter is to be distinguished from this. First, she presumably believes that there is not merely pathology in the world, but evil—Evil with the capital *E,* if you will. Along with the pity and humor of her fiction there is the rigorous, almost puritanical, attempt to make an assessment of experience. Second, she presumably believes in the sanctity of what used to be called the individual soul. She may even go as far as Hawthorne does in "Ethan Brand," and elsewhere, in regarding the violation of this sanctity of the soul as the Unpardonable Sin. Not even those characters who are touched with evil or fatuity are deprived of a vital rendering; the ethical judgment is not a judgment abstractly passed on a robot, and the difficulty of judging any human being is not blinked.

If neither the ethical bias in the fiction of Katherine Anne Porter nor the notion of the sanctity of the individual soul seems, at first glance, modern, let us recall that both are related to an issue which undercuts the clinical and reportorial concerns often passing for modernity. The issue is this: given the modern world of technology and the great power state, on what terms, if any, can the individual survive? The abstractions that eat up the sense of the individual—they call forth her most mordant ironies. Of Braggioni, the "professional lover of humanity" who cannot love a person, she says: "He has the malice, the cleverness, the wickedness, the sharpness of wit, the hardness of heart, stipulated for loving the world profitably." And oh, the beauty of that word *stipulated!*

The chic phrase is the "crisis of identity," and a consideration of that crisis lies at the heart of this fiction. It lies so near the informing heart, so deep in fact, that it can be missed; for Katherine Anne Porter sees the question in radical terms: ethical responsibility and the sanctity of the individual soul. Without that much, she might argue, what would "identity" mean? It is chic to discuss the crisis of identity, but it is not chic to explore

it in terms that count—that, in fact, undercut the chic. One might conceivably state the issue here in theological terms. But there is no need to do so, and it might be irrelevant to the author's view. The logical terms are enough.

To take another approach to the whole question, there is a more personal aspect to the tensions underlying these stories. The story of Miranda is that of a child, then of a young woman, trying, in the face of the Old Order, and then of the New, to find her own values, to create her own identity. The exact ratio of fact and fiction in Miranda's story, and of autobiography and fiction in the portrait, is something which we cannot—and in one sense, the author herself cannot—know. It is not even important for us, or for the author, to know. Clearly there is a degree of overlap and projection, but, clearly again, there is one important difference between Miranda and her creator. The creator is an artist, and her own rebellions, rejections, and seekings, as shadowed forth however imperfectly and with whatever distortions, inevitably have some deep relation to this role in real life. No doubt the artist, in all periods, is stuck with some sense of difference, of even alienation, no matter how stoutly, or cynically, he may insist on identifying himself with his world; and in our period this alienation of the artist—even the "pathology of the artist"—is not only an element in his experience but often a theme of his work. It is, in one perspective, a theme of this book, in much the same sense that it is a theme of the work of Hawthorne, James, Kafka, or Mann. It is implicit, over and over, and in "Holiday" it finds something close to an explicit statement in this little lyric poem celebrating an artist's doom:

> I loved that silence which means freedom from the constant pressure of other minds and other opinions and other feelings, that freedom to fold up in quiet and go back to my own center, to find out again, for it is always a rediscovery, what kind of creature it is that rules me finally, makes all the decisions no matter who thinks they make them, even I; who little by little takes everything away except the one thing I cannot live without, and who will one day say, "Now I am all you have left—take me." I paused there a good while listening to this muted language which was silence with music in it; I could be moved and touched but not troubled by it, as by the crying of frogs or the wind in the trees.

The artist must find the right distance from life, put the right shape or frame on life, and at the same time must render, to a greater or lesser degree, its quality, its urgency. These paradoxical demands simply repeat the personal tensions of apartness and involvement. Such tension in this fiction has been peculiarly fruitful, because there is a willed candor in the author's assessment of her role. She knows the deep ambivalences in that role: the world—life—is a beloved enemy. If on one hand, life must be mastered in the dialectic of her form, on the other hand, life must be plunged into—or realized as though one had plunged into it and were totally immersed. The dialectic of her form is peculiarly severe, as I have tried to indicate in discussing "Old Mortality," and even in stories like "Flowering Judas" and "He," which seem at first glance more casually devised in their progression, will be found a deeply set logic. But in all the stories, even when the ordering is most rigorous, there is the same vividness of circumstantiality. The vividness of the details of the physical world is unwavering. The mouth of Braggioni, the fat revolutionist in "Flowering Judas," opens "round and yearns sideways, his balloon cheeks grow oily with the labor of song. . . . He sighs and his leather belt creaks like a saddle girth." When Granny Weatherall lighted the lamps, the "children huddled up to her and breathed like little calves waiting at the bars in the twilight." In "Virgin Violetta," in reference to Carlos: "His furry, golden eyebrows were knitted sternly, resembling a tangle of crochet wool." In "The Old Order," we have the annual arrival of the grandmother back at the farm: the "horses jogged in, their bellies jolting and churning, and Grandmother calling out greetings in her feast-day voice."

Here is a poetry of the rich texture of the world. It is a poetry that shows a deep emotional attachment to the world's body. But this is not a self-indulgent poetry, and its richness is derived from precision—precision of observation and precision of phrase. From, shall we say, the hard intellectuality that veins and hardens that love, that manifests itself elsewhere, and more fundamentally, in the dialectic of form.

As the love of the texture of the world is set against this intel-

lectuality, so the world of feeling is set against the dialectic. It is a rich world of feeling. Gaiety, good humor, and humor abound here. The whole first section of "Old Mortality" spills over with it. In the second section we have the delicious humor of the little girls "immured" in the convent, and even in the last section, there are flashes of humor in the encounter with the formidable Cousin Eva.

Gaiety, good humor, and humor represent, however, only one segment of the spectrum of feeling found in this book. There is the heart-wrenching moment, for instance, at the end of "He," when all the tortured complexities of Mrs. Whipple's attitude toward her idiot son are absorbed into a sudden purity of focus. Or the moment in "The Old Order" when Nannie, after the words of the judge who had sold her years ago as "crowbait," bursts out to her mistress. Or in "Holiday," when the mute cripple, who works as a servant in the house of her own parents, shows the narrator the blurred photograph of a fat, smiling baby, and then turns it over to point to the name—her own name—written carefully on the back. Or in "Noon Wine," when after her husband has given her "a good pinch on her thin little rump," Mrs. Thompson says, "Why, Mr. Thompson, sometimes I think you're the evilest-minded man that ever lived," and then takes "a handful of hair on the crown of his head" and gives it "a good slow pull." Then: " 'That's to show you how it feels, pinching so hard when you're supposed to be playing,' she said, gently." Whether it is the bleak purity of emotion in "He," or this flash of unexpected warmth and tenderness in the life of the Thompsons, Katherine Anne Porter has the gift for touching the key of feeling. She never exploits this gift, never indulges in random emotionality; she knows that the gift must not be abused or it will vanish like fairy gold.

She knows, too, that shifts in feeling are essential if we are to sense the movement of life. A feeling suddenly explodes against the counterpoint of other feelings, other tones, as the pathos of the scene at the hotel in the second part of "Old Mortality" bursts against the humor associated with the little girls in the convent. And always, the feeling appears against the backdrop

of the rigorously unfolding form of the story. Katherine Anne Porter has some austerity of imagination that gives her a secret access to the spot whence feeling springs. She can deny herself and her own feelings, and patiently repudiate the temptation to exploit the feelings of the reader, and therefore can, when the moment comes, truly enter into the heart of a character; and in that self-denial may find, and affirm, herself. One hesitates to think what price may have been paid for this priceless gift.

I have been speaking of some of the tensions and themes in this book. They spring from the author's will to see "all" of a thing. She must explore, as it were, the inner resonances and paradoxes of her own sensibility. She is willing to undergo the painful discipline of trying to keep uncorrupted her own consciousness. One feels that for her the act of composition is an act of knowing, and that for her, knowledge is the end of life—and that for her, knowledge, imaginatively achieved, is, in the end, life. Without it, all the bright texture of the world and experience would be only illusion.

She knows, we are forced to believe, that if one is to try to see "all," one must be willing to see the dark side of the moon. She has a will, a ferocious will, to face, but face in its full context, what Herman Melville called the great "NO" of life. If stoicism is the underlying attitude in this fiction, it is a stoicism without grimness or arrogance, capable of gaiety, tenderness, and sympathy, and its ethical point of reference is found in those characters who, like Granny Weatherall, have the toughness to survive but who survive by a loving sense of obligation to others, this sense being, in the end, only a full affirmation of the life-sense, a joy in strength. On her deathbed, as we recall, Granny Weatherall, thinking of all the sick animals and people she had sat up with, night after night, can cry out in triumph to her long-dead husband: "John, I hardly ever lost one of them!"

Like all strong art, this book is, paradoxically, both a question asked of life and a celebration of life; and the author of it knows in her bones that the more corrosive the question asked, the more powerful may be the celebration.

NEW BOOKS IN REVIEW

DICKENS AND GEORGE ELIOT: THE NECESSARY ANCESTORS

THE DICKENS THEATRE: A REASSESSMENT OF THE NOVELS, *by* ROBERT GARIS, *Oxford University Press.*
DICKENS: THE DREAMER'S STANCE, *by* TAYLOR STOEHR, *Cornell University Press.*
GEORGE ELIOT'S SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE, *by* THOMAS A. NOBLE, *Yale University Press.*
EXPERIMENTS IN LIFE: GEORGE ELIOT'S QUEST FOR VALUES, *by* BERNARD J. PARIS, *Wayne State University Press.*

MUST we have a Dickens Problem? Or, have we ever been without one? Not since the days when George Eliot praised Dickens' "power of rendering the external traits of our town population" and wished "he could give us their psychological character—their conceptions of life, and their emotions—with the same truth as their idiom and manners." For Dickens was the last great master of the novel before the emergence of realism in England, and the history of Dickens criticism yields a constant strain of high-minded rebuke: he could not render the inner life of his characters; he built monstrous plot-machines which stamped experience into coincidences of horror or sentimental joy; he forced each sentiment into brilliant excess through a cast of amiable eccentrics, vapid heroes, and passionate grotesques.

Behind the criticism lay implicit standards: the demand for "realism," for gradual and subtle disclosure; the dignity of organic form with internal necessity of structure; the vision of the novel as a self-contained world into which its creator must never intrude as an officious providence or an ironic moralist. These standards vary from critic to critic. George Eliot can offer realism but only at the cost of her imposing presence. James gives us organic form, but can we speak of his realism as his career advances? And how shall we ignore those insistent metaphors that crowd into his last novels? There is always a moment when we rewrite literary history in the form of manifestoes, sacrifice the necessary ancestors, define a new form by its opposition to our version of the old. What sounds like the barest fact proves to be a doubtful assumption once the manifesto cools and itself hardens into history. We question the sheer relevance of these standards that now seem only to inhibit the appropriate response to a greatness we no longer need to deny. It seems more profitable to

learn how to value Dickens than to use him to sharpen our discrimination or to define the limits of our sensibility.

Do we deceive ourselves? Can we help finding the writer we want? Is it ludicrously inevitable that we should today find in Dickens a poetic and symbolic genius, who fuses the magical urgency of the archetypal folktale with the appeal to an adult moral intelligence? Such, at any rate, is the Dickens who has emerged from the criticism of Edmund Wilson, Lionel Trilling, F. R. Leavis, J. Hillis Miller. The gains are clear: a body of fiction as impressive as any in English; a forerunner in different ways of Dostoyevsky, Kafka, and Lawrence; a new ancestor who blesses the farcical and grotesque in our recent fiction. Are the gains suspicious? Is it another case of literary politics and critical self-deception? Or have we once more ignored the kinds of greatness in him that are embarrassing to us because they do not flatter our own efforts?

This is our Dickens Problem, and the latest contribution is Robert Garis's attack upon the symbolist we suppose Dickens to be. He offers us instead a theatrical genius who devises a series of brilliant turns, impressing us most with his power of impersonation and his resourceful language—Dickens as a Ruth Draper of the novel, but more robust, more popular, more everything. The Dickens we read becomes the Dickens who read aloud before his audience, moved and moving, obsessed with the need to perform the roles he had invented. This is a bold and lively argument, and it sweeps away at once all that might make Dickens a "serious" novelist. The "non-theatrical novelist" will "try to make us believe that the scene being enacted is really there," but the theatrical novelist cannot permit such direct involvement. He must call attention to his own performance and give us those coarse, familiar feelings that will permit "brilliant theatrical mimicries and denunciations." His plots are "inert and without imaginative life"; his characters are always "giving performances of their identities," and in these performances the will of the author is "always a felt presence." If we expect of Dickens what we ask of the serious novelist, we find ourselves in "a repellently direct contact with the author's will, which seems to be interested in dominating the real world instead of understanding and revealing it."

The problems Mr. Garis raises may constitute a Problem; he demands, at the least, that we come to terms with a Dickens who is different from the realists, perhaps different from the "serious"

novelist in any mode. Seriousness sounds an Arnoldian note, and this is criticism of the "real estimate," nervously deferential, in spite of dissent, to F. R. Leavis, anxious to save us from surrendering too cheaply to a writer who will require us to surrender principles as well. The book is cleverly argued, and, if the cleverness seems less than wisdom, it has its own brilliance as a performance. Mr. Garis meets the symbolic readings on their own terms, shows that he could do this sort of thing if he thought it sound, and dismisses them as "well-intentioned distortions" which "will, in the longer run, work against Dickens's reputation rather than for it."

The kind of reading that Mr. Garis questions is refined in the new book by Taylor Stoehr. This study, too, recognizes the distinctiveness of Dickens, but it finds it elsewhere. Mr. Stoehr give us a writer who creates the immediacy and the fluidity of dreams. At times the two critics seem to be recognizing the same qualities in Dickens, but their inferences are quite different. For Mr. Stoehr, too, "the narrator peculiarly identifies himself with the activity, gets inside it, lends it his own life,"—but here is the difference—"and thereby himself disappears. The narrator *becomes* the narrative. . . . The things, characters, and events described vibrate with immediacy, as if it were our hallucination and not Dickens'." Or again: "Like the dreamer—who is everywhere present in his own dream, playing all the roles and even providing the setting by a projection of his own body image—Dickens manages, through his detachment, to lend vitality to every element of his story." Mr. Stoehr sees the later novels as a "gradual coming to the surface" of hidden content—"a preoccupation with sex, class, and sin." In its earliest stages of disguised statement, this content demands radical divisions in the action in order to keep elements apart that Dickens cannot bring himself to relate to each other. As he gains in self-understanding, his plots become "intelligible, even formulistic."

Mr. Stoehr's approach brings into sharp focus details that seem blurred in the usual reading of Dickens. He sees them as expressions of forces within Dickens of which the author was scarcely aware but which he had to express. At times, notably in *Great Expectations,* these unconscious forces produce a structure that does not need the heavy overlay by which the artist hides his own meaning from himself. Yet, the "secondary elaboration" of disguise may produce a richer novel than greater directness. Still, for all of Mr. Stoehr's subtlety, the psychological process does not, in the present state of

criticism, account for the full coherence that we ask of art. It resembles art at times and for reasons that, one assumes, are not accidental; but the resemblance does not close the gap between two kinds of order, those of psychic expression and those of artistic form. On a smaller scale than the whole novel, particularly in a brilliant opening discussion of Dickens' style, Mr. Stoehr's analysis is extremely illuminating.

Neither of these books gives us a Dickens who was a deliberate artist. There is no reason to claim too much for his conscious self-mastery, but I miss the recognition in either book of that kind of poetry or fiction that frankly imposes upon experience a strong voice and a strong vision of its own. We may call it the "egotistical sublime," but it is not limited to the high style of Milton or Wordsworth. Satire, for example, is a mode that Dickens used as brilliantly as any writer of his century. Satire resolutely holds a detached and external view of conduct it brilliantly simplifies, challenging us to accommodate its symbolic patterns to our conventional reading of experience. The bold impositions of satire do not offer themselves as literal accounts of life, any more than do those of the comic or pastoral visions. A writer like George Eliot defines her reality in opposition to these artificial and abstract modes. Dickens tends to accept them, yet in ways that are too fluid and elusive to allow us much repose or confidence. He gives us the seedy, reedy little pastoral note of the Plornishes in Bleeding Heart Yard; he moves to the height of indignant satire or to the splendid amassing of ludicrous symbols that is the Barnacle mews residence; and he moves again to the Ibsen-like melodrama of Mrs. Clennam's self-imprisonment in moral righteousness. He carries symbolic themes across modes, as we move from the grim self-imprisonment of Miss Wade's paranoia to the ludicrous instance of Flora Finching, trying to preserve long-dead winsomeness inside the large woman too much addicted to drink, defending herself against her own shrewdness in the massive and coy irrelevancies of her talk. And Flora is accompanied by that savage prisoner of senility, Mr. F.'s Aunt, spitting out the phrases that voice some trapped but uncontrollable rage.

Mr. Garis points out that Clennam does not really respond in character to Flora Finching and "her comic side-kick, Mr. F.'s Aunt," for her comic performance demands of him only "generalized neutrality"; "he is pure audience." If he seems to respond, "Dickens's theatrical methods give us the cue that Arthur Clennam's comic sense is something to be forgotten immediately, something not

to be credited to him in particular." The point, in fact, of Dickens' theatrical world "is that we do not stop to think, which is to say that we are doing something else which is different from the kind of thinking which could also be termed believing. We are accepting, we are seeing the point, we are enjoying, we are applauding. We are in a theatre."

But are we so passive, and is the popular audience so naive? Can't we, after all, both admire the actor and believe in the character? Can't we accept a painting in which the title figure may do little more than direct our response, where the background is seen in one perspective and the foreground in another? Can't we follow a novel in which one set of characters is seen in a satiric mode, another in a comic, still another in a pathetic? And can't we move among these sets of characters, see them live out a common plight at different levels of depth or dignity, feel some involvement in their feelings and recognize as well great subtlety in the interplay of their separate responses?

Mr. Garis quotes a famous passage from *Middlemarch:* "One morning, some weeks after her arrival at Lowick, Dorothea—but why always Dorothea? Was her point of view the only possible one with regard to this marriage?" He finds the voice of the narrator "clumsily explicit." It seems to me one of the triumphs of George Eliot's method. At that I must leave it.

We seem no longer to have a George Eliot Problem. Recent studies have come to terms with the rhetoric of her fiction. The task that seems most important at the moment is to recover the historical moment at which her fiction appeared. If the real estimate has become securely high, the historical estimate deserves our attention all the more; it is too easy to accept a genius as part of the company of saints and to forget the radical nature of her art or the disturbance of settled convention her fiction represented. Thomas Noble's modest study of the *Scenes of Clerical Life* studies their genesis and their implicit theory of art. He considers the experimental nature of the book, its generous reception by Dickens and others, and its foreshadowing of the novelist's later work. This is a study that may win more attention for George Eliot's earliest fiction, but it makes no excessive claims; and, while it uses manuscript material, it does little to alter the received estimate of these stories. But it offers a fine body of relevant quotation from George Eliot's letters and essays, an exploration of the doctrine of sympathy that is a guiding motive in the stories, and a full, sympathetic, low-keyed study of their art.

A more ambitious and extensive study by Bernard Paris attempts to place the formal problems of the novels in the larger setting of "George Eliot's quest for values in a Godless universe." Mr. Paris does not always avoid the kind of phrase we have heard too often, but he presents a thoughtful and well-documented account of George Eliot's intellectual career. His central theme is her attempt "to reconcile the satisfaction of the needs of the heart, which was the great strength of the old creeds, with the allegiance to empirically verifiable truth that was the foundation of modern thought." George Eliot, as she tells us, desired "to *do without opium* and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance." And this book makes a strong case for the single impulse that saw "undeviating law" both in nature and in the moral life. "The cosmology of science," as we see it in Mill's *Logic* and other works of the age, "presented George Eliot with a world that is characterized by universal regular sequence, slow but incessant evolutionary change, and enormous complexity. Above all, it is a world in which phenomena are extensively interrelated and interdependent."

Mr. Paris builds his case upon analogies that show a common temper of mind in the scientific world view and the moralist's stress upon the objective reality, the ineluctable otherness, of one's fellow-men. These must remain analogies, for George Eliot's world has no single ground of belief. The scientific view, turned upon the moral order, shows it as "self-created," resting "on nothing but itself." George Eliot does not, like Conrad, constantly tease us with the awareness that, as moral beings, we hang together in a welter and support each other's illusions. She is too deeply immersed in the problems of moral choice to be haunted by the prior problem of where we find the grounds of our moral life. Yet Mr. Paris's treatment, while it draws effectively on Mill, the Positivists, and particularly Feuerbach, does not fully evoke the elevated priestess of Duty. A recent English Institute lecture by J. B. Schneewind recalled that neglected tradition of nineteenth-century moral philosophy which gave primacy to the person, the family, and the sense of obligation. Mr. Paris's work may be supplemented in time by a study of the effect of this tradition upon George Eliot's thought. But this book remains a solid study, bringing no strikingly new interpretation to the novels but deepening familiar emphases and giving a larger relevance to the themes that govern their structure.

MARTIN PRICE

ON ENGLISH POLITICAL THOUGHT

THE PURSUIT OF CERTAINTY, *by* SHIRLEY ROBIN LETWIN, *Cambridge University Press.*

THE work of the intellectual historian, like that of almost everyone else, is complicated nowadays by the fact that so many people have been doing what he does for so long. Is he trying to discover new facts about our cultural past? So many are known, so little of importance is left in the archives, that he will have to be lucky indeed to succeed. Is he trying to present a new interpretation of well-known material? Then to make his view more plausible than the innumerable existing interpretations and perspectives and illuminations, he will have to satisfy a very high standard of clarity and be intensely aware of and careful about the problems of historical argumentation. The time has passed when the vaguely suggestive essay or impressionistic book can be of very much value. Rigor and depth are needed as much from those who survey a wide area as from those who analyze the miniscule.

Mrs. Letwin presents us with a study of the political thought of Hume, Bentham, J. S. Mill, and Beatrice Webb. Although she has done considerable research in unpublished or generally unused material—she quotes from Bentham manuscripts, from Mill letters, from Webb diaries, and even from Hume's *History of England*—her aim is not to tell us important new facts about her subjects but rather to reinterpret their political thought in order to help us reach a new and better understanding of the history of political controversy in England. We are accustomed, she says, to thinking of that history as a continuous and continuing debate between proponents of less government and proponents of more; we think of selfish men trying to curtail centralized authority and benevolent men trying to extend it; we oppose *laissez-faire* theories to the beliefs of welfare economists. This image of the past, Mrs. Letwin wishes to show, "is not altogether satisfactory," not because it is false but because it "seems to be lacking a dimension." It fails, in particular, to account for disagreements over the extent to which political activity can be guided by knowledge rather than by custom or guesswork. Seen with this issue in mind, she holds, new controversies and new allegiances stand out. Mrs. Letwin begins with Hume because he exemplified the kind of tolerance and humanity that can result from skepticism carried into politics. Because he was able to bear uncertainty on most issues, he viewed politics as piecemeal tinkering and repairing, not to be judged by any very high standards of ration-

ality or exactness. Bentham challenged this view, insisting on eliminating the vagaries and foibles of individuals by making administration into a science. J. S. Mill went further. A worse Puritan than his father, he hoped to construct a complete social science as basis for a science of government. This in turn would enable men to exercise scientific control over the psychological character of coming generations. In the work of Mrs. Webb, finally, we come to "the apotheosis of politics." Where Hume had resisted the unbearable spiritual tyranny of Scottish Presbyterianism, Mrs. Webb wanted the new scientific politics to "comprehend everything." Unworried about the dangers of unbounded authority, she held that "under scientific socialism, personalities and personal judgments, with all their uncertainty, were dispensed with. The rule of science eliminated matters of opinion. Everything could be reduced to a question of social health, and settled rationally, efficiently, and impersonally."

No particular moral is explicitly drawn from this historical study, but the rhetoric of the summaries makes clear Mrs. Letwin's dislike of those who insist on certainty and hope for complete scientific management of human affairs. Her orientation is thus similar to that of Hayek's brilliant studies of the St. Simonians and Comtians, in *The Counter-revolution of Science,* and of Popper's well-known attack on Plato and others in *The Open Society*. Unlike them, Mrs Letwin makes no attempt to justify or even to explain her standpoint. Hence the main question to be asked is whether she has shown it to be helpful to a study of English political thought. This question is difficult to answer because of a basic vagueness in her aim. It is never quite clear whether she is talking about general frames of mind exemplified particularly well by her four subjects, or about their explicit theories, or about their personal characteristics. She says that she takes them "to speak for something more than their individual preferences." They are, she holds, "generic patterns for their time, and the changes from one pattern to another may be said to represent a broad change in moral and political ideals." But if she means this, she has done little or nothing to show it, since her evidence is derived almost entirely from detailed study of the lives and writings of the four subjects. To show that they were "generic patterns" would presumably require evidence about what many *other* people thought. The very large amount of exposition of the views of her four thinkers might lead one to take Mrs. Letwin's aim to be a traditional study of their thought. Here

again one would be disappointed. Mrs. Letwin is content with summary of "positions"—very detailed, and usually (but not always) accurate—but makes little attempt to expound, and no attempt to assess, the philosophical and other arguments which are central to those positions. For in fact she seems to be mainly interested in the picture of a personality which might be constructed by taking the writer's conclusions and considering them as if they were dictated by his wishes and his psychological needs. Thus the change from Hume to Mill—for instance—is presented as due largely to the differences between Hume's jovial self-assurance and Mill's need for an authoritative replacement for his father: despite her discussion of the industrial revolution, Mrs. Letwin does not consider the possibility that Mill's un-Humean views sprang from a recognition of problems and social realities which Hume never had to face. In any case it is not clear just how such pictures of personalities are to improve or enrich our grasp of English political thought, for Mrs. Letwin does not explain what sort of relation she thinks there is between a writer's personality and his theory.

Hence in the end, though we have been presented with an interesting and suggestive idea, we are left vague as to why it is interesting and what it suggests. Attempts like Mrs. Letwin's to reach a general understanding of a major period of thought are essential if intellectual history is to keep from disintegrating into a myriad of unrelated monographs; but synthesis cannot now be successful if it is so very much less rigorous than the specialist studies which it complements.

J. B. SCHNEEWIND

MONTAIGNE AND MARIVAUX

MONTAIGNE: A BIOGRAPHY, *by* DONALD M. FRAME, *Harcourt, Brace & World.*
MARIVAUX, *by* E. J. H. GREENE, *University of Toronto Press.*

THESE two volumes, worthy of praise for their own sake, represent also an act of faith on the part of authors and publishers—an act of faith in the existence, in a country where college graduates must today number twenty or thirty million men and women, of a cultured public ready to welcome serious, unpedantic, and well-written volumes on Continental European writers. The authors are both scholars of distinction who, unlike many of their colleagues today, refuse to wrap their insights and their meaning in oppressive blankets of argonistic categories. Literature to them is not a source of haughty solitary enjoyment forbidden to all but a few of their solemn peers,

and criticism has nothing of an elaborate private game played between anatomists and engineers of the intellect. They indulge no facility, evince no intention whatever of cheapening or vulgarizing their subject. They do not pretend to banish all footnotes, precise data, severe but always clearly and tersely phrased analyses of ideas, novels, plays. They do not pretend to ignore the diligent labor of their predecessors. There has long existed abroad an audience for solid but urbane volumes of this kind. There must exist an equally intelligent and fast-growing public for history, literary biography, and respectable sociological and scientific works in this country. Both these volumes are impeccably done, with the gift of selection and of economy which is gained through long familiarity with the field and years of teaching. They are handsomely presented by the publishers, and the biography of Montaigne is artistically illustrated.

Both are biographies, which may be another hopeful sign of our times. An ephemeral vogue for light, half-romanticized, and hastily documented biographies, which left out the works and the ideas of writers and the poetry of poets, but related exterior details and ironical anecdotes, prevailed in the nineteen-twenties. It naturally irked austere academic critics who, leaping to another extreme, insisted upon reading the texts alone, with relentless and at times quibbling subtlety, forsaking any assistance which the lives of the authors proffered to them. However, the appeal which literature, art, and music should present to an intelligent public was thereby gravely jeopardized. After all, some acquaintance with the lives of Mozart and of Berlioz, of Van Gogh and of Yeats, is far from irrelevant to a trained understanding of their work; it may well lead to an attempt to search more probingly into the technique of an artist and the epistemology of a thinker. It prevents the deplorable dehumanization of the humanities which now rivals the oft-mourned dehumanization of art. Of Montaigne, it was stated by Leigh Hunt that his great merit lay in having been "the first man who had the courage to say as an author what he felt as a man." William Hazlitt praised his "accomplished humanity," his "easy style and gentlemanly and scholar-like sense," adding, perhaps (though not surely) with his tongue in cheek: "These we consider in a great measure English." (Coleridge had likewise hinted that Molière must have had an illegitimate English father: he felt "sure that his genius was English.") The moralist of the *Essays*, "the wisest Frenchman who ever lived" as Sainte-Beuve called him, is of course more than his life, like every one of us. But the presentation of the man in his

everyday, undramatic, and uneventful career, interspersed with the analysis of his ideas, is the best approach to Montaigne's wisdom and elusive depth. Marivaux's exterior life was just as undramatic. But justice can only be done to his strangely realistic novels, to his comedies of love, desire, and fear of the commitment to total passion, if the enigmatic writer is replaced in his age and in the society for which he composed his works.

Donald Frame, of Columbia University, must have devoted a quarter of a century at least to meditating on and translating into English the *Essays*. His present volume is the summa of his expert and discriminating knowledge of the text, of the man, and of the age. He follows Montaigne through his childhood to his thirty-eighth year, when, in 1571, he probably began composing that nondescript and nonchalant dialogue with himself which he came to call his *Essays*. It may well be that, if his beloved and long-mourned friend La Boëtie had not died in 1563, Montaigne would merely have addressed long letters to him, or even have revealed himself to him in conversations, and we would have had to do without the most influential book in the whole range of French literature, and the one which English-speaking readers have always preferred to any other. There are gaps in our knowledge of the essayist's life: we know next to nothing of his years of adolescence. That period of identity crisis, so dear to modern autobiographers, novelists, and anguished or would-be anguished college men, apparently aroused no especial interest before the romantic era and was never dreamt of as difficult. We know equally little about Montaigne's loves, although Donald Frame does not mince matters or words, any more than his model did, about the erotic turn of mind of the aging sage and about his occasional crudity. Any man, and any culture, reveals itself most disturbingly by what it conceals and attempts to ignore.

After his forty-seventh year, when the first two books of the *Essays* appeared in 1580, the life of Montaigne is that of his thought, of his moral and social attitudes, and that of his style, the most spontaneously imaginative and the richest in verve of any French prose-writer. His biographer follows Montaigne into the recesses of his thought. The essayist lets his fancy roam and his dialectical mind digress smilingly with almost as much comic mastery, though with less ultimate firmness in the conclusions reached, as Plato did in his dialogues. Skilfully he oscillates between our natural greed for happiness, even for intellectual comfort, and our ineradicable concern with ethical values. The only great development of his time and of

the modern world which left him uninterested was science. But, although he refused to cultivate a tragic sense of life, in sentences on the inanity of lovers' embraces which recall Lucretius and anticipate Proust, in others in which he pictures the gods playing wantonly with humans as in a game of court tennis (twenty years before *King Lear*), Montaigne was aware of the absurdity of the fate of man "that plaything of divinities."

The modesty of this biography of Montaigne, rich, learned, precise, pleasantly and flowingly written, is its most remarkable virtue. The all-knowing scholar had to eliminate and to choose with sedulous taste, unlike recent ponderously exhaustive lives of English romantic poets and of American novelists. Its other outstanding merit is its balanced fairness. Controversies have raged for over a century, chiefly since Sainte-Beuve presented Montaigne as a half masked foe of faith, around the religious attitude of the essayist. Of course Montaigne's dialogue with the several lobes of his brain, and with the conflicting demands of his heart, is polyphonic. Like many of his descendants—Rousseau, Bergson, Gide—he thrived on the contradictions within himself. Some of his offhand remarks on religion as most fitting for children and the very old, deriving its power over those two ages from their "imbecility" (the word had the Latin connotation of "weakness"), are disturbing. Montaigne, to be sure, leaves out of Christianity original sin, revelation, resurrection, redemption, immortality; and in the most touching of his last essays, he even avows his imperviousness to repentance. But there are more ways than one of being a Christian, and a Catholic. Pascal's or Karl Barth's tragic ways are not perhaps the most authentic ones. Montaigne and Descartes would have been horrified by Kierkegaard and by Dostoevski's tormented faith. Their works today may not appear Christian to our age of anxiety. But both of them were sincere believers and tried to serve faith—perhaps more efficiently than those who incessantly proclaim their own debasement. Montaigne's lesson is to show us how to live on this globe of ours, under purely human conditions, and to display what another French moralist, Joubert, has called "the finest of all courages, that of being happy." The lesson has not ceased to be timely. This wise, restrained, balanced life of Montaigne, the first to appear in English in a century, should draw new devotees to the personality and to the thought of the writer whom T. S. Eliot has called "the most essential author to know, if we would understand the course of French thought during the last three hundred years."

If Montaigne may be said to have had, from Sir Thomas Browne and Sterne down to the present day, an even richer progeny in Britain than in France, Marivaux may well be, far more than Racine or La Fontaine, the most difficult of French writers to acclimatize in Anglo-Saxon lands. That fact may have endeared him all the more to his compatriots. Half a dozen volumes in praise of Marivaux's comedies (hardly anyone since Voltaire has had anything derogatory, or even tepid, to say of him in France) have come out in the last two decades. Several of his deft, nimble plays of relentless analysis of the birth of love and of playful desire parading as mundane coquetry have been staged with extraordinary success, not only in the Comédie Française, but for audiences of the working class and farmers in France. Jean Vilar, at the Popular National Theatre, has scored some of his best hits with them. Even the two unfinished, and in many respects, old-fashioned and lengthy novels by Marivaux, which once impressed eighteenth-century England, *La Vie de Marianne* and *Le Paysan parvenu,* have been restored to an eminent place in recent histories of French fiction: they have appeared in the Pléiade collection and their authentic text has been diligently established by a renowned Marivaux scholar of the Sorbonne, Frédéric Deloffre.

E. J. H. Greene is a Canadian scholar of distinction, whose volume in French on *T. S. Eliot et la France,* some fifteen years old, was a solid and acute study. His present book is the first full-length and methodical presentation of Marivaux in English. A previous book by an American professor, Kenneth McKee, was limited to the plays of an author who was also a refined essayist, the heir to the French moralists of the age of Louis XIV, and a novelist of consequence. The book is long, at times repetitious, and too meekly inclined to depend upon the French commentators on Marivaux or to discuss their assertions with patient elaborateness. All the works of Marivaux are analyzed and discussed in ten chapters, and referred to the dramatist's life insofar as we know it. Marivaux was little addicted to indiscreet confessions in an age when self-revelation was a devouring passion. He is almost as enigmatic as Racine, and we are at a loss to decide how much personal experience went into the making of an author who talked much about sincerity and whose characters relentlessly try to be totally sincere with themselves. Five other chapters trace the fortunes of Marivaux after his death and speculate interestingly on the reasons for his present vogue with the critics and theatrical directors of France. Marivaux's plays offer challenging opportunities to an imaginative and ingenious director. Reading

them, and analyzing those tenuous webs of coquettish trifles, as some callous commentators have called them, fails to do justice to a text which eschews declamation, imagery, poetry, but which suddenly springs to life on the stage.

Professor Greene's study is admirably conscientious, over-detailed no doubt and occasionally confusing to the layman, but admirable as a thorough work of meticulous marshalling of facts and of independent literary evaluation. One may wish that the share granted to a synthesis of Marivaux's achievement as a novelist and playwright might have been ampler. The constant question asked by foreign critics of Marivaux, and by those of the French who do not allow themselves to rave about one of the most masterful portrayers of love, is: Does he belong with the truly great? And why does he just miss reaching universality?

The action in Marivaux's comedies is almost nonexistent and may disappoint those who expect motion and tension on the stage, or even the cheerful boisterousness of Molière, Congreve, or Wycherley. The themes from one play to another hardly vary: a man and a young woman watch each other as they suspect that they are harboring an insidious desire and perhaps a nascent passion. They lay snares for each other in order to be reassured of their own feelings and of the worthiness of their eventual partner. They look into their hearts, reason the reasons prompted by those deceitful organs, and finally yield to the feeling of which they have first approved. But a tremulous fear lurks in the relief which they experience once they have granted themselves leave to love: Will they long remain sincere? What will happen after the curtain falls on their decision to marry?

Marivaux has discreetly refrained from depicting love after, and outside, wedlock or the slow dying of love, "le désamour" which Benjamin Constant was to portray, with a cruel delicacy of touch, in *Adolphe*. His theme is always nascent love at odds with pride, with self-control, with mental quietude, and, in a strange anticipation of D. H. Lawrence's tales and novels, with class. Masters disguise as valets, mistresses as maids, the better to observe the other; and they are aghast, yet curiously thrilled, at discovering that they may be risking "déclassement" through falling in love with someone of a lower status. Their fear, however, has other causes. Like the Princess of Clèves, they are frightened by the loss of their mental security once they commit themselves to someone else. Will they be loved in return in exactly the way in which they wish to be loved? Is not

love in man and woman, under a deceitfully similar vocabulary (and in French a very poor one), radically different? And can it survive the mutual intoxication with eloquent or risky words with which the males attempt to instil the contagion of their desire into the women, and even the sadism, or at any rate the delectable cruelty, of forcing the other one to avow defeat?

There is, as in many of the artistic and literary products of the age of "la douceur de vivre," some crudity under the veneer of coquetry and of courtesy in Marivaux. Molière did not, except perhaps in *Le Misanthrope*, attempt the comedy of love. Marivaux annexed that domain to French comic literature. The name of "marivaudage" has remained to designate the playful game of coquettish flirtation which is practiced by subtle lovers in refined salons. Professor Greene rightly deplores the inference drawn by many moderns which limits Marivaux to a portrayal of fickle, intellectual debates around a woman's ultimate surrender, which is enjoyed far more if the defeated female has first heard many sophisticated arguments for her yielding.

In truth, however, Marivaux is a very acute analyst of desire in love and of a cerebral eroticism which Baudelaire and Malraux rediscovered later. "Every day, in matters of love," he wrote, "we do very coarse things with great delicacy." He pierced through all the devices by which we dupe ourselves, "in order to dupe others without any scruple." The secret of his relative failure to win as much admiration outside France as he has enjoyed in his native land probably lies there. Long before Proust, he unwrapped too many of the illusions and delusions with which we transfigure love.

HENRI PEYRE

ALBAN BERG DOCUMENTED

ALBAN BERG, *by* WILLI REICH, *translated by* CORNELIUS CARDEW, *Harcourt, Brace & World.*

ALBAN BERG seems to have played Aaron to Schönberg's Moses: the stern and inflexible master heard the dodecaphonic voice in the burning bush and descended with the tablets of a new musical dispensation, but his pupil more immediately succeeded in spreading the revelation among mankind. The quick recognition of *Wozzeck* as a revolutionary masterpiece which possessed the inevitability of a classic, and the triumph of the Violin Concerto which proved that the fiercely cerebral twelve-tone theory could sustain a moving requiem cry, must have converted or at least suspended judgment in

many who had found infinite atonality monotonous. Berg remarkably fused mathematics and emotion, applying Schönberg's hotly debated principles with undebatable effectiveness. If he was not a genius of the highest order, he was able to think simultaneously in musical terms and dramatic terms which to any but a very great artist might have seemed unrelated or even at odds.

Schönberg often used his dazzling musical inventiveness for mustily traditional tasks. His opera, *Moses and Aaron,* is a recognizable hybrid stemming from Exodus and his own post-romantic autobiography. For all its power, it is superficially like a cantata with extensive balletic additions, a Handel oratorio produced by Cecil B. De-Mille. In contrast, Berg, with a dramatic daring consonant with the new musical daring, went to Büchner and Wedekind, and so thoroughly transformed the matter and form of opera that Schönberg himself was startled. "This soft-hearted, timid young man had the courage to engage in a venture which seemed to invite misfortune to compose *Wozzeck,*" marveled the teacher, "a drama of such extraordinary tragic [sic], that seemed forbidding to music. And even more: it contained scenes of everyday life which were contrary to the concept of opera which still lived on stylized costumes and conventionalized characters. He succeeded. *Wozzeck* was one of the greatest successes of opera." Berg's new wine demanded the new bottle. his subject matter with its philosophical and emotional implications patently asked for the new musical language. Even musical giants may not be notable for a rich diversity of genius: Beethoven's literary sensibilities or Richard Strauss' thought do not inevitably impress us, but in Berg's case, as in Wagner's, we are impelled to think of him as musician, dramatist, and thinker at the same time.

Clearly there is much to be said about Alban Berg; and Willi Reich—a distinguished musicologist who has published on the composers of Vienna from Mozart to Schumann and who was a personal friend of Berg—is uniquely qualified to analyze and evaluate his art and give us a relatively complete, intimate, and authoritative account of the man and his thought against the complex background of Vienna from the declining years of the Hapsburg Empire to the eve of Hitler's *Anschluss.* In this book he has completely rewritten and made considerable additions to his earlier work on the composer, which was hurriedly published in Vienna in 1937, doubtless under the threat of the Nazi night.

The new book is grandiose in conception: a first part is dedicated to what is called an "exhaustive" biography, the second to analyses

of every one of Berg's works, and a third to essays by Berg himself (he had pronounced ability as a critical writer). Throughout there is an unusual authority indeed, but not, as might be expected, because of Reich's personal involvement in the subject but rather because of his consistent methodology, which is based upon the premise that the composer and his world should speak for themselves. The biography is pieced together almost exclusively from quotations from Berg or his correspondence, the observations of his associates, and contemporary journals; the musicological matter has the imprimatur of Berg since the analyses are either his own or were written under his scrupulous eye; the concluding essays are inevitably the man himself. All of this should provide a canonical foundation for the study of Berg, and in a sense it does, but the admirable principle of letting the facts speak for themselves exacts an awful price.

Willi Reich consciously sees himself as famulus to Berg and stands as awestruck and self-abnegating before him as Wagner before Doctor Faustus. His not to reason why, but rather to preserve the relics in the laboratory with as much reverence for a surviving shoelace as for the miraculous homunculus in the test tube. He doesn't analyze or generalize, let alone evaluate, but through humility or an often illogical and self-defeating scientism, acts as the collector of demonstrable facts and attributable statements. Ellmann's *Joyce* or Painter's *Proust* could have proceeded in such a high-mindedly objective manner, but those biographies make it obvious that if the facts are to speak for themselves, we must have a carefully weighed-in plenitude of them. Too often Berg or his circle or the journals simply did not say the most relevant things, or ask the most pertinent questions. As a result this "exhaustive" life, which runs to ninety-five pages, frequently has the atmosphere of a mechanically assembled scrapbook of facts which, for all their importance, seem to have survived accidentally. This scientific method guarantees omissions, misemphases, and non sequiturs and becomes surrealistic when half a page is devoted to a meticulous physical description of Berg's father while a single vague, hurried sentence takes care of a love affair and a suicide attempt. True, there is little subjective analysis to obscure Berg's figure, the facts are never distorted to prove a point, but since the aim of biography is to present a unified and meaningful approximation of a man, Willi Reich should certainly have risked more than he has. The hypotheses of a man of his erudition, integrity, and closeness to the subject must be more valid than those which will emerge decades and continents away.

So the reader is both grateful and frustrated. There is so much of value in this book that he feels outraged that there is not much more. Some of the "facts" are vividly self-sufficient. There is an early letter with a description of a lightning-filled sky which anticipates the demonic natural world of *Wozzeck* and concludes with a properly absurd statement about a careful housewife who, terrified by the incomprehensible blaze in the heavens, rushes to renew her fire insurance. But as often a fact rouses more than gratifies curiosity. In another letter written in the youthful exclamatory style he outgrew, Berg writes, "At last we have come to the realization that sensuality is not a weakness, does not mean a surrender to one's own will. Rather it is an immense strength that lies in us—the pivot of all being and thinking. (Yes, all thinking!) In this I am declaring firmly and certainly the great importance of sensuality for everything spiritual. Only through the understanding of sensuality, only through a fundamental insight into the 'depths of mankind' (shouldn't it rather be called the 'heights of mankind'?) can one arrive at a real idea of the human psyche." These words are obviously on the way to *Wozzeck* and *Lulu,* but Reich gives no intimation of the crucial detour which must have intervened to darken this apparently optimistic belief in will and spirituality into the fatalistic despair of those operas in which human automatons appear the sometimes beautiful but inevitably doomed victims of nature and sexuality. Berg explicitly suggested a profound and subtle affinity between his art and psychoanalysis and, for that matter, he was actually a patient of Sigmund Freud's (a fact that would elicit volumes from a Brigid Brophy), but typically the simple fact suffices for Reich. And there is an insufficiency in the treatment of the relations between Schönberg and his disciple. Berg's piety and indebtedness to the older man are made indubitable, but the master's severe reprimand of his pupil at an important moment in his career cries for fuller and more candid documentation and analysis, as does the whole agonizing history of Berg's life as a "pure Aryan" whose greatest loyalty was to an exiled Jew.

The musical analyses pose the same dilemma. It should be stressed that these detailed and sometimes highly technical descriptions of Berg's works are of inestimable value, but they simply do not cope with some of the most urgent and fascinating questions his art raises. For instance, to give the impression that Berg's *Wozzeck* is primarily a realistic drama of social protest is, at best, carelessly short-changing it, and is reminiscent of that dangerous sort of partial vision which

has categorized Kafka's *The Castle* as merely a satire on Austro-Hungarian bureaucracy. M. F. Redlich, the other considerable writer on Berg, has written only a brief memoir, but he emphasizes his mysticism, his predilection for Balzac's *Séraphita,* that book Yeats found so germinal. This clue may or may not be an important way into the labyrinth in which Berg's characters seem lost, but Reich is once again silent on this score.

The three essays by Berg which close the volume suddenly bring us face to face with someone we have seen too distantly, for all of the biographical and musicological data do not add up to the complex and passionate personality his prose expresses. His concrete defense of Schönberg's esthetic, his satiric dismissal of Hans Pfitzner, and his attack on destructive musical criticism are concentrated, often ironic, and rhetorically shrewd pieces which suggest a flair and wit to which Reich's compilations have not done justice. These articles are important documents in the history and theory of modern music and are often provocative. In the music of Schönberg, Berg tells us, "we find—united, occurring simultaneously—all these properties that are otherwise considered the merits of good music, but which generally crop up only singly and well-distributed amongst the various musical epochs. . . . Think of Bach's polyphony; of the structure of the themes—often quite free constructionally and rhythmically, of the classical and pre-classical composers, and their highly skilled treatment of the principle of variation; of the Romantics, with their bold juxtapositions (which are still bold even today) of distantly related keys; of the new chordal formations in Wagner arrived at by chromatic alteration and enharmonic change, and their natural embodiment in tonality; and finally think of Brahms' art of thematic and motivic work, often penetrating into the very smallest details." Confronted with this overwhelming synthesis the reverent may seek analogies in *Finnegans Wake,* the frivolous in a vision of Julia Child gone mad, busily devising a composite strudel-soufflé-goulash which, however astounding when abstractly considered, would certainly confound the taster.

A final complaint. Mr. Cardew's translation, of which sometimes not so good is the syntax and the diction slippery, is often graceless and obscure. A final tribute. There are plentiful photographs which are among the most eloquent and self-sufficient facts Mr. Reich has assembled. In short, this historically important volume is at once regrettable and invaluable.

KENNETH CONNELLY

CRITICS OF POETRY

Poets of Reality: Six Twentieth-Century Writers, *by* J. Hillis Miller. *Belknap Press of Harvard University Press.*
Studies in Structure, *by* Robert J. Andreach. *Fordham University Press.*

J. Hillis Miller's *Poets of Reality* carries into the twentieth century a cluster of thoughts begun in his earlier work on five nineteenth-century writers, *The Disappearance of God.* Dense of texture, beautifully quiet in the originality of its argument, ever-faithful to the truth of particulars, this work should prove a landmark in twentieth-century criticism.

The book offers, in effect, several works in one, and gains immensely by their inclusion under one cover. The six essays (Conrad by way of transition, Yeats, Eliot, Thomas, Stevens, and Williams are sufficiently rounded in their insights to stand separately as balanced penetrations into the work of each writer. In this case, one man's chapter is another man's book. The pacing of the argument is such that the essays should be of interest to a spectrum of readers, although the hidden resonance of the observations will best be known to those steeped in the poetry. There is no surface jamming, no wearing of the attention through extreme condensation; complexities are spread out sequentially and come to adhere of their own, as the argument recircles and gathers together before its final emergence into the clear. Much is carried by overtones generated through absorption of the poetry into the style of the book.

Miller's remark on William Carlos Williams illuminates his own special strength and catches the basic, extremely fruitful assumption of the work: *the particular* is *the universal.* His fine sense for the quasi-perceptual components of a work—the continuities and discontinuities, weight, color, quality of light, the source, pace, flow, and flicker of things—not only brings the surface of the poetry into the criticism (and articulates something very difficult to put into words); it also unfolds, as if naturally, into highly abstract speculation. Perceptual patterns are no longer stranded as curiosities, but are everywhere seen as meanings. The converse is also true: the general no longer has its lines cut to the particular. The route of great logical subtlety which Miller follows through Eliot's remarks on F. H. Bradley opens out finally onto the poetry and enhances it. It is rare in criticism that logical acumen is continuous with sensibility in this way. This is a work which restores to poetry its living quality as fleshed thought.

But the book has yet a further triumph. It offers without fanfare a

quiet rethinking of the path which modern poetry has traveled out of the nineteenth century into our own time, and leaves us with an articulation of the modern ethos, which is fascinating to consider. The brief introduction announces the thesis: progressive disintegration of the subject-object relation through the nineteenth century, which is at first overcome in various ways, then accepted and followed in the extreme to nihilism, out of which the present writers emerge with a new understanding of interplay and fusion which leaves behind the old subject-object dualism. The thesis requires the amplitude of the book for its full meaning. Miller wisely retires as theoretician after only twelve pages and allows the thought to germinate underground, as our attention is redirected to the demands of individual writers. The thesis emerges again of itself, no conclusion is needed, the comments on the poetry persuade beyond need of insistence or further instruction. There will quite naturally be questioning and personal dissent among readers—the book proposes so much for the mind to consider—but this is clearly a work which no future writer on modern poetry will want to leave out of account.

Alongside as seasoned a book as that of J. Hillis Miller, Robert J. Andreach's *Studies in Structure* inevitably feels like the work of an apprentice. His book follows Louis Martz in drawing upon a more technical understanding of theological practice and teachings to illuminate elements in literature which a modern reader might perceive only hazily and approximately. Andreach works with the stages or degrees of spiritual life. Because the texts are modern—Hopkins, Joyce, Eliot, and Crane—their relation to the tradition is different from that of Martz's book. The poet's activity is not illuminated from within, but is seen rather from an outside perspective which might be applied to any writer of religious intent. (This is particularly true of Crane, where there is no working with, or within, the tradition, but it also often characterizes Andreach's remarks on Eliot and Hopkins, where contact with the tradition is assured.) The texts are classified or "translated" into the network of theological terms. The main activity of the book is thus operational, the manipulating and aligning of two systems; Andreach does not really move beyond classification into substance. There is no reference to Bonaventure—the source of Andreach's three central terms—in the bibliography or text (except in a quotation from Pourrat), no reference to Scotism or Hopkins' feeling for selfhood. The treatment of religious issues and poetry finally denies implicitly the life of both. I particularly mind the constant intrusion of manipulative

activities between the texts and the reader, without any lingering or genuine opening up. Similarily, to speak of suffering, purgation, agony, as easily as one speaks of neutral objects is to betray both the experience of the poems and the concern behind the religious tradition.

I wish to exempt from the above strictures Andreach's chapter on Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist,* where there is a much happier meeting of critic and author. Andreach handles Joyce's ironies with subtlety, and brings together material which will be of genuine use to future readers.

PRISCILLA W. SHAW

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE IN DEFOE'S FICTION

DEFOE AND SPIRITUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY, *by* G. A. STARR, *Princeton University Press.*

AFTER all the recent emphasis upon *Robinson Crusoe* as an embodiment of ideas of economic individualism and upon its hero as the perfect illustration of *homo economicus,* it is satisfying indeed to receive, and to praise whole-heartedly, a book which interprets Defoe's best work so directly and convincingly in terms of the contemporary religious traditions and contexts out of which it grew. On this point there should be no doubt: Mr. Starr has written a book of central importance in Defoe studies, one which runs directly counter to the view that religious concerns have no priority of status in Defoe's novels and that what religious heritage he had was too weak to supply a continuous and controlling pattern for a hero's experience. In contrast to the widespread opinion that Crusoe's religion "amounts to no more than a superimposed and dispensable commentary on the action," Mr. Starr finds the very shape and substance of *Robinson Crusoe* to have their origin in an extensive contemporary literature of spiritual autobiography and self-revelation. Accustomed as we are, furthermore, to regard *Robinson Crusoe* and *Moll Flanders* as forerunners of the true English novel, it is part of Mr. Starr's thesis to maintain that it is equally important for us to recognize these works themselves as "heirs to a long tradition of spiritual autobiography, a tradition that probably reaches its fullest imaginative expression in *Robinson Crusoe.*"

In his first chapter Mr. Starr isolates some of the common and salient features of seventeenth-century spiritual autobiographies. Such works assumed the importance of every individual to God, and assumed also the importance to each individual of all signs and

symptoms of his soul's status or progress. Constant self-analysis, encouraged by the keeping of diaries, led to the habit of scrutinizing all occurrences in a search for their spiritual significance. Another underlying assumption was that Christian experiences had an essential uniformity, and this led to typical and traditional expressions of these experiences: certain Biblical episodes and characters came to have well-defined associations, while certain quite ordinary human experiences and activities (storms, sea voyages, trade) acquired distinct symbolic significance. Such autobiographies, moreover, frequently went beyond the merely documentary, for in them fact became the ground for meditation upon one's past conduct, led to questioning of self and perhaps to renewal of contracts with God, and ultimately took on value to others as a pattern for self-searching. In many instances, the autobiographies tended toward a conventional shape and structure, the most "natural" being that which seemed to reflect the innate contours of spiritual development in all men. Largely the pattern was determined by events before, during, and after conversion, and consisted of typical stages: *provocation* to repentance, *consideration* of the self's plight, *conviction* of one's own insufficiency and need of God. The actual conversion might be abrupt, while further progress in regeneration could at times be halting and attended with vicissitudes.

To help prepare for his discussion of *Robinson Crusoe,* Mr. Starr in chapter two describes a work which seems intermediary and transitional between genuine spiritual memoirs and the kind of fiction Defoe was to write. Of uncertain authorship, *An Account of Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of a Private Gentleman* (1708) seems to describe "figuratively a process which Crusoe undergoes bodily." Both the Private Gentleman and Crusoe embark on wayward careers, both ignore Providential occurrences and become hardened to chastisements and deliverances; each in his own way enters into a period of despair, and each is then admitted into a conversion in which God's providential power and order are acknowledged and heeded. Having reached states of spiritual health, however interrupted they might be by subsequent backslidings, each is eventually able to instruct not only himself but others also.

Turning directly to *Robinson Crusoe,* Mr. Starr sees Crusoe's "original sin," his running away to sea, as resting on an "orthodox Calvinistic conception of man's innate waywardness and obstinacy" (not as representing what has been called "the dynamic tendency of capitalism itself . . . improving on the lot one was born to"). His

wanderings are then further seen as representative of his growing spiritual estrangement from God, and also of his increasing obtuseness to Providential threats and deliverances. Cast away on his island (the sea to which he had turned had become an instrument of Providential chastisement and mercy), Crusoe's defiance of divine order becomes a settled pattern of action, so much so that he later considers with special regret his indifference to two displays (one gentle, one harsh) of Providential concern and power over him—the incidents of the barley and earthquake. Then, in the tradition of "hardy sinners bowed by illness," a dire sickness and the frightening dream of an avenging angel provoke Crusoe to reflection on his past life, to a consideration of his spiritual plight, to a sorrowful conviction of his own worthlessness and helplessness, and to the first prayer he had made "for many years." After this first brief prayer, the next morning brings the first signs of the physical recovery that parallels his spiritual renewal, and Crusoe begins his meditations on the Providential order that governs all creation, including himself. The process of regeneration of course requires time, but with the achievement of a more settled submission to God's will, Crusoe is ultimately able to impart the truths he has learned to others and to become master not only of himself but also of others.

Mr. Starr sees spiritual autobiographies as pursuing "thematic coherence amid or despite narrative incoherence," as giving "a logic of spiritual change" precedence over "a logic of outward action," and such an inner continuity he also discovers in *Moll Flanders*. Moll's development is seen as one of progressive spiritual hardening, one in which single misdeeds become habitual sins: she accepts "more and more and balks at less and less." The recurrence of her partial and false repentances becomes thematic, and leads only to further hardening until the final climax of an actual and true repentance brought on by events in Newgate and by the exhortations of the minister who visits her there. At this point Moll goes through the stages of conversion (provocation, consideration, conviction, repentance) that had characterized Crusoe's conversion, and the very conversion itself is seen as giving thematic orientation to the entire chronicle of sin and hardening that had preceded it.

Much as *Roxana* differs from what he considers to be the traditional spirit and shape of spiritual autobiography, Mr. Starr yet sees it also as illuminated by the genre. It too reveals the progressive hardening in sin of a character, in this case an unregenerate one, and illustrates the belief that God could give a sinner up to his own hard-

ness of heart as well as reclaim the most vile. At the same time, Mr. Starr finds *Roxana* seriously flawed by Defoe's decision to make an unregenerate sinner her own critic: Roxana's moral reflections seem deprived of any essential validity and her character becomes too extremely ambiguous.

All in all, Mr. Starr has written a remarkably fine and valuable book, one that should help give Defoe studies a better orientation in the future, and one also that should contribute to a better understanding of the development of the English novel in general.

AUBREY WILLIAMS

PURITANISM AND REVOLUTION

THE REVOLUTION OF THE SAINTS: A STUDY IN THE ORIGINS OF RADICAL POLITICS, *by* MICHAEL WALZER, *Harvard University Press*

THE author of this new book on English Puritanism largely (and rightly) disregards its economic aspects and the Weber-Tawney controversy and concentrates on its political side and, more particularly, on Puritanism as the "foundation" of the English Revolution, the "firm basis in radical aspiration and organization which goes back to Calvin himself and to the work of the Marian exiles." Mr. Walzer states that "the English Revolution can only be explained in terms of the impact of the Puritan ministers and their ideology upon the gentry and the new merchants and professional classes. Had that impact, for whatever reason, never been made, social and economic forces might have produced many different forms of conflict and even of civil war in England; they would not have produced a revolution."

In his opening chapter the author examines the emergence of radical politics in Europe as a part of "modernization." He then proceeds to examine Calvinist ideology and select those elements which allowed, if they did not produce, a situation which permitted revolutionary activity. While "the treatment is roughly chronological," Mr. Walzer has "jumped over the years rather freely . . . sometimes assuming, sometimes arguing the existence of a common world view." This method has its defects. It fails to explain, for example, the monarchical bias of Puritan preachers in the early years of the seventeenth century. Nor does Mr. Walzer explain exactly what the Puritans opposed and how this opposition changed and hardened in the years before 1649.

His chapter on the gentry is written in a similar vacuum:

This extraordinary sense of religious vocation, reinforcing secular reasons for opposition to the crown, can be seen at work in three different aspects of parliamentary life: in elections, in political organization, and in the religious "exercises" that were so crucial to revolutionary activity in the 1640's. These can only be outlined here; they deserve to be examined much more carefully—perhaps through a number of biographical studies of the political saints in which the delicate task of weighing the impact of religious zeal might be undertaken. For the moment, it can only be suggested that in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries radical innovation in politics (especially when this involved the cooperation of numbers of men) was inconceivable without the moral support of religion—and that religion probably provided the major incentive for innovation.

But this suggestion is singularly unconvincing without the careful examination which Mr. Walzer recommends. A good deal of biographical work has, in fact, already been done. Had Mr. Walzer used Mrs. Keeler's close study of the elections to the Long Parliament he might not have accepted Henry Wilkinson's contemporary and biased judgment that the members of that body represented "the piety and holiness . . . of a kingdom."

And who were the revolutionary gentry influenced and motivated by religion? Mr. Walzer names only five seventeenth-century gentlemen: Oliver Cromwell and Colonel Hutchinson—excellent examples of "gentry saints"; John Pym, who died before the Revolution; Sir Simonds D'Ewes, a victim of Pride's Purge; Sir Robert Harley, who was imprisoned by Parliament for voting to treat with the King. Could not the author have studied the Rumpers, or the King's judges, or even Cromwell's first Council of State? He might thus have proved (or disproved) his interesting hypothesis.

BASIL D. HENNING

NEW RECORDS IN REVIEW

In March 1936, during his final season with the New York Philharmonic, Toscanini performed Mozart's Concerto K.595 and Beethoven's Concerto No. 4 with a young pianist, Rudolf Serkin, who on this occasion made his first appearance with orchestra in this country. A tape recording of the Sunday broadcast, which I heard last spring, confirmed what I wrote at the time about the lyricism, the delicacy and sensitiveness of tone and line, of the orchestral frameworks provided by Toscanini, and the similar lyricism and small scale of Serkin's playing, at the same time as it revealed things I hadn't perceived then: that Serkin had played effectively in the Allegros of the Beethoven work, but not in the Andante, and that in the Mozart his playing had even then been as pallid and flaccid, as offensive in its occasional arch or sentimental inflection, as it is now. In addition, the tape made it possible to compare the 1936 performance of the Beethoven work with the one that Toscanini broadcast with the NBC Symphony and Serkin in November 1944, and that RCA Victor issued in June on LM-2797 (mono only). As against the relaxed, quiet, spacious orchestral framework of 1936, that of 1944 was taut and dynamic; and Serkin's playing, more vigorous too, again was effective in the Allegros but even less adequate in the Andante. I would say, therefore, that the performance is one to acquire only for Toscanini's superb statement of the orchestral part; and that for an effective statement of the piano part one must turn to Schnabel's performance on the Electrola record (not the Angel) or Cliburn's on the Victor record.

The subtleties of inflection and articulation of Schnabel's playing at its best delight one in some of the historic prewar performances of Beethoven sonatas reissued by Angel. COLH-55 (mono only) has the infrequently played but attractive Op. 22 and the better-known Op. 26, whose gracefully flowing opening movement is made ponderous by Schnabel's attempt to give it weightier expressiveness—an occasional unfortunate practice of his. COLH-56 has another infrequently played but attractive work, Op. 28 *(Pastoral)*, with the less interesting Op. 27 No. 1 and the popular Op. 27 No. 2 (known as

Moonlight), in which Schnabel's quiet and unemphatic statement of the opening movement—in place of the usual heavily meaningful one—is wonderfully effective, but the finale is made blurred and shapeless by a tempo too fast for his technique. COLH-57 has the fine Op. 31 No. 2, with Schnabel's overemphatic treatment of the wistful finale, and the less interesting Op. 31 No. 1; COLH-58 the genial and charming Op. 31 No. 3, with its finale made unclear by another tempo too fast for Schnabel's technique, and the inconsequential little Sonatas Op. 49 (the sound is spoiled by too much artificial resonance). COLH-59 has the two outstanding middle-period sonatas, Op. 53 *(Waldstein)* and Op. 57 *(Appassionata)*, with the infrequently heard but fine little Op. 54; and it has three of the best performances in the series, including the spaciously meditative and dramatically powerful realization of the Adagio of Op. 53 that was one of Schnabel's unique achievements. And COLH-60 has the fine Op. 81a *(Les Adieux)*, the briefer Op. 78 and Op. 90 that deserve to be heard more frequently than they are, and the uninteresting Op. 79.

Vanguard VRS-1130/1 (mono only) enables us to hear the concert that Szigeti and Bartók gave at the Library of Congress in 1940. Even with his old-fashioned habits of breaking chords and slowing down phrases, Bartók, it turns out, was an accomplished pianist with distinguished musical powers that made him a real partner for Szigeti in superbly enlivening performances of Beethoven's Sonata Op. 47 *(Kreutzer)*, the Debussy Sonata, and Bartók's Rhapsody No. 1 and Sonata No. 2—the performances of the Debussy and Bartók pieces being something that can be appreciated and enjoyed even by someone who, like myself, finds the music uninteresting. And those who do enjoy them should write to Angel requesting it to issue the Frick Collection concert with incomparable performances of Mozart's Sonata K.481 and Beethoven's Op. 96 by Szigeti and Schnabel.

The performance of Schubert's Trio Op. 99 by Istomin, Stern, and Rose, on Columbia ML-6116 (mono), is even better than the old one of Istomin, Schneider, and Casals, and is of course better reproduced. It is therefore now the present-day one to acquire in addition to the historic Cortot-Thibaud-Casals performance on the Angel record.

Karl Richter, who recently has recorded unusual performances of Bach's choral works with his Munich Bach Chorus and Orchestra, earlier recorded unusual performances of some of Bach's organ

works for London, and now plays the great Toccata and Fugue in D minor and Fantasia and Fugue in G minor again on Deutsche Grammophon 18-907 and 138-907. With these the records offer the less interesting Prelude and Fugue in D (BWV 532) and the uninteresting Trio Sonata No. 2 (BWV 526). The excellent organ of the Jaegersborg Church, Copenhagen, is reproduced well, though with the occasional unclear texture that is seemingly unavoidable.

Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique* is paced effectively by von Karajan and played superbly by the Berlin Phiharmonic on Deutsche Grammophon 18-964 and 138-964.

The performance of Mendelssohn's music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on Deutsche Grammophon 18-959 and 138-959 has astonishing playing by the Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio—including a horn solo in the *Nocturne* that is the most beautiful in tone and phrasing that I have heard since young Mason Jones's in the Philadelphia Orchestra's performance with Toscanini in 1942—and good pacing by Kubelik to make it highly satisfying.

Not one of Klemperer's new performances of Mozart symphonies with the Philharmonia Orchestra—K.385 *(Haffner)* and 425 *(Linz)* on Angel 36128 (mono), K.504 *(Prague)* and 543 on 36129, K.550 (the G-minor) and 551 (known as *Jupiter*)—is without a movement that is played either too slowly or, in one instance, too fast for the music to have its proper effect. And the orchestra's playing comes off the records with less than the previous clarity and beauty of sound.

Böhm's conducting of Mozart's *The Magic Flute,* on Deutsche Grammophon 18-981/3 and 138-981/3, also exhibits insufficient animation, energy, and expressive intensity at a few points, but most of the time it is effective. And the performance has excellent singing by Evelyn Lear (Pamina), Häfliger (Tamino), Fischer-Dieskau (Papageno), and Franz Crass (Sarastro), with singing by Roberta Peters (Queen of the Night) that is, if nothing else, remarkably accurate, and superb playing by the Berlin Philharmonic. If one wants a more excitingly conducted performance one will find it in Beecham's, on Odeon 80471/3, which has in addition the beautiful singing of Lemnitz, Berger, and Roswänge.

The performance of Verdi's *Il Trovatore* conducted by Schippers on Angel 3653 (mono), with Tucci, Simionato, Corelli, and Merrill, is disappointingly undistinguished except for Simionato's singing. The performance to acquire is either the early one on Victor M-6008 (mono only), for the beautiful singing of Milanov, Bjoer-

ling, and Warren, or the one on Angel 3554 (mono only), for the superb conducting of von Karajan and the impressive singing of Callas.

Whereas Bruckner's attempts at portentous symphonic utterance cause me to flee the hall, I find some of his religious music impressive and affecting, as well as beautifully made. One such work is the Mass in E minor, which is excellently performed on Lyrichord LL-136 and LLST-136 by the Vienna Chamber Choir and Vienna State Opera winds under Gillesberger.

The unusual pacing and shaping with which Karl Richter points up the dramatic character of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* is not heard in the performance conducted by Münchinger on London A-4431 and OSA-1431. But Münchinger's pacing is otherwise good; there is good singing of the choral passages that are the best parts of the work by an unidentified adult mixed chorus in addition to the Stuttgart Hymnus Boys' Choir; the solo parts—including a number of very dull arias—are sung well by Peter Pears (Evangelist), Hermann Prey (Jesus), Elly Ameling, Marga Höffgen, Fritz Wunderlich, and Tom Krause; and the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra plays well.

Victoria's Masses *O Quam Gloriosum* and *O Magnum Mysterium* are sung well by the Choir of the Carmelite Priory, London, on Oiseau-Lyre OL-270 and SOL-270. And Argo RG-5398 and ZRG-5398 have good performances by the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, of Palestrina's Motets *Stabat Mater, Hodie Beata Virgo,* and *Senex Puerum Portabat,* and his *Magnificat* and *Litaniae de Beata Virgine Maria* in eight parts.

B. H. Haggin

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MY ADAMS UNCLES: CHARLES, HENRY, BROOKS

By ABIGAIL ADAMS HOMANS

MY Grandmother, Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, was born a Brooks of Medford and inherited considerable wealth from her father, Peter C. Brooks, a prominent merchant. She was a worrier by nature, which trait she may have handed down in the form of that self-distrust so evident in her two younger sons—Henry and Brooks. My father, John, was the oldest son, but there was an older daughter, Louisa Catherine, called Lou, as well as a younger one, senior to Brooks, who was the baby of the family. Lou I never saw, but she is immortalized in my memory by her classic remark, always quoted with pleasure by her brothers, that she would marry a blackamoor to get away from Quincy. She actually married a severe and bearded gentleman from Philadelphia named Charles Kuhn, who, I presume, served her purpose, for they lived in Italy, which was gratifyingly far removed from Quincy, and she died there childless after an accident in 1870. Lou must have been a remarkable woman, for all of her brothers were devotedly attached to her—one of the few subjects on which they could all wholeheartedly agree. She was not beautiful, but she had style, self-confidence, and wit, and was evidently very charming for she was invariably spoken of as a "femme fatale."

Between my father and his brother Charles, a short two years his junior, there was always a very close and affectionate relationship. They even looked alike—short, stocky, broad-shouldered, and, in later years, of course, completely bald. Graduating with

the Harvard Class of 1856, Charles, without any marked predilection for the law, selected it as a suitable profession for his active and inquiring mind. Unwilling to spend further years of intellectual drudgery at Harvard, he started reading law in a private office, but the advent of the Civil War soon distracted him, and by 1861 he had entered the army, leaving it four and a half years later as Colonel of the First Massachusetts Cavalry. He was married soon after the end of the war to a charming New York lady, Miss Mary Ogden (Aunt Minnie), and took a year's vacation in Europe to recover his health, somewhat shattered by his army service.

At home once more, Uncle Charles found that he could not face the intolerable anticlimax of a law office after his war experiences, and with his insatiable energy at once looked around for some more congenial calling. He spotted the railroads as the greatest developing force in the country and proceeded without delay to familiarize himself with their problems and the abuses to which they were a prey. In collaboration with his brother Henry he began writing articles for the monthly magazines, hoping to stir up public opinion for adequate legislation to control the depredations of the railroad magnates. Between them, the two produced some first-rate propaganda and, undeterred by public apathy, Uncle Charles worked and wrote incessantly until in 1869 his efforts were rewarded when the Massachusetts Legislature passed an act creating a Board of Railroad Commissioners. He was then appointed one of the three members. For ten years he worked as a Railroad Commissioner and then refused renomination to become successively Chairman of the Board of Arbitration of the Trunk Lines and afterwards President of the Union Pacific. That assignment lasted for six bitter years, until, to his great relief, he was removed by Jay Gould and thrown back to begin his life over again.

Nothing daunted, Uncle Charles took to his pen once more and became the historian of his native Quincy and the adjacent countryside, as well as a versatile and aggressive writer on an extraordinary number of unrelated subjects. He used to say that he suffered from an inferiority complex, but I knew him as one of the most self-confident and combative of men, loving to

stir up discussion and reveling in criticism. He worked unremittingly with my father on the town affairs of Quincy, helping to produce what subsequently was known as the Quincy system in the public schools as well as being instrumental while a Park Commissioner in saving for the people of Massachusetts the Blue Hill reservation and the Middlesex Falls. His body was as vigorous as his mind; he rode every day of his life—usually before breakfast—and he loved the sea, being a keen swimmer as well as a competent yachtsman. At our summer playground—the Glades Club at North Scituate—no northeaster could stop him from taking his daily swim, and I can still see him as he used to stand on a cold September morning gazing out at a gray sea while pensively rubbing his bald head and happily murmuring, "My God, how dreary." He had built himself a house at the top of President's Hill in Quincy where he and his family lived for many years until his restless energy asserted itself once more and he pulled up stakes and moved to Lincoln. To me he was always a sympathetic and well loved figure.

Uncle Henry—the next uncle—escaped from Quincy early in life, when as a young man just out of Harvard, he went to London for eight years as secretary to his father, Charles Francis Adams, who was American Minister to England. Then within two years of his return, he accepted an invitation from President Eliot to become Professor of Medieval History at Harvard. In 1872 he married Miss Marian Hooper, whose brother was the Treasurer of the College, and settled down in Boston, with a summer home at Beverly Farms. Uncle Henry was a natural teacher and made a great mark for himself while he was at Harvard, but his heart was not in the work, Boston was socially uncongenial, he was restless, and by the late 'seventies he had resigned, moved to Washington, and begun his life work as a historian and biographer. He took little interest in the Old House at Quincy, and although he came back later, after the death of his wife, to pass some summer months there, it was only to use it as a quiet haven where, with access to the family papers, he could work in peace on his *History of the United States*. It was there in the Stone Library that I remember him when I was a little girl. He always had his two skye terriers, "Marquis" and

"Possum," with him lying dutifully at his feet and was himself a vision of neatness in his white linen suits, which gave an alien touch to the conservative Quincy scene. His papers were never in disorder and when he wrote, it was most meticulously done in his large careful handwriting—no scratch pads or erasures for Uncle Henry, nor did he seem ruffled or annoyed at our approach. He would greet us with a cheery, "Hullo, infants," and then calmly go on with his work. I never remember seeing Uncle Henry in a temper—indeed he said that a temper fit gave him a bilious attack, but his two brothers, Charles and Brooks, could produce, when provoked, quite appalling ones.

Uncle Henry's visits to Quincy were never scheduled, he came and went equally unexpectedly, and before one had become used to having him there he would disappear as mysteriously as he had come. Somewhere in the years before my father's death in 1894 Uncle Henry had got into my father's bad graces by committing what was for my father the inexcusable solecism of refusing to accept an honorary degree from Harvard College. It was not so much the refusal but the way in which it was done that aroused my easygoing though at times inflexible parent. At the time of that Commencement Uncle Henry was staying right in Cambridge at the house of his brother-in-law, Edward Hooper, who was the Treasurer of the College, but instead of pleading illness or asking to be excused, he simply remained quietly at home and let the degree go by default. It was perhaps natural: Uncle Henry was desperately shy and self-conscious and probably honestly felt that his *History* did not merit the reward, which feeling, combined with his own nervous reaction, made the situation intolerable to him. For whatever reason, he could not face it and stayed away. My father, on the other hand, who was then a member of the Harvard Corporation, felt that his brother had not only slighted his own achievement but affronted his old college, in which he had served as a professor, as well as its president, to whom he owed his academic career. The reaction of both men were natural but most unfortunate.

My Aunt Mary, the second daughter, married Dr. Henry P Quincy and lived in nearby Dedham, which left Uncle Brook alone of the family to take over the Old House at his mother'

death in 1889. His mother had outlived her husband by several years and during that lonely time when she was an invalid, Uncle Brooks looked after her conscientiously, though he could hardly have qualified as a cheerful companion. Shortly after his mother's death he decided that it was time for him to marry and consulted Mrs. Cabot Lodge, his friend's wife, whom he admired greatly. She, appreciating the really sterling qualities beneath his unpredictable manners, at once suggested her own sister—Miss Evelyn Davis—and Uncle Brooks promptly proposed and was accepted. They were married that September and with his marriage he took over the Old House as his permanent home.

These were the personalities that were associated with the Old House when I first became aware of its significance. As I look back upon the Uncles I see them as always writing—Uncle Charles in a nice square house just below his own on President's Hill, which he had bought to provide space for his books and to insure him peace from the distractions of a growing family, and which he called the "Annex." Uncle Henry, when he was in Quincy, commanded undisputed possession of the Stone Library, while Uncle Brooks reigned in John Adams's study on the second floor of the Old House. It used to puzzle me as to what they all found to write about, for my father never seemed to write at all—but when I asked him about it, he said, "I suppose it amuses them!" When I asked why he too did not write, he said that he had done all his writing when he was young and had nothing more to say now.

I knew the Old House as a wonderful playground. The garden, ruled by the gentle hand of Patterson the gardener, was always a mass of bloom in season and the carefully tended paths were simply an invitation for racing. Inside the house the attics were a mine of treasures. There in the cramped rooms on the third floor behind the dormer windows, rooms that according to my father were hellish in summer and colder than Greenland in winter, lurked old trunks in which to rummage, full of discarded dresses and old-fashioned furbelows—an endless source of useless and forgotten odds and ends of former fashions. Downstairs in the Long Parlor among Abigail's French furniture were albums crowded with photographs of past dignitaries, foreign

and domestic, and again books and odd bibelots everywhere. Our generation rummaged there at will, but with a certain inherent respect.

But the house did not come into true focus for me until the fateful summer of 1893, when, as a result of the financial panic then sweeping the country, our family were supposed to be on the brink of bankruptcy. All of the Adams brothers with the exception of the careful and uninterested Henry were badly extended financially and seriously involved, for they were a borrowing lot without much business sense. Brooks, who was a nervous creature with little self-control, was so apprehensive that he sent a hurry-up call to Henry in Europe to come home at once and give the family the benefit of his advice—and probably of his credit too. He came, relieved Uncle Brooks' mind by endorsing his paper, and then stayed on for the rest of the summer in Quincy to bolster up Brooks' nerves. When they managed to get off the subject of the panic, Uncle Henry discussed the theories of social revolutions with Brooks, who was then struggling with his latest book, subsequently called *The Law of Civilization and Decay*. Brooks admired his brother so much that he could not resist the opportunity handed him by the panic of picking Henry's brains at his leisure. For some weeks Henry bore it bravely, for he was fond of Brooks and interested in his ideas, but as the days went on he found himself nervously exhausted by Brooks' persistence. Finally he could stand no more of Brooks' continual pressure, and when things began to look more cheerful and it seemed likely almost that we would not become paupers, he escaped to the peace of the World's Fair at Chicago and the delights of discovering the Dynamo.

As for me I did not quite know what it was all about, but I smelt tragedy as I saw my father wilt under the strain and began to realize that something had hit him very hard. Not so Uncle Charles, who, with more resilience, said that he had never lost a night's sleep over the panic. My father was by no means so nervously stable, and he never recovered. I had a sudden vision of a world that was not all a bed of roses—but when autumn came and the worst was over, we, like the rest of the world, packed up our troubles and made for Chicago too.

The next year, when it became increasingly evident that my father was in poor shape, it was decided that the family should go abroad for his health, but the trip failed to help him and shortly after his return he had a severe stroke from which he never rallied, and by August he was dead. With his death new responsibilities fell on my shoulders. Being the only daughter I had not only to stay at home with my mother but also to help her cope with some of her new problems—none of which I had ever tackled before—so that it was not until the following spring that I began to feel my oats again, and it was then that Uncle Henry first stepped into the breach.

One of my close friends at Miss Folsom's school on Chestnut Street in Boston was Molly Hooper, youngest daughter of Mr. Edward Hooper who was Uncle Henry's brother-in-law. It was Mr. Hooper who suggested one evening that I should go down with Molly and his eldest daughter Ellen to Uncle Henry's in Washington for the coming spring vacation. The only hitch was that I must invite myself, as one of Uncle Henry's little idiosyncrasies was that he would ask no one to his house. Mr. Hooper felt, very properly, that being a niece I must propose myself. Rather fearfully I did so and received the following letter by return mail.

20 April [1895].

1603 H STREET.

Dear Hetty

I am enormously pleased that one of my own nieces should at last think it worth while to make me a visit. Come along and stay a month! Never mind waiting for the Hoopers! I am pretty stupid and the place is pretty dull, but I guess we can have a good time.

Affely Yrs
HENRY ADAMS.

Poor man, he little realized what he was letting himself in for and that from that time up to his death, twenty-three years later, I should be continually popping in and out of his house.

That first trip was wonderful, and Uncle Henry met us at the dreary old station in Washington. I had not seen him for several years and he couldn't but suggest the White Rabbit in *Alice-in-Wonderland* with his small hands and little kid gloves. His

house on H Street—long since demolished to make room for the Hay-Adams Hotel—was a dream of comfort and charm, a charm that familiarity never lessened. It was designed by his friend and classmate Henry H. Richardson, and was a fine example of the use of the Romanesque arch adapted to domestic architecture. One entered a low hall while above were the living room—a big one in the front looking out on Lafayette Square with its prancing equestrian statue of a most complacent Andrew Jackson. Also on the front of the house was Uncle Henry's study. In the rear was the dining room which overlooked a pleasant tree-shaded yard enclosed by a stable at the back. Two admirable colored servants ran the house—William the butler and Maggie the maid. There were others concealed downstairs, including a cook who could make particularly glutinous gumbo soup and plank a shad to the queen's taste.

Uncle Henry's study was furnished with a huge mahogany table which took up most of the room. At this desk he could be found every morning drinking his coffee and ponderously making notes in his exquisite script. He never scribbled his notes on scratch pads; they were inscribed as meticulously as if he were engraving them for posterity. Nor was he disturbed when the usual quota of the young and unoccupied of both sexes drifted in for a review of the more recent gossip. He loved to hear their comments on the latest social mistakes and current absurdities of the newer and more flamboyant hostesses—insisting that, as he was a complete recluse, his friends must take pity on him and keep him up-to-date. He always gave these morning visitors a cordial welcome with never a hint that they might be interrupting his work—or that his work was of any consequence, for he evidently enjoyed the talk and chatter and did not mean to discourage it even by the simple expedient of shutting his door. On the contrary he always welcomed us with a cheery "Hullo, infants, how are you this morning" and when we replied in kind he invariably answered, "Wuss—considerably wuss." This was the standard ritual.

The living room opened out of his study and was larger and more formal. It combined distinction with masculine comfort, while being at the same time very characteristic of his individual

taste. It held two low curved sofas and some equally low leather armchairs, all chosen for his convenience, while a few chairs of more standard size catered to the comfort of his taller friends. One chair in particular—which we regarded as a species of throne—was always brought forward and placed in a commanding position when his friend Mrs. John Hay came to dinner, for she was a large woman and could not easily lower herself onto one of his more oriental couches. Other women may have been accorded this courtesy but with Mrs. Hay it was routine. Uncle Henry himself used this seat when he played his nightly game of solitaire. There were shoulder-high bookcases around his living room hung with pieces of Chinese brocade—and above were some of his collection of pictures which were scattered everywhere all over the house. There were many examples of English 18th and 19th century watercolors—de Windts, Cotmans, Coxes, and Girtins, while the dining room held two notable Turner oils—an early one of Norwich cathedral over the fireplace and on the opposite wall a later one of a characteristically luminous whaling ship. In his study were many drawings including a weird and repulsive Blake oil of Nebuchadnezzar on all fours eating grass—a picture that had a grisly fascination for me.

At the time of that first visit I took everything complacently in my stride but I realize now what a fearful bore it must have been for Uncle Henry to have two gawky and unsophisticated girls dumped upon him, especially as he really put himself out a good deal for us, though in theory we were supposed to look after ourselves and not be a nuisance. Shortly after our arrival, perhaps to start us off properly, he took us on a sightseeing tour. How he must have hated it, self-conscious New Englander that he was, as we trailed around after him exclaiming at everything that we saw. We began with the Capitol and I love to remember Uncle Henry's delighted expression of horror as he pointed out the mammoth picture of the Battle of Lake Erie which hangs on one of the monumental marble stairways, and said, "There, infants, is a fine example of our great American art." I had been prepared to admire it until I saw his face and had a faint glimmering of what discrimination might mean. He groaned happily over the statues in the Rotunda, but was at some pains to find

the tablet in the floor which marks the place where his grandfather John Quincy Adams fell—stricken by paralysis at his seat in Congress.

From the Capitol we went to the State Department which I characterized in my diary as a "bore," and then finished up with the White House on our way home.

Molly and I were too young to enter into any of the Washington social life, but in Uncle Henry's house it was hard to avoid touches of it, for it came to you unsolicited. He had made it a rule that he would never accept any social invitation but his friends ignored this eccentricity by simply coming to his house instead, and no day passed but that one or more, and often five or six of his intimates, would drop in for either breakfast or dinner. Breakfast was the French "déjeuner à la fourchette" which was served at noon. It was all quite simple and places were put on or taken off as occasion demanded and, by some miracle of good luck or good management on William's part, I have no recollection of the food ever running short. The one exception to Uncle Henry's inflexible rule was his daily tea with Mr. and Mrs. John Hay. He always had an afternoon walk with Mr. Hay followed by tea at the Hay house next door. Hay had been a close friend since the early days of the Lincoln Administration when he had come to Washington as Secretary to the new President and met Adams who was serving his father—a member of Congress—in the same capacity. Later the friendship had been renewed when the Hays made Washington their permanent home and the two had ended by building houses side by side on Lafayette Square.

Uncle Henry's intimates not only dropped in for breakfast or dinner whenever they wanted to, but they also felt free to bring any guest who they thought would be an addition to the circle. Usually that worked well but occasionally someone would be introduced who could not be treated in quite such a cavalier fashion. There was a Spanish ambassador, for example, who, having been brought to the house by some mutual friend, felt at liberty afterwards to call up and invite himself. When he did so Uncle Henry would get hold of some charming woman to come and do the honors for him.

No one could have been a more delightful host than Uncle

Henry—gay and amusing with a wonderful faculty for keeping the ball rolling and stimulating light conversation, and so long as no one was argumentative or controversial, everything was perfect. He contended that the dinner table was no place for dispute or altercation, and his rule that serious things must be discussed lightly and light things seriously made on the whole a pretty satisfactory formula for dinner-party conversation. You might touch on foreign affairs flippantly but you must discuss the latest gossip in all seriousness. Occasionally the situation would get out of hand when some contrary spirit like Uncle Brooks or Senator Lodge would get restless and exasperated under this system, and feeling that the pleasant inanity had gone far enough, would start to argue or pontificate on some burning issue of the moment. That would destroy Uncle Henry's light touch, but usually the guests were amenable, particularly the women, and delighted to play Uncle Henry's game, so that the talk always remained serene.

Every now and then, however—and I look back on those occasions with horror—a characteristically Adams gloom would descend on Uncle Henry. Glooms were common to all the brothers and even my more normal father was not entirely immune. Uncle Charles could retire into depths of complete detachment, while Uncle Brooks' low spirits were simply appalling. Perhaps these depressions were due to boredom, to which affliction all the brothers were unduly sensitive, but for an onlooker these moods were an agonizing experience, during which one was left impotently trying to cope with the expiring conversation. Luckily this seldom happened with Uncle Henry, for he was naturally sociable and particularly enjoyed the society of women. He was always at pains to draw ladies out, insisting that they were all more intelligent and better informed than their husbands.

It always astonished me that Uncle Henry's critics should make such a circumstance of his amiable little foibles and pretenses. Certainly he had many facets, that was part of his charm, and it had amused him to build up a social myth about himself. He knew that he was a picturesque figure and he did not want to be taken too seriously in any of his phases. It de-

lighted him to speak of himself as a Cardinal and he loved to refer to his "Hat," or else, more cynically, described himself as only a stable companion for statesmen. His pose as a recluse was perhaps justified, for he did not mingle in the world outside of his own house, but in reality this was a blind for living exactly as he wanted to—he did not want to go out in society; dinners bored him and he much preferred that his friends should bring the pick of the world to his house where he could enjoy them without any social responsibility. He was considered by his adoring nieces as the source of all wisdom.

His brother Brooks, however, could not see anything funny in the idea of Uncle Henry as a Cardinal, nor was he amused when Uncle Henry referred to himself as a "Conservative Christian Anarchist." For Brooks these flights of fancy were too trivial for a sensible man. Brooks did not like whimsy and when he came down to Washington to talk to his brother he meant to talk sensibly or know the reason why. It never occurred to him that Uncle Henry was trying to escape from just that. They were curiously different, the two brothers, although they liked and admired each other. Brooks was primarily a man of action. When public questions arose he wanted to put his oar in and say what he thought, unmindful of the fact that no one was going to listen to him. It took years of bitter disappointment to get that through his head.

He had started life under the handicap of being the youngest of a turbulent family with three brothers and two sisters, most of them strongly individualistic. He was one of those intelligent though irritating children who continually ask questions. His brother Henry once wrote of Brooks to his older brother Charles, "I think myself that we ought to try our hardest to tolerate the child who is really a first rate little fellow, apart from his questions, and we ought not to snub him so much." That letter is characteristic of the two brothers, and where Brooks always irritated Charles, Henry rather affectionately put up with him with a toleration which later grew into genuine admiration and respect. Henry always found Brooks wearing but he could listen to him patiently if he was reasonably explicit and then would say: "Perhaps you have got something there, Brooks."

Brooks had been well sat upon in his childhood, and his disposition could not have been improved, when, on his father's accepting the mission to England at the beginning of the Civil War, the boy was placed in a British boarding school where his life was made utterly miserable by the open hostility of his schoolmates. Feeling among the upper classes in England was then red hot against the North and the son of the American Minister had a poor time of it. He was not only ostracized but jeered at as "a rebel and a traitor." His family were too anxious and harassed over their own problems to bother much about the difficulties of a child of twelve. So Brooks got on as best he could. He always maintained that his familiarity with Scott and Marryat, both of whom he loved, and even with Dickens whom he disliked, stemmed from his lonely years at that British school where the prejudice of the boys so completely isolated him that from lack of any social intercourse he fell back on reading.

Later, when he came home to prepare for Harvard, he found that he had lost any faculty that he might have had for making friends. It was during those years and through part of his college course that he maintained a regular correspondence with his father in London. It was a curious affair. Brooks, like all boys, did not write often enough to suit his father, nor did he tell him in detail what he was doing, so that his father's letters are a continual admonition, "Your spelling is poor," and again "You must be more careful of your grammar," allowing only a few lines for sympathy or interest, still less for any account of his own work in London.

Brooks, for all his admiration for his father, would occasionally rebel and his replies would become tense and irritable—but then he would write enthusiastically of his delight in Professor Gurney's lectures on medieval history. The taste so started remained with him for life. To such letters his father would reply with such vague platitudes as "Education, deportment and character are the essential requisites to the enjoyment of what life has to give"—adding "the foundation of these must be laid in youth if at all." In spite of these trite remarks, Brooks considered his father's standards so high that he could never hope to approach them himself, and it was this morbid admiration for his father

that was the foundation of the sense of inferiority that made his own personality so complex and puzzling, for by instinct and nature he was a violent and savage man.

Brooks was many-sided—brusque, intolerant, opinionated, cranky, and tactless to the last degree, but in spite of these idiosyncrasies he was at bottom warm-hearted and infinitely loyal. His servants were all devoted to him, which was in itself a great tribute, for he was an exacting and demanding taskmaster. He was a complete medievalist. He approved of the subjugation of women, and deplored any suggestion of their being granted the franchise. He always extolled the virtues of the martial man and the convent-bred woman. At bottom that explains his love for Scott's novels, which he always described as "bloody good reading." He really admired Scott's heroes because they typified courage and were not ruled by fear which he insisted was the motive behind Dickens's characters. Uncle Brooks was like a child in his love for the fighting man. I remember his writing to me, when I was shut up in a convent in Paris during the Spanish War, of a visit that he had paid to his nephew "Bay" Lodge on his ship, and of how well his new responsibilities as an officer became him. There was also an irritating letter that he wrote me at the time of the First World War when my husband was enrolled at the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburgh, New York. Uncle Brooks had gone up there to see for himself what the training amounted to and had received every possible attention from my husband, who was sincerely fond of him. "My dear child," he wrote, "permit me to say that you don't half appreciate or know your husband. Bob appears at his best at Plattsburgh,—many men do but he particularly well." He then goes on to describe the camp and adds "the atmosphere is congenial to me, much more so than that of State Street." Uncle Brooks became very fond of my husband which was a reward for Robert's efforts in that direction, for I used to ask him to spend five minutes every morning on the problem of liking Uncle Brooks—for, devoted as I was to my revered relation, I realized that he was an acquired taste.

Uncle Brooks had a brilliant mind, but he had absolutely no qualifications for social intercourse or dealings with his fellow

men. He could antagonize almost anyone at the drop of a hat. He recognized his limitations later in life but he was powerless to cope with them, and they discouraged and humiliated him to the end. He used to say, plaintively, "As soon as I join a group of people they all melt away and disappear," which was all only too true. His wife, trying for a light touch, used to say of him, "I call him Brook because Brooks is plural and he is singular." The poor man wrote a rather touching letter to his friend Cecil Spring Rice, who for many years had been stationed in Washington in various positions in the British Embassy, "My dear Fellow, I am a crank, very few people can endure to have me near them, but I like to be with you and I suppose that I like to be with those that are sympathetic—the more since there are very few." He wrote approximately the same thing to my husband, and I know that he always had it on his mind. "Henry," he would say, "can brighten his life with people, but people don't like me and have no patience with me, they won't even listen to what I have to say." It was all the worse as he was full of sentimentality and yearned for affection. I never was quite sure of Uncle Brooks' sense of humor; some things amused him enormously, and yet his idea of a little light reading for a young woman recovering from an operation was Newman's *Apologia.*

Uncle Brooks loved the Old House in Quincy and took an enormous interest in renovating it and restoring the garden, where he followed the original plan of John Adams. As time went on I began to find him increasingly sympathetic and understanding on that vital subject then nearest to my heart, horses and their training. I rode every day, and Brooks felt that as I had been taught by his old riding instructor and friend, Henri de Bussigny, I must have in me the makings of a decent horsewoman. De Bussigny had been a cavalry officer in the French Army, a product of St. Cyr, and his training appealed to Uncle Brooks's military mind. He followed my riding activities all one summer, and by autumn we were fast friends, and his sarcastic manner had lost all its terrors for me.

One day he said to me, "My dear child, you are doing yourself no good in Quincy and as you are woefully ignorant you had better come over to Paris with your Aunt and me this winter and

learn a little French." My family were only too glad to have me disposed of, so early in November Uncle Brooks, Aunt Evelyn, and I sailed from Boston on the *S. S. Canada* bound for Liverpool.

Traveling with my uncle I soon discovered was quite an experience. He had to have a large supply of his favorite books taken with him, whether a library abroad would be available or not. They were his pets and he would not be parted from them, nuisances though they were. Our first stop in England was at Harrogate, for Uncle Brooks must have his cure before the winter set in. Cures were his panaceas and a season without one was unthinkable. Harrogate is in Yorkshire, and Yorkshire in November is not at its gayest. With the short days and endless evenings Uncle Brooks literally wallowed in gloom. The sun set right after lunch and there was nothing whatever to do except watch Uncle Brooks drink the waters and then go for a little hygienic walk with him afterwards. Later, when we had survived the cure, we moved to London, stopping on the way at York and Lincoln for the benefit of my education. London was hardly an improvement on Harrogate, for we were installed in some cheerless rooms in Clarges Street off Piccadilly. This was Brooks's tribute to family sentiment, for the man who ran the establishment had been a respected retainer of his father's in the 'sixties. Our food was tasteless, the carpets threadbare, the beds cold and lumpy, and the atmosphere outside of the pea soup variety.

How glad I was to leave London and reach Paris, though even there my poor Aunt was not allowed to rest, as Brooks, resenting every night passed in a hotel, insisted that we must set up housekeeping without a moment's delay. Luckily we shortly found a refuge in a miniature private house that suited him exactly. It was a darling mite of a doll's house in the rue de Verneuil, a short street running off the rue des Saints Pères near the river on the left bank. The house was complete with a tiny courtyard, resident concierge, and an impressive gate with a grille. The courtyard boasted a saucer-like basin, and the house itself was as thin as a slice of bread. Inside, what rooms there were all faced the courtyard and would have been flooded with sun but for the voluminous red velvet hangings with which the whole house

both upstairs and downstairs was smothered. These curtains were hung on huge wooden rings and when the *bonne à tout faire* went around pulling them back in the morning they sounded like a volley of artillery and left no remnant of sleep behind them. The stairway was like the companionway of a ship, practically perpendicular, with red velvet-covered ropes as a banister. There was no bathtub in this establishment, but tin tubs as minute as the rest of the house were concealed under the beds, while the beds themselves boasted mountains of feathers. It was a dream of a place.

We lived there for three lovely months. Uncle Henry we found already comfortably installed in an apartment near the Bois, where we saw a great deal of him since his aggressive brother Brooks, safely surrounded by females, seemed less overpowering than usual. Henry was very fond of Aunt Evelyn and he always enjoyed being tutor to the young. At Christmas he showered Aunt Evelyn and myself with presents and was so pleased with the idea that I liked marrons glacés for breakfast that I was never without them. "Infant," he would say, "is there anything short of a camel that can touch the digestion of a growing girl?" Brooks lost no time in making it clear to all concerned that there were more serious questions than candy, and he at once plunged into the job of translating his *Law of Civilization and Decay* into French.

In the afternoon when he relaxed from his labors Uncle Brooks would take me in hand. Our goal was apt to be the Louvre or some other picture gallery—for he loved pictures and made me love them too, though I was never allowed to linger in the galleries more than half an hour at a time, on the safe principle that my mind could not concentrate for longer than that. I always wondered if the subject matter of pictures did not interest him as much as the artistic quality. His sight-seeing was peculiar and never varied. He would race into a gallery, looking neither to the right or left until he had found what he wanted, then he would plant himself before it, and, oblivious of the crowd which gathered around, would begin declaiming whatever poetry he thought appropriate. For example, one of his pets was Delacroix's "Sack of Constantinople"—a thing of splendid color

—and there he would start on Macaulay's "Frothing white with many a plume, dark blue with many a spear" until he would become conscious of the growing curiosity around him and would move on to Géricault's "Raft of the Medusa," where I would be given a lecture on the gruesome tragedy depicted. Like Uncle Henry, Brooks was a first-rate teacher and I could pass an examination on those pictures and those poems now after all these years.

Uncle Brooks dearly loved to wallow in gloom, and a disaster as a background for bravery always appealed to him, while human drama went to his head like wine. Hence, I suppose, his fondness for martial poetry, in which he was like a little boy. I was taken regularly to the classical matinees at the Comédie Française, and though the verses might sound stilted and the sense melodramatic to my crude ears, the genius and diction of a Monet-Sully or a Mme. Bartet lifted them to an extraordinary vitality. Now and then Uncle Brooks would try some modern production, but it was not often successful as, if anything off-color developed, I was unceremoniously dragged out. That was a dreadfully mortifying process. When, at probably the most exciting moment of the play, I would hear Uncle Brooks murmur to Aunt Evelyn, "My dear, this isn't quite the thing for Abigail," my heart would sink. Even Uncle Henry laughed at his brother's conventionality and would say, "My dear Brooks, even in Quincy little girls do grow up you know," but you couldn't change my revered relative as easily as that.

Uncle Henry was at that time awaiting the arrival in Paris of his friends Mr. and Mrs. John Hay who were to join him on a trip to Egypt. Hay had been appointed by President McKinley as Ambassador to the Court of St. James the previous April, and was now taking his allotted sixty days' leave of absence. When they arrived in January, Uncle Henry took us all, the Hays, the Brooks Adamses, and myself, to see one of the very early performances of Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which, with Coquelin Cadet in the title role, was then electrifying Paris. It was a marvelous evening—we had a box to ourselves and we all loved it, for even the sophisticated uncles were moved to enthusiasm—and I went completely off my head with the rest of the audience.

On the duller side of life, I was occasionally taken to some typical French intellectual soirée. There in a chilly salon we would sit in chairs arranged around the wall as though at some meeting. The women usually sat together on one side of the room and the men on the other; neither group seemed anxious for the other's society. The women made polite conversation while the men talked animatedly, although, as far as I could see, they had no alcohol to spur them on. As a matter of fact Uncle Brooks was apt to take it upon himself to do the spurring, for in his most courtly and labored French he would presently deliberately insult some savant, hoping in that way "to get him to talk" as he expressed it. Needless to say, his methods were never successful. In the meantime Aunt Evelyn and I would cower among the ladies doing our best to atone for Uncle Brooks's rudeness but not knowing what to say or how to say nothing politely. The refreshments would be plates of little petit-fours and some kind of liquid in glasses which tasted vaguely of tisane, and the evening would end with a nightmare of stilted goodbyes. During all this time Uncle Brooks was struggling over his translation, while Aunt Evelyn and I tried ineffectively to help along by working at his index.

In February we were awakened out of our lethargy by the news of the sinking of the battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor. It was too much for Uncle Brooks—he was up in arms instantly, sniffing possible battle like an old war horse, and insisting that he must go home at once. Heaven only knows what he expected to do when he got there; in his heart I think that he only longed for the excitement of seeing America at war. Having always maintained that the soldier represented the highest type of manly virtue and that there were worse things than war, he was in a perfect fret to get back to see his country buckling on its armor. He liked me to come down to breakfast reciting "News of battle, news of battle, hark 'tis ringing down the street," on the theory that if he kept rubbing it in, I too might develop the proper martial spirit. He insisted that at heart all women were sentimental fools subject to every known sloppy emotion.

When it came to going home, I was the only thorn in his side, for his translation was finished and he was as nearly at loose ends

as he ever permitted himself to be. I was a real obstacle, however, for, as a specimen of a perfect lady, I had not jelled to his satisfaction. The answer seemed to be to leave me behind for further culture. As his faith in the convent-bred woman was second only to his admiration for the martial man, it was decided that I should be left in a Catholic convent for further polishing. He consulted the governess who had been supervising my studies in Paris and she recommended the Convent of the Sacré Coeur. Since my mother had gone there as a little girl it was felt that it was highly appropriate and that she would be sure to approve. Uncle Brooks was completely satisfied with this reasoning—for according to his ideas all convents were conservative, stable affairs and what had been satisfactory fifty years before was bound to remain so still.

So he decided, and the very next day took me for an interview with the Mother Superior at the main building of the Convent on the Boulevard des Invalides. We were received by the Reverend Mother in one of those immaculately clean but severe convent parlors calculated to strike terror to the soul—it certainly did to mine, though Uncle Brooks faced it like a lion. The Reverend Mother was a formidable but withal an eminently practical lady, for in spite of her scrupulously correct manners, she proceeded to put Uncle Brooks through an examination which would have done credit to our Supreme Judicial Court. After inspecting me with an eagle eye, she had to know Uncle Brooks' financial status and then through references, which she seemed prepared to check, whether his social position in his own country—a country about which she appeared blandly vague—was unassailable. Last but not least she wondered whether I was well behaved and "sérieuse." When these points were covered to her satisfaction, she agreed, pending further investigation, to accept me as a pupil, although the interview was by no means over, as then Uncle Brooks had to have his innings. He wanted to enlarge on what he pleased to call my exceptional background and the sterling qualities of my Puritan inheritance, only to be countered by the Reverend Mother who, knowing little and caring less for the ramifications of Americans in general, and resenting the Puritanism in particular, fixed me with a suspicious eye

and scathingly remarked, "Abigaeel—it is a Jewish name." My uncle tried to explain the fondness of the Puritans for Biblical names and then, waxing hot, said rather tartly that I was one hundred percent Anglo-Saxon, and that he did not wish to have me influenced by Catholic propaganda—to which her reply effectively closed the interview, as rising to her feet she remarked with great dignity, "But you say that she is a lady, so she will undoubtedly conform to our régime without scandal." Uncle Brooks realized that he was licked, and we departed, leaving the Reverend Mother in complete control of the situation, and Uncle Brooks more than ever impressed with the superiority of the convent-bred woman. The next day Aunt Evelyn went to the convent to inspect the quarters to be assigned to me, found them quite satisfactory, and when shortly afterwards we were notified that my application had been accepted, I at once entered the Convent and Aunt Evelyn and Uncle Brooks almost immediately sailed for home.

When my year at Sacré Coeur was over, my mother, with a touching faith in my native common sense, wrote to me to get myself a steamer ticket and come home when I was ready, but at the moment I did not feel like coming home, for Uncle Henry with the Donald Camerons and the John Hays had taken a large country house in England for the summer and he had invited me to come over and visit him there on my way back to the States. That was a chance I was not going to miss.

I came prepared to make Uncle Henry a short visit, but I finally stayed for over two months, because Uncle Henry, unlike my mother (and luckily for me), did not approve of young women crossing the ocean alone. His suggestion was that I should make myself at home with him until Uncle Brooks and Aunt Evelyn should turn up again sometime in September. This arrangement suited me beautifully.

On that July day of 1898, when I arrived from France, Uncle Henry met me on the dock at Dover and by a series of cross-country trains via the large town of Ashford reached Pluckley and the manor house of "Surrenden Dering" that he and his friends had taken for the season. Inexperienced as I was with English country life, "Surrenden Dering" struck me as a roman-

tic dream of beauty—a great Elizabethan country house standing foursquare on its grassy terraces overlooking the Weald of Kent. The approach was along a wooded Kentish ridge, and the house was complete with all the proper appendages of courtyard, gardens, stables, and a park full of deer. The house was singularly dignified and austere, for it had never been tampered with and had a proud self-satisfied look that defied criticism. The interior was in keeping with its general appearance; the rooms large, stately, and formal without any intimate charm, but filled with handsome, ponderous, and uncomfortable furniture and enlivened only by a variety of dull family portraits. The dining room was the best room in the house, facing the south, drenched with light, and big enough to hold our large contingent in great comfort, but if you wanted to relax, you were rather put to it to find a cosy corner anywhere. Still it was summer and we did most of our relaxing out of doors where we usually had a long-drawn-out tea in the afternoons on one of the lower terraces. Upstairs in the house there were plenty of bedrooms but, to our American eyes, a very inadequate supply of bathrooms, so that the bathing facilities were eked out in true British fashion with Sitz baths and large jugs of hot water.

Luckily the house was comparatively empty when I arrived, for I was stupefied by the whole establishment. Besides Uncle Henry there were only Senator and Mrs. Cameron and their young daughter Martha, and two nieces of Mrs. Cameron's, Rosina and Annie Hoyt, who were not sisters but cousins. There was a continual flow of visitors through the house, particularly over the weekends. The Hays, of course, and their entourage were permanent, and that included their son Del and his much younger brother Clarence, with the two daughters, Helen and Alice, both out in society. With them was usually one of the secretaries at the Embassy, Spencer Eddy, and often one or more of the girls' English admirers. One of the regular visitors was Ralph Palmer, a friend of Uncle Henry's since Civil War days when he had been for so many years a secretary to his father in London. Palmer was a queer, cadaverous, charming old fellow, a mine of information on all things English and a delightful companion on our sight-seeing trips around the countryside.

Another old friend dating back to Uncle Henry's youth in Quincy was Mrs. Oswald Charlton, who had been Mary Campbell, a Quincy girl, and both Uncle Henry and Uncle Brooks were devoted to her. She was still a lovely creature and great good company. Then came the more formal guests, the Morton Frewens, Helen Brice with her father the ex-Senator from New York and a near neighbor of Uncle Henry's at home, and, after them the other Bryce—James, the author of *The American Commonwealth,* who was later to be the British Ambassador in Washington. Another ex-American guest was the beautiful Mrs. George Curzon, who, as Mary Leiter, had been one of Uncle Henry's most cherished breakfast-table intimates in Washington before her marriage. A few months after our meeting at Surrenden, Curzon was made Lord Curzon of Kedleston and the next year became Viceroy of India. Mrs. Curzon had a little girl along, so that with the two sons of the Michael Herberts—another Englishman with an American wife—there was quite a nursery of children to help fill the big house. As a neighbor there was the Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin, who would come over from his home at Swinford Old Manor to pay his respects to Mr. Hay, whom he seemed to regard as a fellow Poet Laureate, somewhat to Mr. Hay's annoyance, for, in spite of his genial good humor, he was always reluctant to have his *Pike County Ballads* taken too seriously—and he found Mr. Austin's manner both oppressively laudatory and portentous.

The country around Surrenden was lovely and we were blessed all through the summer with the most divine weather in which to enjoy it. There were available walks in every direction, and like Jane Austen's Mrs. Elton we did a good deal of "exploring"—not perhaps in a barouche landau as in *Emma* but in something not very dissimilar. Uncle Henry, with his bird-dog instinct for history and human relics, smelt out a number of old parish churches in the immediate neighborhood which were well worth a visit in addition to the more spectacular sights such as Penshurst, Igtham Mote, and Hever Castle—the last two sacred to the stormy memory of Anne Boleyn. At that time both of those houses were unrestored and delightfully dilapidated, and as there were no other tourists around to vex us we were al-

lowed to poke about them at will, with Uncle Henry supplying all the historical information. Farther afield were Rochester and Canterbury which involved all-day trips by a series of slow cross-country railroad trains and were the greater fun for all the complications. Our sight-seeing contingent usually consisted of the two Hoyt girls, the two Hay girls, and myself, with Uncle Henry at his most genial and academic best as guide and teacher.

At home guests were always coming or going and in the long summer afternoons we spent a great deal of time drinking tea on the lower terrace under the shade of the trees. For these occasions we females dressed up in thin summer dresses and topped them with big picture hats.

That energetic red-blooded American, Senator Cameron, scorning tea and perhaps all things English, had managed to produce from somewhere a pair of long-tailed trotting horses and a buggy with which he amused himself by tearing around the staid Kentish countryside and frightening the ponderous native work horses. He also had sent over from the States a large consignment of his favorite fruits and vegetables, the enjoyment of which he did not want to miss by passing a season away from home. These included among other delicacies not only corn on the cob but the humble watermelon, neither of which our rather prim and conventional British cook had ever seen before. She struggled fairly successfully with the corn, although she deplored the manner in which, as she said, it was "gnawed" at the table, but she boiled the watermelons and served them as a horrible gelatinous pulp. Senator Cameron was not a conversationalist nor could he fit himself easily into the lazy alien life of an English country house existence. He would bury himself in the newspapers, many of them pertaining to his local Pennsylvania interests, he had sent over from America, and he took his wild drives, but after that he was rather at a loss. He wasn't interested in chitchat and even eschewed politics as a conversational gambit. As for Uncle Henry's philosophical and whimsical musings, he mistrusted them profoundly.

Uncle Henry too went in for horseflesh, but his venture was more restrained than Senator Cameron's. He hired two chubby brown ponies and with Martha Cameron on a leading rein

would ride almost every day. Martha was a pretty little girl about eleven years old with a straight nose, blue eyes, and the fattest of yellow pigtails. Of the older ladies I can hardly speak adequately for I regarded them with so much awe. Mrs. Don Cameron was on the whole the most socially competent woman that I had ever met. With perfect self-confidence she could tackle any situation and appear to enjoy it. She was not perhaps strictly beautiful but she was such a mass of style and had such complete self-assurance that she always gave the appearance of beauty and she could give everyone a good time when she set out to please. She was not only the hostess for this big and complicated caravanserie, but she ran it as well, and I doubt if many details escaped her eagle eye.

Mrs. Hay was very different. She was a most majestic appearing person with an alarming exterior but a warm heart. She was kind, generous, unpretentious, and completely unself-conscious. Though she made no pretense of being an intellectual, she had a wonderful fund of common sense and nothing escaped her. She was a big woman with very handsome features and a most lovely smile. She was utterly devoted to her family and I am sure that they all depended on her as a tower of strength. One became very fond and admiring of Mrs. Hay. Helen, the oldest daughter, was more like her father, small, witty, fascinating looking, and definitely an intellectual. She was even then starting to write poetry although her young admirers were keeping her pretty busy through that summer. Alice, her younger sister, was much like her mother in both looks and temperament, and like her was warm-hearted and sympathetic, with a lovely convivial streak which made her great fun. Adelbert, the oldest son, was then a great big fellow of much promise in the Class of '98 at Yale. And Clarence, the youngest, was perhaps thirteen.

Mr. Hay was the closest possible friend to Uncle Henry, and I accepted him, as I did my uncle, as a being apart. As I saw him he was invariably kind and most considerate—a little remote and detached from everyday life but with a light-hearted wit and conviviality which made him the best of good company. But underneath his facile manners one sensed a nervous tension that plagued him continually and prevented him from really enjoy-

ing his post in England, which at that time should have been a most agreeable one. He personally was well liked, and the respect for the United States which the recent exploits of our navy had produced, made the international atmosphere for the moment particularly pleasant.

Suddenly, one evening in August there came what to me was stunning news. President McKinley had offered Mr. Hay the Secretaryship of State in his Cabinet. To my intense surprise the reaction to this announcement from Mr. Hay's devoted circle at Surrenden was distinctly apathetic. Not only did no one seem excited, but worse, no one seemed even pleased. This indifference to what seemed to me a great honor puzzled me enormously, till from the conversation it dawned on me that Mr. Hay was tired and that he was more than a little reluctant to take on further responsibility while at the same time doubting his ability to cope with the increased nervous strain involved in accepting the promotion. As I listened to the discussion it became clear that they all agreed on one point—either Mr. Hay must accept the President's offer or resign from the government, for as Uncle Henry rather sadly put it, "No serious statesman can accept a favor and refuse a service." In this case, Mr. Hay accepted.

Surrenden lost its charm after that dramatic touch. It was no longer a country retreat and a playground—the Hays were packing up and going home—the fun was over and one felt decidedly flat. The arrival of Uncle Brooks and Aunt Evelyn, who, since Paris, had been at home and come out again, did not add much to the gaiety of nations although Uncle Brooks was in remarkably good form—pleased with the war—which was then ending, pleased with the French translation of his *Civilization and Decay*, and though still convinced that the world was going to the devil thinking that with a few more wars it might keep going at least until he was dead. But the time to leave had come and by the middle of September everyone was scattering. Uncle Henry was going north to visit some old friends, the Camerons were leaving for Paris before going home, and Uncle Brooks and Aunt Evelyn with me in tow were headed home to Boston.

HAMLET'S *HAMARTÍA:* ARISTOTLE OR ST. PAUL?

By ROGER L. COX

OUR understanding of *Hamlet* has long been inadequate because we try to explain the four crucial elements of the play by four entirely different frames of reference. We seek to illuminate the hero's "tragic flaw" by means of Aristotle's *Poetics*. We bring the insights of psychology, both Renaissance and modern, to bear upon his "madness." We put forward his intellectuality, his moral sensitivity, or even the nature of Renaissance revenge plays in an effort to understand his "delay." And we turn to Senecan dramatic tradition or Christian doctrine to explain the appearance of a ghost in a play which is obviously relevant to the problems of twentieth-century life. As a result of this interpretive fragmentation, the modern reader or viewer is almost forced to adopt one or the other of two attitudes: either the play itself is ultimately fragmented and therefore unsatisfactory, or it is mysteriously unified by the force of Shakespeare's genius in a way that we can never hope to comprehend. But both attitudes finally imply that the play is incomprehensible. The only difference between them is that the first one attributes this incomprehensibility to some fault of Shakespeare's, while the second attributes it to some fault of our own.

Even more disconcerting than our inability to interpret the play as a coherent whole is the fact that our partial explanations fail to resolve the limited problems which they treat. The psychological view of Hamlet's madness significantly illustrates this failure. Though the Freudian commentators have contributed heavily to the modern view of Hamlet's dilemma as a psychological problem, they did not initiate the psychological approach to the play—non-Freudian critics still carry on a running dispute as to whether the hero's madness is feigned or real. Neither alternative is convincing, because if the critic insists that Hamlet's mad-

ness is feigned, then his apology to Laertes (V, ii, 215-233, The Pelican *Hamlet,* ed. Willard Farnham) is a lie or a feeble excuse at best; and if one claims that the madness is psychologically genuine, he is perplexed by the comparison with Ophelia's derangement, which Laertes unironically calls "a document in madness" (IV, v, 177). Any *general* psychological interpretation of the protagonist's character explains very little about Hamlet's particular case, while any *special* or detailed psychological view fails to account for the almost universal tendency of readers and viewers to identify themselves with the hero. In *The Heart of Hamlet,* Bernard Grebanier avoids these inconsistencies by denying categorically that Hamlet is insane or that he ever pretends to be, but Grebanier makes no attempt to explain why Hamlet should use the word "madness" in his apology to Laertes. In short, he denies that the "sore distraction" which Hamlet himself calls "madness" is insanity, but he neglects to say what it is.

The effort to specify Hamlet's "tragic flaw" in terms of Aristotle's *Poetics* has been no more successful than the attempt to understand his "sore distraction" by means of psychology. The undertaking is hazardous from the outset, because Aristotle, to the dismay of translators and commentators, does not clarify the word *hamartía* in the *Poetics.* The word is translated variously as "error or frailty" (S. H. Butcher), "error of judgement" (Ingram Bywater), and "inadequacy or positive fault" (Preston H. Epps). This ambiguity permits the critic to designate whatever shortcoming he finds in Hamlet as the "flaw" which causes his undoing. The main problem here is that some very distinguished critics, including E. E. Stoll, assert that Hamlet has no flaw that would account for his fall. A statement in chapter 14 of the *Poetics* further compounds the difficulty of interpreting *Hamlet* by means of Aristotle. Discussing the least tragic possibility, Aristotle writes: "Of all the possibilities, the worst is the situation in which some one, aware of the relationship [between himself and his intended victim], is about to do another a deadly injury, and does not do it. The situation is revolting to our sense of natural affection; and it is not tragic—pity is not aroused—because the intended victim does not suffer" (Lane Cooper's translation).

In *Hamlet: Father and Son,* Peter Alexander seeks to avoid the difficulties connected with applying Aristotelian theory to *Hamlet* by denying that the concept of *hamartía* significantly illuminates the play's meaning. (He prefers to emphasize the importance of *areté* instead.) But this judgment ignores a highly significant strain of imagery in the play—imagery which suggests that Shakespeare was indeed concerned with some concept of *hamartía.* Since that imagery figures prominently in Hamlet's apology to Laertes, let us look first to it and to what the critics have had to say about it.

> Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong,
> But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
> This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
> How I am punished with a sore distraction.
> What I have done
> That might your nature, honor, and exception
> Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
> Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet.
> If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
> And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
> Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
> Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,
> Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;
> His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
> Sir, in this audience,
> Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
> Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
> That I have shot my arrow o'er the house
> And hurt my brother. (V, ii, 215-233)

Dr. Johnson regarded the excuse which Hamlet here offers as being unworthy of a hero: "I wish Hamlet had made some other defence; it is unsuitable to the character of a brave or a good man to shelter himself in falsehood." A. C. Bradley counters by asking, "*What* other defence can we wish Hamlet to have made? I can think of none. He cannot tell the truth." Among contemporary critics, Dover Wilson and Harry Levin defend the sincerity of Hamlet's apology. But Wilson says only that "to question the good faith of his request for pardon and of his plea of 'a sore distraction', as most critics have done, is to murder a

beautiful effect." Levin shows his misgivings about the meaningfulness of the apology he has described as reflecting a "touching sincerity" by characterizing it a few pages later as "disingenuous." All four critics seem at least slightly uneasy when commenting upon the passage, and not one of them regards it as furnishing genuine insight into the crucial problems of the play. It is here, however, that the meaning of *Hamlet* comes closest to being explicit.

According to Liddell and Scott's *Greek-English Lexicon*, the primary meaning of *hamartáno*, the verb from which *hamartia* is derived, is "*miss the mark*, esp. of a spear thrown." (Other meanings include "fail of one's purpose, go wrong," "fail to do, neglect," and secondarily, "do wrong, err, sin.") Now the image with which Hamlet concludes his apology, "I have shot my arrow o'er the house/And hurt my brother," might seem less significant than it does if it were not one of a whole series of miss-the-mark images appearing throughout the play. Consider, for instance, the one in the player's speech about Pyrrhus's killing of Priam:

> His antique *sword*,
> Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
> Repugnant to command. Unequal matched,
> Pyrrhus at Priam drives, *in rage strikes wide*,
> But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
> Th' unnervèd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
> Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
> Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
> Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For lo! his *sword*,
> Which was declining on the milky head
> Of reverend Priam, *seemed i' th' air to stick*.
> So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
> *And like a neutral to his will and matter*
> *Did nothing*. (II, ii, 457-470)

Pyrrhus's position here is exactly analogous to Hamlet's later in the play, in which case Ilium corresponds to Denmark and Priam to Claudius. In another, more general way, Pyrrhus's predicament parallels that of Claudius himself as he describes it in the prayer scene:

> My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,

> And like a man to double business bound
> *I stand in pause where I shall first begin,*
> *And both neglect.* (III, iii, 40-43)

Claudius twice uses miss-the-mark images. He does so when he is planning what he will do in order that no one may blame him or Gertrude for Polonius's death. They will explain to their wisest friends what has happened—

> [So, haply, slander,]
> Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
> As level as the *cannon* to his blank
> Transports his poisoned shot, *may miss our name*
> *And hit the woundless air.* (IV, i, 40-44)

He does so again in explaining to Laertes why he has not punished Hamlet for killing Polonius—first, because he does not want to offend Gertrude, and second, because he does not dare to go against the general public, which holds Hamlet in high esteem.

> . . . so that my *arrows,*
> Too slightly timbered for so loud a wind,
> Would have reverted to my bow again,
> *And not where I had aimed them.* (IV, vii, 21-24)

The significance of weapons and shooting dominates the last scene of the play. It is no more than metaphorical in the analogy with archery which Hamlet uses to end his apology; but it rises above mere metaphor when Hamlet, having changed his attitude toward the way he will seek revenge for his father, declares that "The readiness is all," and goes to meet his enemies on their own ground by accepting Laertes' challenge to a duel. Only then does he score "A *hit,* a very palpable hit" (V, ii, 270). And of course, Fortinbras ends the play by speaking of Hamlet as a soldier and issuing the command, "Go, bid the soldiers shoot."

Unless we simply ignore this wealth of related imagery, we cannot lightly dismiss the concept of *hamartía,* as Alexander would have us do. Actually, his method of dealing with the *hamartía* problem is like Grebanier's way of avoiding the "madness" problem. Both critics, because they see that all traditional solutions are

inadequate, not only reject these solutions but declare that the problems themselves are spurious. But in doing so, they disregard some highly significant elements in the play. At this stage of *Hamlet* criticism, the essential problem may be stated as follows: (1) how to account for what Hamlet calls his "madness" in non-psychological terms, (2) how to explain the use of the *hamartia* imagery without getting into the difficulties that result from applying Aristotle's *Poetics* to the play, and (3) how to provide a single frame of reference that will not only account for the *hamartia* imagery and the "madness," but will explain the ghost's function and Hamlet's "delay." Fortunately, such a frame of reference does exist and was almost certainly familiar to Shakespeare himself.

In the seventh chapter of his letter to the Romans, St. Paul identifies himself with the insoluble problem which man faces under the Jewish law. He writes as follows:

> We know that the law is spiritual; but I am carnal, sold under sin. I do not understand my own actions. For I do not do what I want, but I do the very thing I hate. Now if I do what I do not want, I agree that the law is good. So then it is no longer I that do it, but sin which dwells within me. For I know that nothing good dwells within me, that is, in my flesh. I can will what is right, but I cannot do it. For I do not do the good I want, but the evil I do not want is what I do. Now if I do what I do not want, it is no longer I that do it, but sin [*hamartia*] which dwells within me.
>
> So I find it to be a law that when I want to do right, evil lies close at hand. For I delight in the law of God, in my inmost self, but I see in my members another law at war with the law of my mind and making me captive to the law of sin which dwells in my members. Wretched man that I am! Who will deliver me from this body of death?
>
> (Romans 7:14-24, Revised Standard Version)

The first thing that we notice about the passage is that Paul's description of how "sin" dominates man under the law exactly parallels Hamlet's excuse to Laertes for his own behavior. Hamlet says that he himself was not responsible for the injury Laertes has suffered; instead, the fault *residing in* Hamlet was responsible. In structure, the two accounts are identical: both are conditional statements, and both attribute error to something which

is *within* the self but somehow distinct *from* it. Compare Hamlet's words with Paul's, ignoring for the moment the word "madness" in the first case, and the words "sin which dwells within me" in the second:

> If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
> And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
> Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
> Who does it then? His madness.

> Now if I do what I do not want, it is no longer I that do it, but sin which dwells within me.

If we can accept for a moment the hypothesis that there is a connection between Hamlet's apology and Romans 7, we observe that since Paul's word for "sin" is the Hellenistic Greek word *hamartía,* Hamlet's "madness" and his *hamartía* (his "missing the mark," the "sin which dwells within him") must be one and the same thing. Here we have precisely what we need—a non-psychological explanation of the "madness," and a justification for the *hamartía* imagery without bringing in Aristotle. The implications of this point are very significant, because we see for the first time that what critics have ordinarily regarded as two separate problems is really only one. The commentors have said in effect, "Hamlet is burdened with two afflictions—one which *he* calls his 'madness,' and another which *we* call his 'tragic flaw.'" Why it has never occurred to anyone that these might be one and the same thing is not clear.

We notice too that some of Paul's attitudes as expressed in this passage are strikingly similar to the ones reflected in Hamlet's soliloquies. Paul's obvious distaste for "the flesh" suggests "O that this too too sullied flesh. . . ." Paul's "Wretched man that I am!" is not very different from "O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" And Paul's "I do not understand my own actions. . . . I can will what is right, but I cannot do it" is really very close to Hamlet's

> I do not know
> Why yet I live to say, 'This thing's to do,'
> Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
> To do't. (IV, iv, 43-46)

These parallels indicate that the problem of Hamlet's "delay" is not a question of motivation in dramatic terms, indeed that it is not simply a literary question, but a theological one as well. If when one speaks of the "Hamlet problem," he means the question why Hamlet does not quickly take direct action which would "hit the mark," he could just as well call it the "St. Paul problem"—perhaps better so, since Paul articulated it long before Shakespeare did. The person who would ignore the whole issue by asserting that if Hamlet did not delay, there would be no play, is really only saying in obvious fashion that if there were no problem, there could be no presentation of the problem. But such an assertion in no way argues that the problem itself is contrived or unreal.

Hamlet's "delay" comes about not because he consistently fails to act, but because his actions utterly miss the mark. If we apply Paul's words to Hamlet's situation, we may say that the "good which he wants" is to avenge his father's death; but the "evil which he does not want" (the murder of Polonius and the "contriving against" his mother) is "what he does." And like Paul, the only explanation that he can give is that it was not he that did it, but something ("madness," *hamartía*) "which dwelt within him." Obviously, time passes while Hamlet misses the target (kills Polonius instead of Claudius and exhorts his mother to repent) or waits for a better shot (spares the praying Claudius). Thus, the "delay," like the *hamartía,* is inseparable from the "madness." It is not, however, identical with them; it is simply the operation of the *hamartía* (or "madness") through time.

Paul's analysis describes the dilemma of the man who would seek salvation through obedience to the law. Man under the law, according to Paul, seeks life as the reward for obedience, but his attempted "obedience" is in fact "sin," because by it he tries to establish his own righteousness rather than submit to God's (cf. Romans 10:3). Comparing *Hamlet* again to the Pauline text, we observe that the same relation holds between Paul and the commandments of the law as between Hamlet and the commands of the ghost. In the long passage quoted earlier, we find these words: "We know that the law is spiritual. . . ." The obvious

way for a Renaissance dramatist to represent what is "spiritual" would be by means of a "spirit," or ghost.

Associating the ghost's commands with "spiritual law" may account for the appearance of the ghost, but not for the subtlety of its function in the play. This subtlety is achieved by the complexity of its commands. After ordering Hamlet to avenge his father's "foul and most unnatural murther," the ghost adds these words of caution as further commands:

> But howsomever thou pursuest this act,
> Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
> Against thy mother aught. (I, v, 84-86)

Since Gertrude shares Claudius's guilt, Hamlet is thus commanded both to condemn and to pardon his mother, and in doing so he almost inevitably "taints his mind." Returning now to the apology in Act V, we see that because the audience has heard everything spoken between Hamlet and the ghost, the hero's apology to Laertes on the basis of "madness" constitutes, as far as the audience is concerned, a symbolic admission by Hamlet that he has disobeyed the ghost's command, "Taint not thy mind." That is, Hamlet's "madness" (his *hamartía*) is (as we predicted) the same thing as his disobedience, or, in Pauline terms, his failure under the law (*hamartía*, sin).

At least once the connection between Hamlet's madness and his disobedience to the ghost is suggested in the play. After hearing the commands, Hamlet vows:

> And thy *commandment* all alone shall live
> Within the book and volume of my *brain,*
> Unmixed with baser matter. Yes by heaven!
> (I, v, 102-104)

Then immediately after the closet scene, Gertrude speaks of Hamlet as one

> O'er whom his very *madness,* like some ore
> Among a mineral of metals base,
> Shows itself pure. (IV, i, 25-27)

But if the ghost's commands are so closely identified with the madness, is it not possible that the ghost is actually part of the

madness? May we not take seriously Gertrude's conclusion that the ghost is "the very coinage of [Hamlet's] brain"? (III, iv, 138). W. W. Greg thought so half a century ago when he asserted that the ghost was merely a figment of Hamlet's imagination. But this view cannot be correct. In the first act Marcellus, Bernardo, and Horatio all testify to the objective existence of the ghost. Gertrude's inability to see the ghost during the closet scene is apparently the result of her guilt—her acceptance of Claudius as husband makes her incapable of acknowledging the imperative upon which Hamlet acts. In the parallel part of Romans 7, Paul upholds the objective goodness of the law:

> What then shall we say? That the law [ghost's command] is sin [*hamartia* "madness"]? By no means! Yet, if it had not been for the law [command], I should not have known sin ["madness"]. I should not have known what it is to covet if the law had not said, 'You shall not covet.' But sin, finding opportunity in the commandment, wrought in me all kinds of covetousness. Apart from the law sin lies dead. I was once alive apart from the law, but when the commandment came, sin revived and I died; the very commandment which promised life proved to be death to me. For sin finding opportunity in the commandment, deceived me and by it killed me. So the law is holy, and the commandment is holy and just and good
> (Romans 7:7-12)

"It is an honest ghost," but "madness" causes Hamlet to "miss the mark" when he tries to fulfill its commands: "I have shot my arrow o'er the house / And hurt my brother."

We should consider whether it is likely on the basis of external evidence that Shakespeare knew the facts upon which this interpretation is based. At least two objections might be raised: one, that Shakespeare had "small *Latine*, and lesse *Greeke*" and would therefore probably not have known the root meaning of the word *hamartia;* and the other, that though he read the Bible, he certainly did not read it in the Revised Standard Version. To the first of these we answer that he need have known only one word of Greek, the New Testament word for "sin," and he is perhaps more likely to have known that than to have known any other. An American student who takes an undergraduate course in English Bible is required to know that word and its original meaning ("miss the mark"), whether or not he knows any other

word of Greek. Shakespeare was not biblically illiterate. Even the gravedigger asks in the midst of his puns, "What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture?" (V, i, 33-34). As for the other objection, the essential wording of Romans 7 is the same in the Geneva Bible (1560) and the Bishops' Bible (1568) as in the Revised Standard Version.

If these observations are correct, then a good commentary on Romans 7 ought to illuminate the "Hamlet problem." The best such commentary that I have found is Rudolf Bultmann's "Romans 7 and the Anthropology of Paul" (1932), contained in *Existence and Faith,* a collection of Bultmann's shorter writings. He seems almost to be thinking of *Hamlet* as he writes near the end of his essay:

> Paul's whole conception becomes clear if, as is now possible, we ask what is to be understood by "sin," if it is something that is already present in man that can be awakened by the "law." The "law" encounters man as the claim of God, "Thou shouldst (not)!" i.e., it wants to take from man the disposition of his own existence. Therefore, sin is man's wanting to dispose of his existence, to raise claims for himself, to be like God. Inasmuch, then, as this "sin" brings "death," it becomes evident (1) that the man who wants to be himself loses himself; instead of the "I," "sin" becomes the subject (vs. 9); and (2) that being a self nevertheless belongs to man, for in losing himself he dies (vss. 9 f.); but also that his self is not realized when he himself tries to lay hold of it by disposing of his existence, but only when he surrenders himself to the claim of God and exists from him. This would be "life" for him; then he would exist in his *authenticity.* It is precisely through his willing to be himself that man fails to find the authenticity that he wills to achieve; and this is the deceit of sin (vs. 11). But just because the will to be authentic is preserved in the false will to be oneself, even if only disguisedly and distortedly, it is possible so to speak of the split in man's existence that the authentic I is set over against the factual one.
>
> For this reason, what is portrayed in vss. 7-13 is not "the psychological process of the emergence in man of individual sins" (Lietzmann), but rather the process that is at the basis of existence under the law and that lies beyond subjectivity and psychic occurrences. Because man is a self who is concerned with his authenticity and can find it (as that of a creature) only when he surrenders himself to the claim of God, there is the possibility of sin. Because from the beginning the claim of God has to do with man's authentic existence, there is the possibility of misunderstanding: the man who is called to authenticity falsely wills to be himself.

This exposition illuminates several things in *Hamlet*. It shows, for instance, that when Hamlet apologizes to Laertes, he is not "sheltering himself in falsehood," and that there is nothing "disingenuous" about the apology itself. There is, to be sure, an element of irony in the speech, but only because the characters who hear it know nothing of the ghost's command, "Taint not thy mind," and therefore understand the word "madness" in a literal sense rather than in the context of the relation between Hamlet and the ghost. Even so, this particular irony is no greater than the irony which permeates most of the play.

The Bultmann analysis also makes clear why A. C. Bradley was wrong to regard Hamlet's attitude toward the end of the play as "fatalistic" rather than religious in any significant sense. In Act V, scene ii, Hamlet is no longer capable of saying, "The time is out of joint. O cursèd spite / That ever I was born to set it right!" (I, v, 188-189). He ceases trying to "dispose of his existence," and only then is he able to achieve his purpose, which is to punish his father's murderer. If this is "fatalism," then apparently both St. Paul and Bultmann are fatalists according to Bradley's definition. If Hamlet, who says explicitly that "The readiness is all," were merely "ready to leave his duty to some other power than his own" in the sense that Bradley is talking about, then he certainly would not have accepted Laertes' challenge to a duel. He would have rejected the challenge and withdrawn to sulk in a corner. On the contrary, for the first time he responds to the opportunity which offers itself, trusting (also for the first time) that he will achieve his purpose. And by a supreme irony he (again for the first time) actually achieves that purpose.

The subject of *Hamlet* is action, and the use of weapons is the dominant metaphor. The play disposes of an entire arsenal—daggers and rapiers, foils and targets, axes and partisans, slings and arrows, brazen cannon and "murd'ring pieces," petards and mines all serve as vehicles for meaning. The passive man suffers "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," while the man who wills "to be" must "take arms against a sea of troubles." Even the person who wills "not to be" must make his quietus

"with a bare bodkin." The ghost, "armèd at point exactly, cap-a-pie," is the *spur* to action—when it returns to "whet [Hamlet's] almost blunted purpose," the hero exclaims, "His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,/Would make them capable." Yet the ghost itself is beyond the reach of human action, as Hamlet's friends discover when Marcellus strikes at it with his partisan: "For it is as the air invulnerable,/And our vain blows malicious mockery." Having verified the ghost's authenticity, Hamlet knows that to kill Claudius at prayer would be to miss the mark; he therefore restrains himself, saying "Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent." Attempting to obey the ghost's commands, he decides how he will deal with his mother: "I will speak daggers to her, but use none." He succeeds, for she responds to his reproof by saying, "These words like daggers enter in mine ears." Even the gravedigger tells us by means of an elaborate pun that biblical Adam was "the first that ever bore arms."

But the reason the weapons metaphor works so perfectly is that the relation between aim and hit or miss corresponds exactly to the relation between intention and fulfillment in human action ("will and matter," "thoughts and ends"). In any really complex human situation it is almost inevitable that a man will "miss the mark"; hence the Pauline conception of *hamartía* and Hamlet's "madness" point to something basic in human experience. Hamlet's plea for pardon rests solely on his "disclaiming from a purposed evil." He cannot deny that he has missed the mark with disastrous consequences; he can only insist that the consequences of his actions were totally different from what he intended. Earlier in the play when Hamlet had asked Polonius to "see the players well bestowed," the old courtier had said that he would treat them "according to their desert." Hamlet's reply is to this effect: "God's bodkin, man, much better! Use every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping? Use them after your own honor and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty" (II, ii, 516-519). In like manner, Hamlet's apology in Act V appeals to the "honor and dignity" of the man he has woefully offended, for the hero knows at last that if he

himself is treated "after his desert," he will not "scape whipping." Hamlet is at this point so conscious of his own "bad marksmanship" that when he pays tribute to that of Laertes, the latter thinks that Hamlet is mocking him.

> Hamlet. Give us the foils. Come on.
> Laertes. Come, one for me.
> Hamlet. I'll be your foil, Laertes. In mine ignorance
> Your skill shall, like a star i' th' darkest night,
> Stick fiery off indeed.
> Laertes. You mock me, sir.
> Hamlet. No, by this hand. (V, ii, 243-247)

The irony that permeates the play is evident here, because just as those who had heard Hamlet's apology knew nothing of the ghost's command, "Taint not thy mind," so Hamlet in complimenting Laertes on his marksmanship knows nothing of his opponent's treacherous intention (the envenomed sword).

Once we have seen that the "madness" and the *hamartia* are the same thing and that the *hamartia* is Pauline rather than Aristotelian, our main problem has to do with the fact that the meaning of the word "madness" obviously does not remain the same throughout the play. In this matter, "We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us." When Hamlet uses the phrase "antic disposition" at the end of Act I, he does not yet know what form his machinations will take. The evidence upon which Polonius bases his "madness for love" theory (Hamlet's appearance to Ophelia in her closet) is pure hearsay, and it must be borne in mind that its source is Ophelia. At any rate, Hamlet soon knows that others regard him as "mad," for he tells Rosencrantz and Guildenstern that the king and queen are deceived and that he is "but mad north-north-west" (II, ii, 369). Hamlet brings up the subject of "madness" himself during the closet scene, and he furnishes a synonym in the same sentence. He shows Gertrude the pictures of his father and Claudius, and asks:

> what judgment
> Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
> Else could you not have motion, but sure that sense
> Is apoplexed, for *madness* would not err,

> Nor sense to *ecstasy* was ne'er so thralled
> But it reserved some quantity of choice
> To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
> That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind?
> (III, iv, 71-78)

When the ghost reappears, Gertrude concludes that Hamlet is "mad." (Both she and Hamlet use "ecstasy" and "madness" interchangeably at this point.) But Hamlet rejects the charge, and linking the ideas of "trespass" and "madness," he replies:

> Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
> That not *your trespass* but *my madness* speaks.
> (III, iv, 146-147)

In the first of these speeches Hamlet insists that "madness would not err" in achieving its purpose, whereas in the apology he designates "madness" as the source of error. The difference is confusing at first, but there is a verbal connection between the apology and the closet scene which helps to clarify matters. In the apology Hamlet says:

> This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
> How *I am punished with* a sore distraction.
> (V, ii, 217-218)

Shortly before leaving his mother's closet, Hamlet had spoken to her very solemnly of Polonius's death:

> For this same lord,
> I do repent; but heaven hath pleased it so,
> To *punish me with this, and this with me,*
> That I must be their scourge and minister.
> I will bestow him and will answer well
> The death I gave him. (III, iv, 173-178)

These words illustrate very well Bultmann's definition of "sin," which is man's wanting "to raise claims for himself, to be like God." Hamlet talks in this scene and the next two as if murdering a faithful but foolish courtier were all in a day's work for God's instrument among men.

The difference between the two meanings of the word "madness" in these two scenes is clear. In the closet scene, Hamlet uses

"madness" as a synonym for "ecstasy" and denies that he is "mad," lamenting at the same time that he is "punished with" the responsibility of being heaven's "scourge and minister." In the apology, he says that he is "punished with a sore distraction" and calls that distraction—"madness." When did the change of attitude take place? Presumably during his "exile," but the audience sees the meaning of the word begin to change (under several layers of irony) when Hamlet quarrels with Laertes at the grave of Ophelia, the only mad person in the play.

> Laertes. The devil take thy soul!
> [Grapples with him.]
> Hamlet. Thou pray'st not well.
> I prithee take thy fingers from my throat,
> For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
> *Yet have I in me something dangerous,*
> Which let thy wisdom fear. (V, i, 245-250)

Claudius then tries to pacify Laertes by saying, "O, he is mad, Laertes," and Gertrude concurs in that judgment: "This is mere madness;/And thus a while the fit will work on him." Here the king and queen are still using the word to mean "ecstasy," but for the first time it becomes associated significantly in the audience's mind with whatever Hamlet is referring to when he says, "Yet have I in me something dangerous." This "something dangerous" is the "sore distraction" which Hamlet calls "madness" in the apology.

But if Hamlet's "flaw" is anything so commonplace as the Christian conception of sin, are not the other characters in the play afflicted by it as much as he is? Indeed they are. This is why, for instance, Gertrude and Claudius "delay" just as much in repenting their misdeeds as Hamlet does in achieving his revenge. When Hamlet tells his mother that her "sense is apoplexed," he is diagnosing both her difficulty and his own. Gertrude speaks four lines in an aside which might serve very well as an epigraph for the play:

> To my sick soul (as sin's true nature is)
> Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss.
> So full of artless jealousy is guilt
> It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. (IV, v, 17-20)

This commonplaceness is the reason too why Aristotle's statement about "the least tragic possibility" does not apply to *Hamlet*. Though Hamlet does not do Claudius a deadly injury during the prayer scene, it cannot be said that Claudius does not suffer. Claudius, in love with the fruits of his own misdeed ("my crown, mine own ambition, and my queen"), cannot repent and he suffers no less intensely than does the Ancient Mariner before the albatross falls from his neck.

Laertes parallels, or rather parodies, Hamlet's situation, though on a much lower level, from the first act, when both receive "commandments" which they cannot finally obey. Polonius serves as "ghost" to Laertes: "And these few precepts in thy memory/Look thou character" (I, iii, 58-59). Laertes cannot in the long run be "true to his own self," and is therefore false to Hamlet in Act V. Laertes is closer to Hamlet's position than either Claudius or Gertrude is because his task, like Hamlet's, is revenge rather than repentance; but he, like Claudius, is guilty of treachery. Only Hamlet among the male characters can honestly disclaim "a purposed evil," and this is perhaps what makes him worthy to be the hero.

The commonplaceness of human sin is also the root of the play's pervading irony. One may even say that much of the irony in *Hamlet* stems from a speech or action which "misses the mark" in a way that becomes apparent only later in the play. Thus Claudius can use rich poetry to console Hamlet for his father's "natural" death when Claudius himself is guilty of the murder. For the same reason Polonius can, God-like, give sage advice to his son because we do not yet know that Polonius himself needs the advice more urgently than anyone else. From his position on the battlement, Hamlet can discourse with Olympian detachment on the "vicious mole of nature" in his fellow man to which he begins to fall victim that same night. Because we are no less subject to the "flaw" than are the dramatic characters, these and other speeches do not seem ironic when we first hear them; but they become so in the context of the whole play. *Hamlet* is our "Mousetrap"; we have the same relation to the hero as Gertrude does to the queen in the play-within-a-play. We study *Hamlet*

very soberly and then conclude with unintended irony, "The gentleman doth delay too much, methinks."

The strictly literary questions raised by *Hamlet* are not unanswerable. The theological questions are satisfactorily treated in Romans 7, though the more speculative questions which have long puzzled critics (e.g., why Hamlet [man] is the way he is) admit of no answers in this life. As Polonius says, to expostulate "Why day is day, night night, and time is time,/Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time." To put the matter another way, *Hamlet* holds an almost perfect mirror up to nature; if we limit ourselves to questions about the mirror itself, there is no particular difficulty. But if we attempt to explain the meaning and purpose of everything reflected in that mirror, we soon become lost in speculation—not about the mirror, but about the "nature" which it reflects. The question why Hamlet is what he is implies that he might well have been quite different from what he is. St. Paul does not admit this possibility for man; neither does he attempt a speculative explanation of man's situation. Instead, he describes that situation in its stark reality, holding out the possibility of an ultimate resolution. Surely it is enough to take at face value Hamlet's statement on the purpose of playing, "whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." If we refuse to take that statement seriously as the point of view which underlies the play, we find ourselves unconsciously adopting a position closely related to the one which Hamlet savagely ridicules when Polonius asks him what he is reading: "Slanders, sir, for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled. . . . All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for you yourself, sir, should be as old as I am if, like a crab, you could go backward."

GOALS FOR AMERICAN POWER

BY ROGER D. MASTERS

SINCE we live in a world of rapid change, American power is not meaningful unless it is directed to long-range goals. To plan ahead solely in terms of the next few years may be sheer folly if the results are doomed to become obsolete as soon as they are attained. It is therefore necessary to consider in a general way the various objectives which the United States could set for itself as a major world power. By analyzing the possibility of achieving such aims, we can gain a clearer idea of the limits of American policy in different areas at the present as well as in the future.

American policy as it was formulated early in the cold war established our objective as the containment of Communism. As this goal was stated by George Kennan in his famous "X" article in *Foreign Affairs* (1947), the prime task of American policy was to prevent Soviet Communist advances into Western Europe. At that time, Kennan assumed that if Stalin were prevented from expanding his power any further into the West, the Communist desire for territorial expansion would die down as the Soviet Union became more industrialized and more conservative internally. To some extent, it could be said that this objective has been achieved; the Communists have not advanced into Western Europe, and since the Khrushchev era the Soviet Union has shown a noticeable tendency toward moderation under the slogan of "peaceful coexistence."

Despite its success—or perhaps because of it—Kennan's containment policy is now totally obsolete. Although the test-ban treaty and the hot line prove the possibility of agreements between the United States and Russia based on a limited common interest, it would be wrong to assume that Communism has ceased to be a threat to the West. Almost immediately after Kennan formulated the idea of containment, two events took place which indicated the changing character of the Communist danger and the impossibility of this policy as a permanent goal.

The first was Marshal Tito's successful assertion of the inde-

pendence of a national Communist movement in Yugoslavia. This event, foreshadowing the subsequent loosening of ties between the Soviet Union and her East European satellites, showed the possibility of influencing or moderating Soviet policies by distinguishing between various members of the Communist bloc. Insofar as Moscow is no longer able to dictate its will to all other Communist states and parties, the orientation of American policy toward the isolation or containment of the Soviet Union is clearly insufficient; as Kennan himself has since insisted, if we equate all Communism with Russian Communism, we reinforce the ties within the Communist bloc and lose valuable freedom of maneuver.

The limits on Russia's ability to control her allies have become particularly important as a result of another event which occurred shortly after Kennan first stated the American containment policy. By coming to power in China, Mao Tse-tung not only failed to take Stalin's advice that the Chinese Communists form a coalition government with Chiang Kai-shek; he also set in motion what has since become a profound split in the Communist bloc. This largely unforeseen development has rendered the original concept of containment difficult if not impossible to achieve, for advances of the world-wide Communist movement can no longer be checked simply by reaching agreements with the U.S.S.R.

In addition to indications that the United States and Russia could agree to negotiate a settlement in Vietnam were it not for the intransigeance of the Chinese, the decisive proof of the obsolescence of the idea of containment is available ninety miles from American shores. Whatever criticism may be raised against the failure of the United States to prevent Castro's rise to power in Cuba, it remains true that the prevention of Communist advances into Western Europe has not precluded Communist gains elsewhere. The reason for this, of course, is that the nature of the challenge is radically different. China is a peasant society which, contrary to the predictions of Marx, has become Communist in an era marked by the economic growth and political stability of capitalist states. It is in other underdeveloped or back-

ward societies, and not in the highly industrialized nations of the West, that Communism appears to have its greatest chances of success in the near future.

In this perspective, the Sino-Soviet split, and with it the reduced dominance of the Soviet Union in the Communist bloc, has a great disadvantage for the West. Whereas Stalin, in the days when he had iron control over all Communist parties, could prevent or encourage revolution according to the political interests of the Soviet Union, this is no longer possible. A Communist party—or even revolutionaries desiring Communist support—can find backing from one or the other of the two major Communist powers, which are thus forced to compete with each other to prove their revolutionary purity. In such a contest, the Chinese have a great advantage since they have less to lose from the eruption of world violence.

Consequently, Communism or left-wing radicalism supported by Communists is a potent force in any backward society whose political institutions are unstable. This is equally true whether the society is nominally independent, as in South America, or still a colonial possession, like the Portuguese colonies in Africa. The objective of containment must therefore be analyzed in terms of perpetually blocking further Communist gains in backward countries, modeled on the successes in China and Cuba.

In the short run, given the present American superiority in nuclear weapons and air power, it is entirely possible for the United States to prevent by force a Communist take-over in any country where American military intervention can be decisive. The case of the Dominican Republic is apparently persuasive in this respect, for the presence of 30,000 American troops on that island appeared to be sufficient to prevent an immediate left-wing coup.

In the longer run, however, the United States cannot permanently be expected to prevent Communist expansion throughout the world by military means—for at least three reasons. First, we have no assurance that such threats may not in the future occur in so many countries simultaneously that it would simply be beyond the power of the United States to intervene in

every society where a serious risk of Communist subversion existed. To be convinced of this, all one need imagine is that at a time when Americans are still heavily committed in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, a Communist or left-wing coup occurred in a large South American country like Argentina, which would be impossible to hold without sizable military intervention by American troops.

Second, it is not clear that military intervention is in all cases an appropriate response to Communist subversion, particularly in countries where the peasantry and urban lower classes have deep-seated grievances against a conservative oligarchy. Such circumstances seem particularly suited to the type of guerrilla warfare which brought the Communists to power in China and Cuba, and which first France and now the United States have struggled to defeat by purely military means in Vietnam. Even where such a rebellion is suppressed (as in Greece, Malaya, or Guatemala), stability presumes the emergence of a government with a reasonably general degree of popular support. Insofar as this condition and the reforms necessary to maintain it cannot be achieved by American military intervention, our capacity to assure the survival of anti-Communist regimes favorable to the West is strictly limited.

The final reason for our impotence to prevent all further Communist take-overs in backward societies lies within the United States itself. It cannot be expected that the American public will indefinitely underwrite military interventions which run contrary to our traditions and involve a considerable loss of life as well as economic sacrifice on the part of the average citizen. In the face of many such crises, it is to be expected that the temptation of many military and political figures to hold the Soviet Union or Communist China responsible for subversion would become virtually overwhelming. In South Vietnam, inability to gain rapid victory in a guerrilla war led to escalation in order to force North Vietnam and China to negotiate—and in the process increasingly produced demands that the United States attack China directly; it seems highly probable that similar threats elsewhere in the world, where the American

impotence to achieve immediate military control would be even more apparent, would produce the same result to a greater degree.

We are thus forced to the conclusion that the goal of containment in the last half of the twentieth century is virtually impossible to attain unless the United States establishes a world-wide "hegemony." Although such a goal has been imputed to us by President de Gaulle, Americans tend to deny that it is our objective. Yet to establish a unilateral American responsibility for the prevention of all Communist take-overs presumes that the United States can effectively preclude regimes which it opposes from coming to power anywhere in the world. This was not the case when Kennan first formulated the goal of preventing Communist expansion, for he was primarily concerned with Western Europe at a time when the United States had a monopoly of operational nuclear weapons, and the countries threatened from without had a firm will to remain independently anti-Communist. Under those conditions, Communism could only advance by a Soviet military intervention which we could deter by the threat of nuclear attack on the U.S.S.R. At present, not only has the nature of the political challenge changed, but the rise of a nuclear stalemate has altered the character of deterrence, forcing us to rely on a combination of political and military means in order to check Communist advances.

Even if we still had a monopoly of nuclear weapons, we could not prevent left-wing revolutions throughout the world without employing military force on a hitherto unprecedented scale. It is simply insufficient to assume that nuclear weapons can resolve political crises in underdeveloped nations, because, unless the country involved is wiped from the map, at the conclusion of hostilities some political settlement must be found.

Despite the possibilities of relatively solid military regimes in backward countries, we can never be sure that such regimes will not—as, for example, in Egypt—be rather more favorable to the Soviet Union than to the United States. In short, we have no permanent way of preventing the rise of hostile governments in Africa, Asia, and South America. Whether these governments be

openly Communist (as in Cuba) or simply anti-American (as until recently in Indonesia), it remains true that we cannot hope to control the destinies of the world single-handed.

One way of stabilizing world politics in this context is the further development of the United Nations toward a world government which would preserve the peace. For Western nations there is much that is tempting in such an objective, and indeed the ideal of a federation of states outlawing war has a long pedigree dating back to Henry IV of France and including the writings of the Abbé Saint-Pierre, Rousseau, and Kant in the eighteenth century. Could not recent experiences with internationa[l] peace forces provide the core of an international order in whic[h] security is assured?

All attempts to achieve one or another form of world govern[-]ment have faced the same obstacle: sovereign states are reluctan[t] to surrender their own independent authority to a supranationa[l] government whose policies they cannot be assured of controlling[.] In no case has the U.N. been able to impose the will of the in[-]ternational community, however defined, on a reluctant grea[t] power. The United States is of course no exception to this gen[-]eralization; indeed, the institution of the veto in the Securit[y] Council was the result of a quite willing agreement between th[e] United States and the Soviet Union to insure that the Unite[d] Nations could on no occasion violate their national self-interest[.]

It is, of course, possible that in the next fifty years the Unite[d] Nations could develop into a world government. The suitabilit[y] of such an evolution as an American policy goal must be ques[-]tioned, however, for several reasons. First, if the U.N. respond[s] to the needs of world politics today, and especially to the desir[e] of minor powers to influence major ones, it is as an internationa[l] forum for discussion or negotiation and not as a world govern[-]ment. Since experience makes a truly effective, mutual sur[-]render of sovereignty improbable, the wisdom of placing highes[t] priority on such an unlikely prospect can be questioned.

Second, the development of world-wide political institution[s] cannot be expected to end the struggle for political power i[n]

human affairs, and most particularly the conflict between Communist and capitalist ideologies. As long as some of the most populous nations continue to believe firmly in the principles of Marx, Lenin, or Mao, the present struggle to determine how men live will persist, and the emergence of a more powerful U.N. might only exacerbate the issue by raising the stakes of victory or defeat.

Third, anthropological and historical evidence of the rise of political institutions uniting many previously independent peoples is hardly encouraging, for it appears that such developments, whether on the level of primitive African tribes or the early civilizations of the Nile, were most often based on force rather than on agreement, and usually resulted in the dominance of one small group over many subject peoples. If a world government were to be a despotic tyranny over all peoples in the hands of a few armed with a terrifying monopoly of military and political power, who would prefer such slavery to the risks of current freedom?

Hence we are forced to the unhappy conclusion that if world government be our objective, the form of government which Americans find desirable is unlikely, and the most probable origin of such an institution would be despicable from the standpoint of our democratic traditions. Granted that the U.N. serves a useful function in international affairs and that it may well be able to overcome the financial crisis that paralyzed it in 1964-65, its development into a world government does not represent a panacea.

So we are led to the conclusion that the goals of American foreign policy for the next fifty years must be defined in terms of a balance of political power, which is to say patterns of political alliance and influence throughout the world such that American ideals and interests can be preserved insofar as is possible. It is therefore necessary to consider the fundamental options of the United States in terms of the kinds of alignments which could conceivably emerge between now and the end of the present century.

The first of these possibilities which is often considered is an Atlantic community. The success of NATO in checking Communist advances in Western Europe has suggested to many Americans the possibility of alignment between Western Europe and the United States—the cores of Western civilization—which would by its industrial superiority and military strength be able to survive any possible changes in world politics. Some have thought of this relationship as a "bar-bell alliance" (to use the phrase that became popular under President Kennedy), joining a united Europe and the United States as equal partners; others conceive of a single, more diffuse coalition of democratic nations.

Yet, whichever view of an Atlantic alliance is advanced, neither is in itself sufficient to satisfy the long-range needs of American policy, for two general reasons. First, even assuming that such a community existed and were organized on a supranational or federal basis, so that all of the major Western states had a common policy, it is not at all certain that such a union could maintain the peace of the world. Because Communist expansion could still take place in underdeveloped nations, it is hardly sufficient to limit the scope of one's political goals to a single portion of the world, especially that portion which is already most closely in agreement with American objectives and ideals.

An Atlantic community would only be part of a tolerable long-range political goal, and as such would have to give promise of establishing a reasonable balance of power between the states excluded from a union of the industrialized nations ringing the Atlantic. Yet a successful Atlantic community might itself contribute to international instability by the very fact that it would group together so many of the most prosperous nations of the world; to those outside it, an Atlantic union would look like an effort to establish a worldwide hegemony of the West. It is precisely for this reason that several of our allies have attempted so strongly to maintain or create political alignments with underdeveloped countries, whether it is the British Commonwealth, the French effort to maintain influence in Africa and win it in South America, or the German attempt to establish lasting influence in the Middle East.

These efforts reflect the second reason for the insufficiency of the Atlantic community as a goal of American foreign policy—namely the internal cleavages within that community itself. For the moment it suffices to say that our European allies are acutely conscious of the insufficiency of an alliance with the United States as a means of preserving the peace in a world undergoing rapid change. The danger of world war arising out of American commitments in Vietnam has only driven home this point to our allies, for in effect the establishment of an Atlantic community as the prime American objective has often been implicitly (if not explicitly) considered merely as our means of containing Communism at all costs.

Insofar as our European allies have admitted the inevitability of certain Communist advances—and, for example, have recognized Communist China—it would be impossible to establish such an Atlantic community without a specific agreement on the goals to be pursued by a more tightly organized Western bloc. The history of the last few years should be enough to prove to us that this kind of agreement is not readily available even on immediate questions like the attitude to Communist take-overs in Vietnam or the Dominican Republic, not to mention larger issues concerning the orientation of South America toward Europe rather than the United States. As a result, it can be said that an Atlantic community could only be the objective of American policy should it be part of an agreed-upon conception of a world balance of power. To the extent that American policy-makers and citizens are not willing to surrender American sovereignty to supranational institutions representing all the nations of the industrialized West—and therewith to run the risks of being outvoted in the resulting Atlantic community—it seems that this goal is impossible to attain.

We are therefore forced to consider other alignments of power and interest which, either independently of or in addition to an alliance with Western Europe, could serve as a conceivably stable basis of world politics in the next fifty years. The first that comes to mind consists essentially in a Russo-American great

power condominium, based on the assumption that the Soviet Union is the most reliable partner available for restraining other members of the Communist bloc. By sharing zones of influence and reaching tacit agreements as to the extent to which each of the superpowers would not challenge positions crucial in the eyes of the other, it would be possible for the United States and the Soviet Union to manage the danger of nuclear confrontation and restrain their own allies, thereby maintaining world peace.

This conception, in many ways implicit in President Kennedy's "Strategy of Peace," was to a certain extent realized during the Suez and the Cuban missile crises. The tacit recognition by both the United States and the Russians of a common interest to prevent a nuclear holocaust has, however, very clear limits. The major allies of both the United States and the U.S.S.R. have shown great reluctance to accept a Russo-American condominium as a permanent feature of world politics.

In this respect, the reactions of France and China to such events as the Moscow treaty outlawing nuclear tests are strictly parallel, for both China and France fear Russo-American agreements to the detriment of their own interests. The French insistence on an independent policy and the Chinese criticism of Khrushchev and post-Khrushchev leadership—not to mention the efforts of both to develop independent nuclear forces—have thus one common theme: both France and China have tried to show that a Russo-American condominium cannot permanently succeed, since neither the United States nor the Soviet Union can with assurance restrain or speak for its nuclear ally. This means that a Russo-American alignment may very well be profitable on specific issues, but it cannot be a sufficient goal of American policy.

The limit on the extent to which the United States can orient its policy solely toward accommodation with the Soviet Union is further reinforced by a secondary consideration. In a sense, as has been suggested, the Sino-Soviet split has strengthened the world Communist movement, even though it may have weakened the control of any single nation over that movement. Since individual Communist parties can follow either the Russian or the

Chinese line, or play these two parties off against each other, it becomes possible for Communists to take aggressive positions despite the interest of one or another Communist power in reaching accommodation with the West in a given area.

This means that American alignment with Russia could conceivably encourage—rather than discourage—a radical pro-Chinese party to follow a revolutionary course of action. As a result, the strategy oriented to accommodation with the U.S.S.R. could actually produce increased Communist gains which the Soviet Union might be able to exploit to our disadvantage, even while seeming to do the opposite. Some commentators have even argued—though it seems contrary to the most likely explanation of the facts—that the Sino-Soviet split is merely a façade intended to lull the West. Be that as it may, it is hard to conclude that in itself a Russo-American condominium could either be established or maintained as a long-range objective conducive to a stable balance of power.

The inadequacies of either an Atlantic alliance or a Soviet-American alignment raise the fundamental question of whether any single pattern of power relationships can be established as a long-range goal. Given the evolution of Western Europe toward a position of increasing independence with regard to United States' commitments throughout the world, and the split within the Communist camp (which renders less likely accommodations with that bloc as a whole), one might be tempted to suggest that the United States should seek long-range alignments elsewhere in the world. For example, some might wonder whether the alternative lies in a development of the Alliance for Progress and the Organization of American States toward a Western Hemispheric power base for the United States. Unfortunately, the tradition of American policy in Latin America, the frustrations caused by our dominance in the hemisphere, and the bitterness felt in many quarters at such events as our originally unilateral intervention in the Dominican Republic, raise real questions concerning this possibility.

To be sure, at its best a hemispheric alignment, particularly

insofar as it was combined with a withdrawal of American commitments elsewhere in the world and a realistic attempt to satisfy some of the demands of the lower classes to whom radicalism is attractive in South America, might be able to prevent further Communist advances in Latin America. But a perfect achievement of this goal, itself unlikely, would still not indicate the way in which similar threats elsewhere in the world could be prevented from causing either major wars or unfavorable consequences for American power; as a result, a long-range orientation of the United States to the Western Hemisphere is hardly a sufficient means of balancing world-wide forces in international politics.

Although it is virtually never considered, one is led to wonder whether the possibilities of an American orientation toward the Pacific offer a solution. Such an alignment could only be based on an accommodation with Communist China, which seems at the moment highly unlikely; nonetheless, such a strategy could be defended as having clear advantages for American self-interest. It could be argued that the greatest threat to the present balance of power arises in Asia, primarily because of the challenge of Communist China; since both Western Europe and the Soviet Union have become highly industrialized or "have" powers, nuclear deterrence and a common interest in self-preservation can suffice to prevent major war in these areas.

If this is so, the current American attitude of isolating the most revolutionary major power in the world may well be intrinsically self-defeating. Since the United States has little or no ability to deter the Communist Chinese without defeating them militarily, and since the Russians themselves cannot restrain their nominal ally, one is led to wonder whether we have not been dangerously blinded by our ideological opposition to the Chinese. Several very good reasons for orienting American policy toward an accommodation with China can be presented.

In the first place, the Chinese have paradoxically less to fear from a tactical alliance with a capitalist power than with a Communist one, since we could never pose a threat to Chinese pretensions to lead the world Communist movement. Secondly, it

could be argued that there exists the basis for certain convergent although not identical interests between China and the United States. The Chinese clearly wish to industrialize and modernize their society in order to become a major world power; we find Chinese expansionism as a means to this end intolerable. But it is striking that the rise of the Soviet Union to the status of a world power with an awesome nuclear arsenal has produced a limited but real reduction in its willingness to resort to all-out war to achieve its aims.

If industrialization and full-fledged possession of nuclear forces induce a major power to a somewhat more conservative strategy, then the United States might have much to gain from the very developments that the Chinese desire. In fact, the recklessness with which the Chinese seem to approach nuclear weapons today directly parallels the attitudes shown by the Russians at the same stage of their nuclear development, and it appears that the greatest restraints on the desire to use nuclear weapons have emerged within the powers that have developed them if only because they have been forced to calculate the use of their weapons in a realistic way when developing a sophisticated nuclear strategy.

Finally, an alliance with Red China has a certain purely abstract advantage. The United States is in the position of an essentially status quo power. Such a power is always placed at a disadvantage when faced with revolutionary challenges in spheres beyond its direct control. The natural tendency of a status quo power is to seek conservative allies, but under modern conditions this tactic seems doomed to be nothing more than a holding action. If so, it would appear that the only means of restraining the most revolutionary forces in the world over the long run might be to form an alliance with them; as the saying goes: "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

As astounding as this policy may appear, the United States at present faces the choice between preventive war against China or a long-range policy which will inevitably have to face the reality of China's becoming a great nuclear power. In the latter case, the advantages of having that most revolutionary of the major

nuclear nations reasonably moderate in its attitude toward the United States must be considered dispassionately. This is all the more important because the alternative of a preventive attack on China is of doubtful utility; completely apart from the moral problems that such a policy raises, there are sound arguments against it derived solely from the logic of power politics.

It is of course true that the possibilities of American alignment with China seem at present nil, not merely because of conflicting commitments in Vietnam, but broadly because of ideological and political positions which have become habitual. Moreover, such an alignment, even if attainable, would not exhaust the question of American foreign policy objectives, for it would imply an alteration of our attitudes toward Europe and the Soviet Union. It appears, therefore, that there is no single alignment which could hope to be a successful means of maintaining a stable balance of power throughout the world over the long run.

Given the frustrations of maintaining the peace in a nuclear era undergoing continuous political and technological change, it must be wondered if the preferable American policy is not a return to isolation. This suggestion, like the possibility of an alliance with the Chinese Communists, seems to be so completely contrary to current American opinion that it might be dismissed without consideration. Nevertheless the reduction of American commitments throughout the world during a period of revolutionary upheaval has much to be said for it.

The character of nuclear weapons and the superiority of the American arsenal—not to mention the likelihood that weapons development in the United States will maintain this country at least on a par with all other major powers in military technology—raise the possibility that the geographical isolation provided by the Atlantic and Pacific oceans up until the twentieth century has been in a sense regained in terms of a new kind of strategic invulnerability. If this is the case, American commitments throughout the world may simply result in attempts to prevent Communist advances under conditions in which we cannot be permanently successful, and in which we will be constantly

tempted to escalate our means of intervention to the point of causing an all-out nuclear war.

Because of the highly urban concentration of the American population, such a war would be even more devastating for the United States than for any other major power, with the possible exception of Western Europe. Realization of these risks has led many Europeans to be increasingly critical of commitment alongside the United States in its anti-Communist involvement in Southeast Asia and Latin America. If our international commitments may lead to our own destruction in the worst case, and isolation from our European allies insofar as this outcome is feared, would it not be preferable to avoid foreign entanglements? Could the United States not be content with the defense of its own territory?

Isolationism could be a goal in an era when the United States was not only militarily invulnerable, but also largely independent economically as well. But whereas in the nineteenth century the United States depended on Europe largely for imports of capital and men, both of which were not hindered by America's lack of commitment in European politics (and, indeed, may have been aided by it), the American economy today is not so easily isolated. Insofar as international commerce has become a necessity for American industry—and, it might be added, American agriculture—political isolationism could have disastrous consequences if other industrial powers gained markets which our producers seek to supply. However realistic it may be to recognize that the United States must on occasion act alone in world politics, defending our interests even though our allies dissociate themselves from us, a return to the objectives of the last century is as unsatisfactory a goal for American foreign policy as the other power relationships sketched above.

All these considerations seem to indicate that it is impossible to describe American long-range objectives in terms of any particular alignment of power. This difficulty may result from the fact that we have attempted to define policy goals in terms that are too specific. The ultimate American objective being a stable

balance of power in which the United States and her interests can be defended without too great a risk of nuclear war, there is no reason to assume that alignment with any specific nations would necessarily and permanently be superior to any other alignment.

On the contrary, there is much to be said for the proposition that the United States should adopt as its goal a general world-wide equilibrium, and should use as means to that goal alliances or accommodations with any power or powers which seemed to further this objective. This may seem to be unpardonably vague, but such an objective was more or less the guiding theme of British foreign policy throughout the nineteenth century, if not before.

Two crucial questions must be answered if this proposed orientation is to be practicable. First, can the United States free itself from the largely ideological anti-Communism which has rendered agreements with the Soviet Union suspect and accommodations with China virtually impossible even when in our own interest? Second, if we are to adopt a radically flexible attitude toward alignments with other nations, based solely on terms of the likelihood of maintaining a balance of power, what should determine our choice of policies at any given time? The first of these questions cannot be readily answered, for it depends on the will and intelligence of American political leaders and statesmen, but the reply to the second can be made with greater assurance.

Three characteristic features of the twentieth century seem destined to play a dominant role in determining the structure of the world in coming years: the continuing technological revolution connected with industrialization, the resulting expansion of the scale of stable major powers to the size of continent-states, and the problems posed by the diffusion of nuclear weapons. Given these three factors, it can be argued that the maintenance of stable international conditions will depend most decisively on the emergence of a number of continental centers of power, all of which will have industrial, population, and military resources similar to those of the United States and the Soviet Union.

From this perspective, the rise of a federated Europe with

ndependent nuclear capabilities and a distinct foreign policy, nd the emergence of China as an industrialized nuclear power, ould have stabilizing effects on world politics. A bi-polar world ; intrinsically unstable because comparisons of strength between he two rivals are relatively easy; if the United States and Russia emain the only major powers in the world, both are forced to ommit themselves in defense of any favorable positions for fear hat their rival may gain predominant power. The so-called theory of falling dominoes," applied to Vietnam, is but one ıanifestation of the risk of all-out war in a bi-polar world in 'hich super-powers equate all losses of position with irreversible efeat.

When there are four or five major independent powers, the kelihood of violence on a limited scale may be *greater* than in bi-polar world, but the possibilities of limiting war once it :curs are equally increased. In a bi-polar situation, the main- :nance of stability ultimately depends on the prudence of the nited States and Russia, whereas smaller powers may find an ıterest in exacerbating tensions under the nuclear umbrella of ı allied or benevolent super-power. When there are four or .ore major powers, in contrast, the uncertainty of the conse- uences of major war becomes radically greater even for the ›tential victor, and therewith the possible gains from a super- ›wer's all-out nuclear attack on any one rival very much mini- ized.

At the point when only the United States and the U.S.S.R. ıve large nuclear arsenals, the prospects of gaining world ›minance by a preventive or preemptive attack are more tempt- g than in a case where several such major powers exist. In the tter situation, even an effective defeat of one rival does not sure a major power of hegemony. On the contrary, such a ctory may in fact be self-defeating wherever the victim is a ıtion of considerable importance.

For example, should the United States completely destroy ainland China, this victory might have as its political conse- ıence the creation of an alignment between all other major ›wers against the United States, based on fear of American

egemony. Thus we might well defeat the Chinese only to find new alignment between Russia and Europe dedicated to a limiation of American influence, and such a new alignment might estrict American power far more severely than had we failed to ttack the Chinese in the first place. In a pre-nuclear age, much he same kind of fate was the reward of Napoleon.

This logic suggests that the radical changes in technology and trategy in the last half of the twentieth century may be tending oward the development of a number of great power centers, ll of which will have major nuclear capacities and a base ontinental in scale. The most likely of these centers in the imediate future are of course Western Europe and China in addiion to the existing super-powers (although the long-range potenial of other nations, notably India, must also be considered). All f these powers need not be of equal stature, but each would be adically superior to nation-states whose military and economic otential does not permit effective action and political influence eyond their own continent.

In this kind of international system, Africa, the Middle East, nd South America would seem to be the most likely theatres of ivalry and violence in the world, precisely because in these areas he scale of political community is not yet large enough to ttain great-power standing based on self-sustaining industrial levelopment. Over the long run, it could be possible for new reat powers to emerge in these areas as well, but the probabiliies would seem to indicate that the prime problems of maintainng world peace in the next fifty years will be connected with reat-power competition for influence among secondary or ertiary powers.

If the United States establishes as its general objective a table balance between continental-scale major powers—essenially Western Europe, Russia, China, perhaps India, and herself —it would follow that all of the specific power relationships liscussed above might have a role to play in American foreign olicies. Clearly, a preferential alliance with Western Europe nsofar as our interests coincide is crucial for the United States, not merely as a means of defending our own political ideals, but

also in order to assure our economic survival. Similarly, accommodation with the Soviet Union is particularly necessary because of the present nuclear superiority of the United States and Russia, and therewith our common interest in avoiding a direct nuclear confrontation; for the foreseeable future, these two powers appear to be assured of at least a quantitative advantage in nuclear weapons, even vis-à-vis other continental units which may achieve the status of super-powers.

At the same time, efforts directed to maintain the cohesion or at least the peace within the Western Hemisphere could be justified as a particularly American responsibility in terms of a tacit division of zones of influence between major powers. In this sense, the Soviet predominance in Eastern Europe, the special relationships between Western European powers and Africa, and the long-range influence and supremacy of the Chinese in Southeast Asia would seem to be corollaries of a relatively stable international system based on continental nuclear super-powers.

The notion of zones of influence may be repugnant to American minds, but it is consistent with the realities of world politics. This notion does not mean that all states within the zone of a nearby nuclear super-power are simply absorbed by it. On the contrary, one characteristic of the modern world is an attempt of such subordinate or satellite nations to establish countervailing ties with other major powers: Russian satellites in Eastern Europe seek trade and cultural relations with Western Europe, the United States, and China, just as South American states seek to balance their dependence on the United States by ties with Western—if not Eastern—Europe.

What is decisive is that it be universally recognized that the major super-powers each have a preferential negative role in the region of their dominance. If it were generally admitted that power gains in the area of dominance of another major power have less legitimacy than each super-power's defense of its own sphere, it could be tacitly agreed that withdrawal in case of conflict is appropriate where one super-power meets another in the latter's zone of influence.

This type of unwritten understanding of the rules of power

is by no means a question of pure speculation. Russian moderation in the Cuban missile crisis, for example, was the counterpart of American moderation at the time of the uprisings in Eastern European satellites, for in each case a nuclear giant realized the limits of its abilities to intervene massively close to the frontiers of its major rival. More recently, foreign powers who verbally condemned the American intervention in the Dominican Republic refrained from effective military opposition, recognizing that this conflict lay within the sphere of influence of the United States.

But, it will be asked, what are the guarantees that an aggressive major power—in particular, China—would in fact retreat in case of a conflict with another super-power, especially since the aggressor could disguise its intervention in the form of subversion (appropriately called a movement of "national liberation")? The converse of a division of the world into spheres of influence is that each super-power would not be considered to have absolute hegemony over its zone of dominance; on the contrary, each super-power must realize that all other major powers have an interest in maximizing their influence in all areas of the world. Experience has already shown that it may well be impossible to prevent certain states within one major power's zone of influence from aligning with a more distant one, as the Albanians have aligned with the Chinese and the Cubans with the Russians, not to mention the Malaysians with the English. What would then be necessary is a flexible policy aimed at convincing each major power that its zone of influence will be respected only if it grants a mutual respect for the zones of influence of other major powers and a tolerance for counterbalancing interventions in marginal cases between one zone of influence and another.

Reverses in individual states may be tolerable only if it is manifestly impossible for any one super-power to gain world-wide hegemony by means of conquest or subversion. Hence it would be in the interest of the United States to encourage the development of new continental-scale powers, even if they were independent of us (and indeed, precisely because they were not members of a Western "bloc"); the logic of power is the surest

straint against aggression. For example, the best means of niting Chinese aggression may well be the emergence of India an independent nuclear superpower, capable of deterring un- ie expansion of China's power in Asia as a whole.

The international system just described would not be one of ured peace and tranquillity, luxuries which cannot be ex- cted in a world shaken by the technological and political anges which seem to be inevitable over the next fifty to one ndred years. But a realistic appreciation of power relations, ed from fixed ideological commitments or narrow definitions our allies or our enemies, would permit a more flexible re- onse to challenges to the peace, and more particularly would gitimize ad hoc coalitions of the major super-powers to restrain olence in any particular area, or at least to confine violence thin narrow limits.

Such a structure of world politics might well give rise to a new m of deterrence which would minimize (without totally re- oving) the dangers of total nuclear war. Further nuclear pro- eration is highly likely, even assuming a formal international aty prohibiting it, because such devices have rarely if ever und sovereign states that find a strong self-interest in acquir- ; new or larger military forces. As nuclear technology spreads ough the peaceful uses of atomic power, the process of dif- ion can be stabilized most effectively by emphasizing tacit eements and a sense of mutual self-interest among a small mber of independent major powers (much as the giants dom- ting the American automobile industry refrain from price rs because they recognize their mutual interdependence).

The conception of multilateral deterrence has not been suffi- ntly emphasized as a means of limiting violence in an age of clining bipolarity. As George Liska has written, "when all or st great powers have nuclear capability . . . the consequence ght be a new form of deterrence; not only mutual between two clear powers, but also multilateral for the system as a whole." leed, whereas bipolar nuclear deterrence can be undermined hopes or fears of a surprise attack by one of the two rivals,

reciprocal deterrence among four or five nuclear powers may be more stable over the long run.

This tacit awareness of the mutual interest in avoiding all-out war among major powers would not necessarily prevent a nuclear war, especially should a minor power obtain a small stock-pile of atomic weapons. But insofar as the major nuclear powers maintain a rough balance in their own capabilities and refrain from initiating nuclear exchanges, minor powers might be deterred from nuclear adventures by two means.

First, they would be deterred by the threat that any small power, acting either on its own or as a proxy for a super-power, might undergo the punishment of a joint attack from more than one of the other super-powers in case of a small-scale use of nuclear weapons. For example, should the Egyptians want to attack the Israelis with nuclear weapons, a tacit agreement between the major nuclear powers to punish such aggression by joint retaliation would be indeed impressive, if only because of the likelihood that at least *one* of three or four nuclear powers would honor its commitment.

In effect, whereas deterrence based on the will and determination of a single power may be uncertain, the probability of retaliatory punishment is higher the more numerous the powers who may inflict it. Such increased risks may be necessary to deter the use of nuclear weapons by secondary powers because, in a bi-polar setting, the threat of punishment by one super-power can be neutralized by an offer of protection by the other. Although multilateral deterrence could also operate between the super-powers themselves, on this level nuclear restraint would be reinforced by the direct deterrence between rivals exercised in the fashion that has become customary in Russo-American relations.

The second means of limiting violence by minor powers would seem at first sight to be hardly an advantage, but it must be looked upon as the lesser of necessary evils. A tacit or explicit agreement among super-powers to prohibit and dissuade the initial use of nuclear weapons by other states would probably convince expansionist powers that they have a greater advantage

n conventional or guerrilla aggression than in nuclear attacks.)n a lesser scale of military intervention, it would be far more ıseful—especially for reckless nations of secondary rank—to ılay one nuclear giant off against another as part of the fluid ırocess of rivalry between a limited number of great power ceners. Indeed, this is precisely what the Vietcong and North /ietnamese have succeeded in doing in South Vietnam.

Although the encouragement of limited war and subversion :ems hardly a welcome prospect, it is far preferable to a total 'ar fought with thermonuclear weapons (if only because the enetic effects from fall-out could conceivably destroy victors and ictims alike). Moreover, the reduction of the stakes of conflict ı a world composed of a number of super-powers must be emhasized. As we move away from a bi-polar system, it becomes :ss certain that the subversion or conquest of any single nation ›uld give the victor a decisive advantage. On the contrary, as lies of the super-powers continue to assert their own indepen- :nce—a phenomenon which is already quite marked in both astern and Western Europe, not to mention insistence upon ıon-alignment" among many underdeveloped countries—it :comes apparent that the major powers will encounter increasıg resistance to efforts to impose their will on secondary states, hose freedom of maneuver is in a sense assured by weakness.

There is, of course, no certainty that the type of balance of ›wer system here described will in fact come into existence bere the end of the present century. Miscalculation by the nited States or the U.S.S.R. could produce an all-out nuclear :change despite attempts to avoid such a mutually suicidal ınfrontation. Changes in weapons technology could create so 'eat an advantage for one super-power that it would profit from ı superiority by launching a preventive war of extermination. hough the Chinese have to date actually been extremely cau- ›us in every confrontation with a Western power, their aims ay be so expansionist that they will risk an adventure causing major world war.

But in any of these circumstances—as well as in any other

possible patterns of evolution in world politics—the struggle for power and influence can be expected to persist as the decisive factor in international relations (unless, of course, the human race succeeds in exterminating itself). It is precisely for this reason that it is indispensable for the United States to adopt a long-range policy goal directed toward the development of an international system consistent with the observed trends of political, military, and economic change, and in which the limitation of war to at least tolerable levels is conceivable.

The picture of world politics in fifty years as rivalry between four or more great nuclear continent-states is hardly reassuring in the sense that Communism and despotism cannot be expected to disappear. But if this perspective gives the most realistic possibility of preserving humanity during the necessarily unstable period in which nuclear weapons will become diffused to a larger number of countries, such a goal should be taken quite seriously. The alternatives seem to lack its capacity for managing the rivalries and instabilities of the revolutionary era in which we and our children are fated to live.

In particular, any attempt to maintain the orientation and assumptions of a containment policy seems doomed to failure under conditions which will produce either repeated defeats of the United States or a major war arising out of American frustration with its inability to contain Communist expansion. If, as it has been argued, the orientation of the past is obsolete in the present and extremely dangerous in the future, we have no option but to adjust our conceptions to the characteristic political situations that lie ahead. This being so, the traditional American distrust of such notions as balance of power and spheres of influence may have catastrophic effects, leading us at best to helpless isolation and at worst to insane self-destruction.

BEGIN AND END WITH WATER MUSIC IN IRELAND

By JOSEPH EDGAR SIMMONS

THE thirteen had said Come anytime to tea and
I rowed to the island at the haying time,
seeing them run in from the fields like wind-up toys
and in the kitchen under damp thatched roof
sudden there was salad, tea, and whispering grace:
flaxen haired the noon save the children now in dark lash demur.

Later, for my convenience, herself led me
to a dark bedroom where clothes hung everywhere to dry:
under a bed a tall white chamberpot and
there with but two geese in a corner I relieved myself of liquid
and then herself came in and I walked with her
and she so holy swilled it out to sea
and I, caught still as in a thunder,
remembered childhood and the night swack of dishwater
dashed from the back screen to invisible night grass,
remembered all our holy liquids, our blood and bile,
our waters and the clownish tumbling excretions
of our souls' hot heavens—these and juices of our Adam's apples
and the fountains that lace the stars and pulse the rabbit's ear;
now at the bay's edge, herself staring out to time beyond time,
I remembered the ferry and father's strident
horn honk
high above on the midnight levee
Wait! Wait!
the dark ripples scintillant now
under the descending carlights
merged now to the rock of rubber tires on ferry planks,
then flap-lap—the churn depths paddle our tired bottoms fondly:
what geese in flannel sky with warmer homing cry?
what gladder water music than all the holy liquids spilled to
love?

And we on this island, at the edge of spinning seas,
felt underfoot no whirling, no drowning
and there had been none in the seas of mother wombs:
no distressed powers these waters
but capable, even unto final rock.

THE PRESENCES

By KENNETH PITCHFORD

IN mid-sentence you stop, seeing bladed wings shining
wide over blurred sandhavens of seabirds
and a thought scarcely breathing on the brain's damp margins
flies downward through what seemed a mirror but proves
an opening mouth, a silvery eye of air, a passage
where singed wings changing to fins
escape the sun's spell, go shuddering
down, away, deeper than sight
into the upturned shadows of an inward sky.

We lie on the sand alone, listening.
We hear a thousand things hissing,
the tide, live birds, our intermingling pulses.
But to these others, we surrender
our selves held up like paper hoops
to be torn by their downward leap,
empty unless they descend, dead perhaps after,
no matter, for now they cling here within us
who already fear being cast aside.

They pass. We look back to each other.
We have never needed to coax the igniting
of those damp logs love gave us to kindle.
We were able (not children) to flame when we wished.
Why then, this flashing of wings and fins,
this glory of talons between us after so long?
I look, but see nothing in your face
but whatever silence they have fallen to,
forgetful of what they mean or who we are.

VIETNAM AND THE CRISIS IN WAR

By DOMINICK GRAHAM

THE protest movement against the war in Vietnam—the movement of the Vietniks—is a reflection of the present crisis in war, a crisis which is concomitant with revolutionary war as it is being fought in Vietnam. Most of those who oppose American action there stress that the Vietcong has been fighting a civil war against a series of oppressive and inefficient governments. Therefore they may invoke the principle of nonintervention. And if one defines civil war in a broad sense as a war between two forces each purporting to represent the government of the country, it is correct to say that there is a civil war in Vietnam. But revolutionary war is a technique the object of which is to generate civil war merely as a means to power. Civil war is only a late, overt stage in a process the aim of which is to control the people while at the same time giving the impression that a spontaneous, popular movement exists. In traditional war it has been the opposing armed forces that have been the main targets and the unfortunate involvement of civilians has seemed to infringe a lingering chivalric sense of fair play. But, in revolutionary war, the civilian population is the main and the first interest of both sides, and when the active support of the majority of that population has been won by the insurgents the war is virtually won. And because the military is the agent of the legitimate, even if unpopular, government, it appears as the instrument by which civilians are repressed. The impression that a normal civil war exists between the people and an unrepresentative group in power is thus enhanced.

Western democrats, particularly American and British ones, are susceptible, for historical reasons, to struggles between standing armies and civilians. Emotionally it is therefore not difficult for Americans to make common cause with what is loosely termed the Vietnamese People. It is also easy for them to confuse the cause of revolutionary war, which is the will of the or-

ganization which sets up the struggle and conducts it through its various stages, with the shortcomings of a government that does happen to be inefficient, corrupt, and despotic. Many Americans cannot conceive it to be possible that the National Liberation Front organization could have gained a hold on the populace unless the government was worthless. They cannot see that the worthlessness of the governments merely made the task of gaining the ear of the populace easier, and that once a cadre of supporters had been enrolled, verbal persuasion was replaced increasingly by blackmail, murder, and psychological warfare.

The old liberal optimism of the nineteenth century suffuses the Vietnik view. Vietniks refuse to admit that men may have been so manipulated that they can rationalize their complete reversal of normal human values. Because they believe so strongly in man they ignore the human weaknesses of most men —weaknesses that lead men to avoid trouble and responsibility and suffering and danger. Behind it all seems to lie nostalgia for the olympian neutrality of the good old days when Americans were all good guys with an uncomplicated set of values. Outside the American continent, where a different universe of standards has always existed, American soldiers have, until now, always fought for clear-cut ideas. There has been peace or there has, on the other hand, been war; there has been the military sphere and there has been the civil one. The military has used the weapons produced by the populace but has always had a guilty conscience when it used them against civilian targets. And when it has done so it has rationalized its actions in terms of the effect they have had on the opposing war machine. In the eyes of the Americans at least, the military has always, until now, played the satisfying role of a David fighting Goliath. It is the apparent reversal of roles in Vietnam that has been a prime cause of the Vietnik trauma.

While the military is not unaffected by a movement which is trying to show that its work in Vietnam does not represent the true American tradition, it is more concerned to find a technique for waging the revolutionary war in Vietnam effectively. In

essence, the dynamic element in the revolutionary technique is the integration of the military and political fields so that the two are completely complementary. This integration is necessary because the aim of the war is the physical and moral subjection of the civilian population as a means to isolate and then to defeat the opposing armed forces. The only way to overcome this technique is by a similar integration, the fruit of which will be, on one hand the economic, political and military intelligence, without which the fighting war will be lost, and on the other hand a grass-roots, politico-economic growth at village and town level, without which the existing political disease cannot be cured. In short, a leaf must be taken out of the NLF book but our methods must be less gruesome and our aims more constructive than theirs. Further, the process must be fostered while the war continues; it cannot wait for peace. It calls for the complete integration of military and civilian agents, at the tactical or cellular level, a revolutionary concept to Americans or British. Indeed, it is so revolutionary that many people consider it a cure worse than the disease. It is tantamount to using the cancerous process of revolutionary war to build new tissue with a passing resemblance to both its democratic parents. But as the proper relationship between the military and the civil establishment has been thrashed out in the American past, both parties are reluctant to reopen an old case. And yet, a political system that has not the same historical taboos as we have has presented us with a problem the key to which may lie in doing exactly that. Perhaps it is time for a re-interpretation of the findings of the past in the face of this new development in war.

The story of David and Goliath has a perennial fascination for the military. David represents the power of surprise, the superiority of technique over mere strength, good over evil, and the new over the old. Goliath is a horrid warning of the penalty that the strong may have to pay if they forget the principles upon which the art of war rests.

B. H. Liddell Hart, and the circle of thinkers with whom he was then associated in Britain, had the symbol of David and the

lessons of the immediate past in mind when they developed the techniques of the new warfare in the 1920's and early 1930's. Their aims were to restore a true professional spirit to the army and the mobility that has been lost on the Western Front to the battlefield; thus the art of generalship would be decisive once more.

A statement of these aims, though, tells us nothing of the thought behind them. Even some of the most reactionary soldiers in 1918 desired to be professional and to restore the mobility and art to war. But most of them thought this could be achieved by using the new technique of the tank and the mounted machine gun to penetrate the enemy's front as it had been finally penetrated in August 1918. The problem, they thought, could be solved by pouring new wine into the old bottles. The progressive school, though, was thinking in terms of the historical development of war and not simply in a spirit of move and countermove. It was not only mobility itself but the ideas behind that mobility that the progressives were trying to introduce. Ideas are notoriously difficult to communicate to any but the converted, and the Germans were the only professional soldiers who accepted them at first—and even then only a handful of their leaders like Guderian, Manstein, and Rommel did so.

The roots of the new concepts lay, of course, in the past. War should be regarded as only a means to an end once more. It was a lever to be used when peaceful persuasion ended. War should be discontinued as soon as other methods promised to be more successful. From this principle came the corollary that the destruction of the armed forces of the enemy was not an end in itself. And associated with this thought was the realization that, in the wider political field of conflict, Pyrrhic victories were not to be seen as victories at all. Implicit in their theory was that military confrontation should be avoided until surprise and superior numbers made rapid success almost certain. These conditions could be obtained on the battlefield by the method of indirect approach. The main objective was concealed by the selection of a line of penetration which offered, at every stage,

alternatives to the aggressor. Any one of these alternatives could be adopted at will. While the penetrating force remained concentrated, its opponent was forced to protect himself in several places and so to disperse until he could discover the real objective. Thus, deep penetrations by armored thrusts were the means of dislodging the enemy from his strongly held positions. The armor did not attack the enemy in his main entrenched position but forced him to fight in the open on ground of its own choosing. The attack was in depth. Linear defenses were useless against it.

These methods reflected the need to restore war to its proper place in human conflict. War itself was an indirect approach to a political goal. In war, as in politics, confrontation was to be avoided unless success was certain. Casualties could be reduced by the use of speed and surprise. Armies could be relatively small, efficient, and professional, dedicated to the rapid defeat of the enemy in order that the political aims of the state could be attained.

Yet, if war was a handmaiden of politics, it seemed that it was a pipedream for an army to expect to remain unspotted by the political world. Still, the desire to remain snug in a professional world characterized the German army in the years of its reconstruction in the 1930's. Hitler, who had a firm grasp of the mentality of the German military, played upon this desire to remain a professional body devoted to the progressive ideas pioneered by the British. And as he intended to use war as a tool, not as an end in itself, the foundation for an accord was present. The essentially offensive tactics of the armored divisions which promised rapid military results promised Hitler a rapid return, after each coup, to the negotiating table where he saw that the real rewards lay.

The success of Hitler's methods gradually convinced the army leadership that their beloved army would not be involved in another long international struggle in which it might be destroyed. Indeed the illusion of the possibility of a short campaign followed by an advantageous peace, even with Britain, was held by army leaders virtually until the end of 1940. But though

the German army was permitted to remain outside the Nazi tentacles for a time, by 1939, through bribery, the success of his international policy of blackmail and blitzkrieg, infiltration by a younger generation trained in Nazi schools, and by the policy of supporting the more enlightened leaders like Guderian, Hitler had tamed it. A career in the army was no longer the aristocratic way of emigration. The army had become vulnerable to ideological pressure. And yet, as the ideological training of the young fitted them for the military life, the dangers implicit in this situation apparently outweighed its disadvantages to the army. Indeed, in 1939 the German war machine seemed to have every virtue. It had a new technique, the result of new thought; it had national enthusiasm; and it was superbly equipped. The German soldier had the sword, the Bible, and the manual of tactics tucked into a belt on which was the reassuring reminder that God was still with him. It seemed that, once more, a nation in arms was going to sweep all before it.

Elsewhere, no such accord between the military and the political establishment existed. War appeared to be a horror which would disappear like the Cheshire Cat if one wished hard enough. Yet, even the trauma of Passchendaele, the Somme, and Verdun cannot completely explain the attitude of the democracies toward war at this time. The truth lies somewhere in a tangle of conflicting ideas. For instance, the democracies' increasingly materialistic frame of mind prompted a belief that the question of war or no war would be seen by all sides as a matter of material calculation. In the end even Hitler would have his price. Anyway, war was immoral and could not be justified even on the grounds of the amorality of a dictator. There was a tendency therefore to rationalize the amorality in a way that was called wishful thinking. It seemed that the belief of the eighteenth-century philosophers, that the search for wealth would actually make war unthinkable, was going to bear irrational fruit.

In contrast to this train of thought, the belief arose that war could be justifiable in order to gain national freedom; it might even be justifiable in order to obtain justice for one's class.

And since both France and Britain suffered from a severe bout of class warfare at this time, and were also colonial powers whose subject races were beginning to be restive, an agonizing contradiction existed here. It showed in their half-hearted efforts to disarm, followed by equally feeble rearmament, into which few of the ideas of the military progressives were injected. Hitler's theme, the reintegration of German minorities, was therefore one which instinctively drove a wedge into and emphasized a dichotomy that was already in existence in the Western democracies. It also had the reverse effect of creating union in the German camp. While the Nazi policy may seem an obvious one, to the military mind its appeal was particularly irresistible: it achieved concentration while imposing divisions on the enemy.

The Soviets had also suffered divisions. In the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, the military ideas of the progressives were popular. But the drive toward building a truly professional army, to which aristocrats might migrate to escape Communism, could not be permitted on political grounds; thus, after the purges of the 1930's, party interference destroyed the military work done by the progressives. As a result, the Germans, inferior in numbers but superior in technique, smashed the Russian armies in 1941 and 1942.

The benefits an army may gain from complete integration with a political system, even to the extent of being imbued with its ideals, have always sooner or later been outweighed by the disadvantages resulting from political influence in professional decisions. This had already been clear in the case of the Red Army, and with the military disasters in the years following 1942, the story was repeated in the German Army. In the Soviet case, even the enthusiasm which fueled the long march back from Stalingrad was the love of Mother Russia rather than of the ideals of Communism. And certainly we can attribute the remarkable rearguard action fought by the Germans in the final years to national feeling and professional skill and spirit, rather than to love of the Nazi system.

But in spite of the way in which nationalism maintained the spirit of the armies through the years from 1939 to 1945, even

that flame was burning low in the West by the end. The distaste for war which had encouraged class divisions after 1918 had been further underlined by 1945. It seemed that wars for national advantage alone were no longer thinkable. Yet the predominant international theme after 1945 was one proclaimed in Europe in 1918—national self-determination. Now it was to be applied to the world at large. Also strengthened was the theme of materialism, which many people thought had borne its most triumphant fruit in the creation of the economy of the United States; it now might provide a panacea for peace. These two themes in a world longing for peace combined to necessitate changes in the nature of war.

In spite of the ideas of the military progressives, used first by the Germans and then, in slightly different circumstances and according to their lights, by their opponents, casualties in the late war had been enormous, and set-piece battles had been increasingly common. Ideology had not been absent but had intruded more and more, especially since the reason for continuing the war became less and less clearly explainable in rational terms as it progressed. The total destruction of the enemy's war potential, human and material, appeared to be more and more clearly the only purpose of each belligerent. Finally, it seemed that the last sentence in this particular chapter of war had been written when news came from Hiroshima.

The new chapter began with the ideas of Mao Tse-tung—ideas generated after twenty-two years of military and political struggle in China. The bankruptcy of the old concepts in the face of the new can now be clearly seen in Vietnam, where it seems that we are going to witness another trumph of David over Goliath unless yet another new variation on the old theme is quickly written into the history of war.

Let us examine the ingredients of the present situation. The first point is that war can no longer be fought openly for the old causes without exciting noisy reactions; there has to be a reason for it, seen to be valid in the light of the ideological struggle. In other words, and more emphatically than ever before, war is fought ostensibly for ideals rather than over specific

disagreements. It is true that in the past the drift to war has usually been accompanied by the conversion of specific grievances into general principles. And yet the way in which every incident can now be seen in the light of one principle does appear to have been matched only in the Middle Ages. As a result, a resort to force is now usually justified on ideological grounds by one side and condemned on different ideological grounds by the other. Any use of force becomes a part of an ideological struggle. And consequently every army engaged in this activity is bombarded by "ideological fall-out." An army which cannot see itself as part of the world struggle is fighting with one hand tied behind its back unless, of course, it can turn the new currency of ideology into the old negotiable ones of national and professional spirit. But in an international forum, national self-interest is no longer respectable and matters have to be going very badly indeed before an American soldier in Vietnam can raise the Stars and Stripes and forget the rest of the world. He must, therefore, be convinced that he really is a crusader and that his professional expertise will achieve a widely acclaimed goal. In order for this to be possible his role must be constructive to his friends as well as destructive to his enemies.

Here then is one of the contradictions which is causing the crisis in war. Another is concerned with the philosophy of materialism which is prevalent in the West, even though it is often sugared over as though it were not respectable. Ideological currency, as we have already seen, is not readily negotiable by the professional fighting man unless it can be seen in terms of professional expertise. And for most of mankind it is, anyway, rapidly being converted into the material question of which system leads to one or other version of a tolerable existence. The West is convinced that, given a free choice, self-interest will give them the vote. The Communists, relying on the grinding wheels of time, believe that race conflict, economic discord, and sheer human fatigue will give them the victory. Utterly convinced that the age of roasting witches and decapitating men like Thomas More has passed, Western man finds it increasingly hard not to apply material yardsticks to the struggle. So, if the aim

is the welfare of mankind, how can he justify the shedding of blood and the destruction of homes and at the same time profess to be enlightened?

The problem of the military is, therefore, a result of its being asked to fight, not for national objectives or for carefully limited political aims, but for a crusade. To the professional military the rules are all-important; the line, in battle, between the civilian and the military has to be recognized and maintained. But in ideological war there are no rules; the aim is to make the crusade not only universal spatially but also applicable to everyone. The demand for total involvement is a characteristic of revolution; it is a characteristic of modern revolutionary war as well, in spite of the efforts of military theorists to avoid it. Thus politics and war no longer seem to have a clearly marked division between them. Yet the assumption of any professional, his whole ethic indeed, is that his identity ought to be maintained. Just as the role of the military and civilian in battle should be distinct, so should the limits of the political and military domain as regards policy.

In the face of this problem, the professional appears to have taken two attitudes, neither very satisfactory. One is that political warfare and military warfare must be seen as two faces of the same coin. The army enters politics, uses paternalistic methods, and takes a leaf out of the Communist book. This was the French solution until recently. Their experience in the high noon of imperialism before 1914 and more recently in Algeria and Indo-China gave them the taste and the talent for this policy. But the snag was that a vested interest in government policies soon arose and since the political establishment could not tolerate military pressure, a trial of strength resulted. The other attitude is an ever more rigorous professionalism which sees its unpleasant duty as a technical military problem to be solved. This is a satisfactory solution as long as the problem is soluble at all by military means. But if the military is defeated, as was the French, its professional standing is threatened. It looks, then, to political supporters to increase its resources until the military victory is won. This could lead in the end to pressure

being brought to bear on the administration, as happened in France.

The tragedy is that by following the second path the military is reverting to the error of seeing victory over the enemy's war machine as the aim of war. This is partly because it has been placed in a false position: it has been committed to a situation which cannot be solved by present military weapons or methods alone. The political establishment has exposed the military to intolerable strains and stresses by presenting to it a choice between two evils: unwittingly it has placed its own armed forces in the very position in which they have always been taught to place their military enemy.

De Gaulle relieved his army of their dilemma by withdrawing them from Algeria. Thus, he eradicated a cause of national division, while restoring a proper relationship between the military and the administration and between politics and war. Yet he was also forced to admit that the problem that his army had failed to solve was insoluble. De Gaulle's decision was, of course, aided by the inability of the French to cope with the new form of war. In the case of Vietnam, the United States Armed Forces have not yet admitted that this stage has been reached. Nor has the Vietnam situation become a running sore in the side of the country. It is still likely that a military stalemate may result from the retention of at least coastal bridgeheads and this in turn may lead to a political compromise. But such a compromise will probably involve the withdrawal of the United States Forces. If it does we shall still be left with a triumphant David.

The crisis is therefore a double one. It is a crisis in the field of battle and also in the field of politics. In the final analysis, it has resulted from the resort to war to achieve indefinable and unlimited aims. The orthodox use of war or the threat of war is to achieve a precise political objective and then only when military action promises rapid results. Yet, at the present, the kind of carefully staged recourse to war, considered in the past to be orthodox, is the very situation that does not usually lead to war. Cuba was a classical example of the threat to fight over a clearly defined and attainable aim.

A solution may appear as a result of the more general realization that peaceful co-existence actually means a war for the minds of the uncommitted. When this struggle actually leads to a hot war it is, like toothache, an indication that a new stage has been reached in a previously ignored process. But this does not mean that the civilians should then depart and the soldiers take over: that is the mistake we have been making. Nor does it mean that politically indoctrinated soldiers should father an embattled populace: that was the mistake of the French. Nor does it mean that the new wine of economic aid should be poured into the old political system: that has often been the mistake in South America. What is required is an enormous civil effort to educate and build at a lower level of village and town; and this must be done not by one or even two-year wonders straight from university for the thrill, but by men and women who are prepared to stay a decade to fight a campaign that will certainly last a generation. This is where the Vietniks should work for their consummation.

Such a concept as this is not the same as the one behind the Peace Corps, which is regarded not so much as an effective way to build new countries in the democratic image as a useful character-building experience for the young American. The Peace Corps is an offshoot of the American regard for free enterprise—as it used to be half a century ago. Now things are done in a less romantic spirit but more effectively through the operation of huge industrial concerns. It will be the task of the Johnson Administration and its successors to harness those concerns for other than the benefit of their shareholders. And this requires a mutation that may not be regarded with favor in all quarters. However, Johnson's ability to achieve this mutation will demonstrate the versatility of American military and political institutions—as well as clearing American minds of some of the cobwebs from the past by which their thinking about the present is bedeviled.

EDWIN MUIR: THE STORY AND THE FABLE

By DANIEL HOFFMAN

IN the last poem before his death Edwin Muir wrote,

> I have been taught by dreams and fantasies
> Learned from the friendly and the darker phantoms
> And got great knowledge and courtesy from the dead. . . .

Now that his poems are completed, his debts to fantasies and dreams and to the past are clear. His own past had itself the pattern of a quest which disclosed its direction only as it went along, a pattern of continual revelation. And that direction seems a recapitulation in a single life of the fall of a society from pastoral innocence to the sufferings of modern man. Muir knew at first hand not only the dour poverty of the industrial slums but the sufferings of wartime Europe. He was a witness to the Communist seizure of power in Czechoslovakia and the resulting repression of his democratic friends. The latter half of his life, lived mainly on the Continent in Prague, Dresden, France, and Rome, contributed some materials to his poetry, but the main outline of Muir's imaginative experience was determined by his first thirty-five years. After his boyhood on his father's farm in the remote Orkney Islands, Muir's family was dispossessed by a harsh landlord. Luckless thereafter, they tried to start life anew among the still harsher exactions of the Glasgow slums. There followed in quick succession the heart-breaking deaths of both parents and two brothers. Edwin Muir subsequently found a job in a bone-factory where animal waste was converted into fertilizer, a nightmare parody of the inhuman industrialism which had crushed the ancient cohesiveness of Scotland as a people, as it had destroyed the Muir family. There, amid the fetid stink of rotting meat, Edwin lived in a state of shock, in a situation like that in a tale by Kafka, whose work Muir, with his wife Willa

Anderson, would translate into English. Muir's intellectual awakening began with the influence of Heine, then of Nietzsche. Psychoanalysis in his middle thirties loosed the subconscious life of "dreams and fantasies" which he controlled in poems of remarkable poignance and power.

As a poet who seeks his truths in "dreams and fantasies" Edwin Muir summons the phantoms of his own unconscious life, with the certainty that these are not merely the tormented or triumphant imaginings of one particular man but take their forms and reveal their meanings as part of the inheritance of the race. In his *Autobiography* Muir has much to say about his dreams and their sources in childhood memories stirred up by later conflicts. It is quite clear that the images of animals, of struggles, of journeys, of recurrent visitations in certain landscapes attained by great effort and endured with a sense of inevitability—all these materials are akin to those patterns of memory which Jung has proposed as the Archetypes, residing not in exterior experience but inherent in the human mind. It is clear, too, that a workable correlation exists between such a theory of psychology and the Platonic conception of reality, a conception particularly attractive to a poet who inherits the intellectual attitudes of late Romanticism.

Platonism and Jungian archetype pass dramatically into one another in Muir's poem "Hölderlin's Journey" (1937). This is one of the many poems in which Muir sends his protagonist on a pilgrimage through life; in many of the others the destination is only partially revealed, but in this poem, based upon the life of a poet Muir much admired and translated, the journey ends in a perfect epiphany of despair:

> The evening brought a field, a wood.
>   I left behind the hills of lies,
> And watched beside a mouldering gate
>   A deer with its rock-crystal eyes.
>
> On either pillar of the gate
>   A deer's head watched within the stone.
> The living deer with quiet look
>   Seemed to be gazing on

> Its picture death—and suddenly
> I knew, Diotima was dead,
> As if a single thought had sprung
> From the cold and the living head.

Like Socrates, like Hölderlin, Muir has learned from Diotima that we attain to knowledge of the Forms by passing from love of the beautiful to love of the idea of beauty. Her death then means the extinction of the Platonic possibility, "a broken mind," the end of the imagination's power to unite created things with uncreated perfection. Muir does not usually use philosophical terms or tropes in his verse, and Plato occurs rarely again—as in the very last lines of his *Collected Poems:*

> And now that time grows shorter, I perceive
> That Plato's is the truest poetry,
> And that these shadows
> Are cast by the true.

If one conceives of life as the reiteration of archetypal patterns, it is necessary to devise a way of making the accidents of a particular existence conformable to the necessities of a preordinate pattern. The title of the first version of Muir's *Autobiography* indicates his terms for doing this. He called the account of his life until the age of thirty-five *The Story and the Fable.* What he means by "fable" and "story" is explained in this passage from the *Autobiography:* he is speaking of the correspondences between his dreams of animals and his childhood experience in a farming community:

> If I were recreating my life in an autobiographical novel I could bring out these correspondences freely and show how our first intuition of the world expands into vaster and vaster images, creating a myth which we act almost without knowing it, while our outward life goes on its ordinary routine of eating, drinking, sleeping, working, and making money in order to beget sons and daughters who will do the same. . . .
>
> It is clear that no autobiography can begin with a man's birth, that we extend far beyond any boundary line which we can set for ourselves in the past or the future, and that the life of every man is an endlessly repeated performance of the life of man. It is clear for the same reason that no autobiography can confine itself to conscious life, and that sleep, in which we pass a third of our existence, is a mode of experience, and

our dreams a part of reality. In themselves our conscious lives may not be particularly interesting. But what we are not and can never be, our fable, seems to me inconceivably interesting. I should like to write that fable, but I cannot even live it; and all I could do if I related the outward course of my life would be to show how I deviated from it, though even that is impossible, since I do not know the fable or anybody who knows it. One or two stages in it I can recognize: the age of innocence and the Fall and all the dramatic consequences which issued from the Fall. But these lie behind the experience, not on its surface; they are not historical events, they are stages in the fable.

What is this myth, this fable, which we try to live but cannot even fully know? Muir conceives of it in partly Christian, partly Platonic terms. He speaks of a Fall from the age of innocence, and we think at once of Adam's fall—Muir's last book of verse was titled *One Foot in Eden*—and of Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality" in childhood. If one is tempted to see Muir as a religious poet, and rightly so, one must be warned by his assertion, "I do not know the fable or anybody who knows it"; for Edwin Muir, though a deeply religious spirit, remained to the end a seeker of this fable, not a receptor of the revelations of others. He is as free, and in his patient and gentle way indeed as bold, with Christian theology as he is in adapting to his own needs the patterns of mythology received from the ancient world.

As he tells us, his dreams are rooted in childhood memories, and he has learned not only from "dreams and fantasies" but "got great knowledge and courtesy from the dead . . . from two mainly / Who gave me birth." We would therefore do well to look first at the life Edwin Muir knew as a child, to see "how our first intuition of the world expands into vaster and vaster images, creating a myth which we act almost without knowing it."

His childhood on farms in the Orkney Isles, to the north of Scotland, gave Muir a sense of fulfilment and perfection outside of time:

> Over the sound a ship so slow would pass
> That in the black hill's gloom it seemed to lie.

> The evening sound was smooth like sunken glass,
> And time seemed finished ere the ship passed by.

Yet even in this idyllic tranquillity there were menacing natural shapes and forces, the exactions of the weather and the frightening energy of animals:

> Those lumbering horses in the steady plough
> On the bare field—I wonder why, just now,
> They seemed terrible, so wild and strange,
> Like magic power on the stony grange.
>
> Perhaps some childish hour has come again,
> When I watched fearful, through the blackening rain,
> Their hooves like pistons in an ancient mill
> Move up and down, yet seem as standing still. . . .

"Our first childhood is the only time in our lives when we exist within immortality," Muir has written, "and perhaps all our ideas of immortality are influenced by it." This orthodox Romantic sentiment runs strong in Muir, and strong is the memory of that time within time that was beyond time. In his poem about the horses, though, even that remembered Eden is menaced by "conquering hooves" that "Were ritual that turned the field to brown." Threatened though it was by those huge mechanistic beasts imposing change upon a changeless landscape, he still longs to recapture it—

> Ah, now it fades! it fades! and I must pine
> Again for that dread country crystalline,
> Where the blank field and the still-standing tree
> Were bright and fearful presences to me.

His childhood was clustered with "bright and fearful presences." His father was a good man, patient and loving but luckless; he would have made a fine informant had there been a Lady Gregory or a Campbell of Islay to take down his tales:

> My father's stories were mostly drawn from an earlier age, and I think must have been handed on to him by his own father. They went back to the Napoleonic wars, the press gang, and keelhauling, which still left a memory of terror in Orkney. But in his own time he had known several witches, who had 'taken the profit of the corn,' turned the milk sour, and

wrecked ships by raising storms. . . . The devil himself, as Auld Nick, sometimes came into these tales. . . . My father had also a great number of stories about the Book of Black Arts. This book could be bought only for a silver coin, and sold only for a smaller silver one. It ended in the possession of a foolish servant-girl who paid a threepenny-piece for it. It was very valuable, for it gave you all sorts of worldly power; but it had the drawback that if you could not sell it to some one before you died you would be damned. . . . My father also knew the horseman's word—that is, the word which makes a horse do anything you desire if you whisper it into its ear. . . . From what my father said I imagine that the word was a shocking one.

His mother's memory too was filled with old tales of shipwrecks, phantom vessels sailing past the cliffs, nocturnal appearances of spectral Danes. The Orkneys, like Ireland or Wales, have an ancient culture, partly Gaelic but more dominantly Viking in its heritage. Had Yeats been an Orkneyan, or had Muir pursued in the Orkneys such interests as Yeats followed in Ireland, there were materials aplenty in the still available traditions of those northern islands for a recreated literature of ancient myth and epic action. As late as in his father's generation one could hear in the oral tradition versions of the ancient *Norse Tales* translated by Dasent, the folktale analogues of the Norse and Danish epics. The islands are honeycombed with burial mounds, Pictish barrows in which live a subterranean race of supernatural beings. There are circles of standing stones inscribed in ogham characters, and among the farmer folk, marriages and crops are controlled by the growing of the fruitful or waning of the fruitless moon, while fishermen are loath to start a voyage if their boat has been turned widdershins against the direction of the sun. And again, a poet with the haunted imagination of Robert Graves would have revelled in the fact that the largest island of the Orkneys is named Pomona, for the Roman goddess of fruit trees; or in memories of the witch at Stromness "who sold favorable winds to mariners at the low charge of sixpence"; or in the knowledge that the drowned dead are turned into seals, and that sea-fairies inhabit the waters, and that fishermen can show you near Stronsay the Mermaid's Chair in which she sings, enchanting the waters. And, at New Year's Eve, Orkneyans were used

to troop from house to house, one dressed as the scapegoat Hobby Horse, and sing,

> Here we hae brought our carrying-horse—
> We're a' Queen Mary's men;
> A mony a curse licht on his corse;
> He'll eat mair meat than we can get;
> He'll drink mair drink than we can swink,
> And that's before our Lady.

These details of Orkneyan folklore may well have been available to Muir; I take them from a local history published in 1869. The hobbyhorse victim of a Christianized White Goddess is in fact the subject of a fine contemporary poem, *The Mari Lwyd,* by the Welsh poet Vernon Watkins. But Muir makes none of these myths or folktales part of his own myth, as Graves or Yeats assuredly would have done. He could not assimilate naturally a heritage which he felt history had denied him; differing with C. M. Grieve ("Hugh McDiarmuid") on the possibility of Scotland's contemporary writers using dialect, Muir points out that the Scot habitually thinks in English but feels in Gaelic; Scottish life does not provide an organic community on which a national literature can be based. These conditions account for the strange fact that "Scotland is a country whose past has been moulded by poetry but which has produced very few poets." Unlike Yeats, who believed it his mission to create in the Irish a sense of nationality, or Graves, who had no need to concern himself with politics to discern an eternal truth, Muir feels debarred from much of his Celtic and Viking background, though his need for a unifying mythical interpretation of life is no less great than theirs.

In his poem "Merlin," Muir tries to summon Druidic spells such as those that worked for Yeats and Graves—belief in the Celtic Otherworld, in the power of magic—as an alternative to Christian responsibility for sin in a world of change:

> O Merlin in your crystal cave
> Deep in the diamond of the day,
> Will there ever be a singer
> Whose music will smooth away

The furrow drawn by Adam's finger
Across the meadow and the wave?

. . . .

Will your magic ever show
The sleeping bride shut in her bower,
The day wreathed in its mound of snow
And Time locked in his tower?

Although this poem has an incantatory rhythm, the questions it asks are asked because considered impossible of fulfilment. For Muir there is no escape from time through magic. He finds his freedom from time not in Merlin's outworn spells but through re-experiencing the Fable, as we shall see. Muir speaks of pagan antiquity in another poem, "The Old Gods," which makes an interesting comparison to Yeats's long search for what the beggar found at Windy Gap, or to those old gods who swooped from Graves's Rocky Acres, "Terror for fat burghers on the plains below." (Auden, too, in "A New Age," conceived of the old gods as taking violent revenge upon the reasonable era that succeeded their reign.) But in his calm sonnet Muir sees neither the self-obliterating ecstasy of Yeats, nor the primordial avengers of Graves and Auden. Characteristically, his view is more humane than theirs. He sees the undying conflict between eternity and time, between perfection and change, as having been somehow reconciled in the reign of the old gods, and this reconciliation of the opposites that make our life difficult to bear compels his wonder. Muir does not call his "old gods and goddesses" by their names, and in the context of his other work it seems most probable that they answer not to the names of Celtic or Norse pagandom but to the same names Homer invoked. Despite his experience at first hand of Orkney folk life, when Muir thinks of antiquity it is to Troy and Greece that his mind turns.

We may identify his three most important themes as the Matter of Scotland, the Matter of Troy, and the Matter of the Fable. The first two are landscapes in which the protagonist's journey in the third takes place; in these real or imagined places are revealed the origin, destination, and meaning of his fabulous journey.

The Matter of Scotland is a double *donnée* for Muir. It comprises his remembered rural childhood, with its special qualities, and his adult consciousness of Scottish culture.

Muir's memories of his first ten years on the islands of Pomona and Wyre center on infantine intuitions of immortality, and on the ritualistic quality of the communal life there. His earliest memory is one of timeless tranquillity and escape from change or pain:

> I was lying in some room watching a beam of slanting light in which dusty, bright motes slowly danced and turned, while a low murmuring went on somewhere, possibly the humming of flies. My mother was in the room, but where I do not know; I was merely conscious of her as a vague, environing presence. . . . The quiet murmuring, the slow, unending dance of the motes, the sense of deep and solid peace, have come back to me since only in dreams. This memory has a different quality from any other memory in my life. It was as if, while I lay watching that beam of light, time had not yet begun.

This moment may seem, from the viewpoint of our day-life, to be a mere infantile regression, a flight from reality similar in feeling to Yeats's poems of retreat into an island hermitage and a "bee-loud glade." From a position of greater sympathy to Muir's view of life we may recognize a more positive significance in his timeless moment, as he himself does in "The Myth," a poem from his 1946 volume, *The Voyage:*

> My childhood all a myth
> Enacted in a distant isle;
> Time with his hourglass and his scythe
> Stood dreaming on the dial,
> And did not move the whole day long
> That immobility might save
> Continually the dying song,
> The flower, the falling wave.

Childhood meant not only the dreamlike trance when "time seemed finished ere the ship passed by," but also a cycle of violence as the environing world went through its seasonal changes of begetting and slaughter;

> A child could not grow up in a better place than a farm; for at the heart of human civilization is the byre, the barn, and the midden. When my

father led out the bull to serve a cow brought by one of our neighbours it was a ritual act of the tradition in which we have lived for thousands of years, possessing the obviousness of a long dream from which there is no awaking. When a neighbour came to stick a pig it was a ceremony as objective as the rising and setting of the sun; and though the thought never entered his mind that without that act civilization, with its fabric of customs and ideas and faiths, could not exist—the church, the school, the council chamber, the drawing-room, the library, the city—he did it as a thing that had always been done in a certain way. There was a necessity in the copulation and the killing which took away the sin, or at least, by the ritual act, transformed it into a sad, sanctioned duty.

It is thus the transformation through ritual of necessary action into sanctioned duty that redeems life from chaos. Such repetitions create the unchanging forms which extend through time and give us the grace of merging our individual existences with an eternal existence.

> Nothing yet was ever done
> Till it was done again,
> And no man was ever one
> Except through dead men,

for, as Muir adds in the same poem, "Even a story to be true / Must repeat itself." The idea of discovering freedom through participation in our underlying fable is itself frequently repeated in Muir's poems.

> We meet ourselves at every turn
> In the long country of the past.
> There the fallen are up again
> In mortality's second day,
> There the indisputable dead
> Rise in flesh more fine than clay
> And the dead selves we cast away
> In imperfection are perfected. . . .

There is still another way in which "the long country of the past" endowed Edwin Muir with a special implication. As a Scot the past of his country meant not only his own memories but the time when Scotland was a nation; as a poet, the Scottish past suggested to him the era when the greatest Scottish poetry had flourished. And as the son of an Orkneyan farmer, Muir looked not to the courtly poetry of Dunbar and Allen Ramsay,

nor to the sentimental songs of Burns, but to the Scottish ballads. In a "Complaint of the Dying Peasantry" he recalls the glory of those ballads, and now laments:

> The singing and the harping fled
> Into the silent library;
> But we are with Burd Helen dead
> And with Sir Patrick lost at sea.

Although Muir wrote but few ballads, the tragic view of fate found in the best Scottish balladry is central to his own understanding of life. His two essays on balladry in *Latitudes* (1924) and *The Estate of Poetry* (1955; published 1962) are among the best of his critical writings. His understanding of the intensity with which passion in the ballads appears simplified because pure, came from some analogy within himself to the character of the ballad-writers, and from his comprehension of the life that made the ballads possible. No one who has written about ballads has known their poetic qualities or the conditions of their origin with like authority.

By "the estate of poetry" Muir means "the actual response of a community to the poetry that is written for it: the effective range and influence of poetry." In his discussion of the relation of poetry to society in our own day he looks back to the ballad community, extending in time unchanged to the heroic age, as a condition when that relation was most intimate, far-reaching, and fruitful. Now, however, we no longer have, or are, a true community, an audience. Instead we have to deal with a new thing: a public. "It seems to be an impersonal thing, a collectivity which, if you break it up, does not reduce itself to a single human being, but at best into chunks of itself, sections, percentages." It speaks in clichés, slogans, "the language of the third party and the onlooker." But poetry is the instrument of the imagination, "that power by which we apprehend living beings in their individuality, as they live and move, not as ideas or categories. . . . The public seems designed for one purpose and the poet for another."

The ballad community on the other hand appears as analogous for society to the unfallen state of childhood for the man. Muir does not sentimentalize or falsify the primitive life of such a

community. Yet here was an audience that participated in the dramatic action and cherished an art that was traditional, not "popular" or condescending. Here poetry presents a tragic acceptance of the life of reality and its surrounding mysteries, in which the natural and the supernatural (whether Heaven, Hell, or pagandom) were intermingled. Here great themes were handled, at their best, with brevity, strength, and passion. To such a community poetry is "a natural thing, an exercise of the heart and the imagination," expressing "an ancestral vision simplified to the last degree." Muir bids the contemporary poet ignore the modern public, that abstraction, and write for his true audience, which he creates by assuming that it exists. Somehow, among the statistical fractions of the public, live the individual readers whose humanity he can reach only by being true to his own. The growing reputation of Muir's poems is a validation of his hope, and a testament to his heroic conception of the poet's privileged obligation.

When Muir began to write poems—he was 38 years old when his *First Poems* appeared in 1925—he began by taking over to his own needs traditional usages: the lyric soliloquy, and the ballad. In fact the major attempts in *First Poems* were offered by three ballads, two of which he later omitted from his work; fortunately they have been restored in the posthumous *Collected Poems*. Although by no means among his faultless poems, they tell us much about the sensibility that was later refined in other poems (not ballads). One of these early efforts is Muir's only excursion into writing in Scots dialect. It is called "Ballad of the Flood":

> Last night I dreamed a ghastly dream,
> Before the dirl o' day.
> A twining worm cam out the wast,
> Its back was like the slae.
>
> It ganted wide as deid man gant,
> Turned three times on its tail,
> And wrapped itsel the warld around
> Till ilka rock did wail.

This strong opening with the supernatural serpent's sudden appearance is clearly modelled on "The Laily Warm and the Mackrel of the Sea." But Muir's "twining worm" is no enchanted princess; it is an apocalyptic dragon, portending the destruction of the world. In 39 stanzas Muir tells the tale of the unrepenting folk sunk in sin, and Noah's building of the Ark. With the deluge and the sailing forth his ballad successively echoes "Sir Patrick Spens" and the "The Daemon Lover":

> The first day that auld Noah sailed
>   The green trees floated by.
> The second day that auld Noah sailed
>   He heard a woman's cry.
>
> And tables set wi' meats were there,
>   Gowd beakers set wi' wine,
> And twa lovers in a silken barge
>   A-sailing on the brine.
>
> They soomed upon the lanely sea
>   And sad, sad were their een.
> 'O tak me in thy ship, auld man,
>   And I'll please thee, I ween.'
>
> 'Haul off, haul off,' auld Noah cried,
>   'Ye comena in to me!
> Drown deep, drown deep, ye harlot fause,
>   Ye wadna list to me.
>
> She wrang her hands, she kissed her make,
>   She lap into the sea,
> But Noah turned and laughed fu' loud:
>   'To hell, I wat, gang ye!'

This vindictive condemnation of the sinner is the dominant tone of the ballad, not wholly ameliorated by the later echoes of "The Ancient Mariner" or the concluding promise of a rebirth of mankind.

"Ballad of the Flood" is what the Scotch call a *dour* poem. It is the first poem of Muir's to retell part of the Matter of the Bible as the Matter of the Fable; most of such poems are, like

the "Ballad," drawn from the Old Testament. The stories of Adam and Abraham reveal stages in Muir's Fable. But more significantly, I think, "Ballad of the Flood" shows directly the repressive and vengeful Calvinism which repelled Muir in the Scottish character. In a poem called "Scotland 1941"—a polemical poem unusual for Muir—he writes,

> We were a tribe, a family, a people.
> Wallace and Bruce guard now a painted field,
> And all may read the folio of our fable,
> Peruse the sword, the sceptre and the shield.
> A simple sky roofed in that rustic day,
> The busy corn-fields and the haunted holms,
> The green road winding up the ferny brae.
> But Knox and Melville clapped their preaching palms
> And bundled all the harvesters away,
> Hoodicrow Peden in the blighted corn
> Hacked with his rusty beak the starving haulms.
> Out of that desolation we were born.

Thus we pass from the Matter of the Fable to the Matter of Scotland. If on the one hand the Matter of Scotland gave Muir images of the unfallen purity of childhood, menaced by terrible animal powers and the turning of time, on another his fate as a Scot made Muir poignantly aware of disinheritance, of the fall from glory, as a cultural, not only a personal, theme. With scathing irony in "Scotland 1941" he puts the Reformers Knox, Melville, and Peden at the head of his list of those who have robbed his land of the unity of culture enjoyed when "We were a tribe, a family, a people." Later in the poem he attacks the mean materialism by which the Scotch completed their own spiritual disfranchisement: We, he writes, who

> crush the poet with an iron text,
> How could we read our souls and learn to be? . . .
> Now smoke and death and money everywhere,
> Mean heirlooms of each fainter generation,
> And mummied housegods in their musty niches,
> Burns and Scott, sham bards of a sham nation,
> And spiritual defeat wrapped warm in riches,
> No pride but pride of pelf.

Γo the theme of the Fall (whether of Man or of a nation) we ll return, but first let us follow the consequences of the lvinism which Muir exhibits in "Ballad of the Flood" but ırns in "Scotland 1941." This theme recurs in one of his most morable poems. Characteristic of Muir, there the power of statement derives from the transformation of the theme into omplex of images which came to him in dreams and seem to re nothing to do with the circumstances in his actual life t drove them into his unconscious. The poem is "The mbat," recounting a horrible nightmare of defenselessness in nitigated battle with aggressive power, yet all but victorious in capacity for eternal suffering. These abstract qualities are ıgined as beasts, one an allegorical gryphon, the other a soft l furry slug. The stanza is a five-line, two-rhyme unit, in rry octasyllabics, jigging along as unadapted to its grim tale is the ballad meter to its. There is something indefinably rifying in this vision of struggle without end between the ıppeasably destructive element and the undefeatable pasty of pure suffering:

> It was not meant for human eyes,
> That combat on the shabby patch
> Of clods and trampled turf that lies
> Somewhere beneath the sodden skies
> For eye of toad or adder to catch.
>
> And having seen it I accuse
> The crested animal in his pride,
> Arrayed in all the royal hues
> Which hide the claws he well can use
> To tear the heart out of the side.

he Combat" seems in fact to be the crystallization in verse of eral memories and dreams, the memories dreamlike, the ams long remembered. One is of two animals in endlessly rerent battle. This seems the direct source of the poem, but real source lies behind the dream. Later in his *Autobioghy* he recalls two sordid incidents in Glasgow. A large scular woman is pummeling a "little, shrinking man," curshim for having seduced her and started her ruin; "I do not

know how it ended," he writes, "for the thud of the big, red-haired fist on the man's face sickened me. The crowd looked on without interfering." And in another crowd he came on a young man systematically punching another who made no effort to defend himself. When queried by a bystander, "Why dinna you let the chap alone? He hasna hurt you?" the assailant replied, "I ken he hasna hurt me, but I'm gaun tae hurt him!" and continued to slug his unresisting enemy.

These dismal scenes struck Muir "as if they were an answer to some question which, without my knowing it, had been troubling me." What is behind these dreams and memories is the merciless suffering which his brother Johnnie had endured in a protracted death from a brain tumor.

In both these memories there was the quality of Scottish Calvinism: the serious young man's reply had been the unanswerable, arbitrary logic of predestination; and the encounter of the red-haired woman with her seducer, when both were so greatly changed that their original sin might have been committed in another world, and yet lived on, there in that slum, was a sordid image of fate as Calvin saw it. Somewhere in these two incidents there was a virtue of a dreary kind, behind the flaunted depravity: a recognition of logic and reality.

In the poem the inexorable fight goes on, but the victor cannot win, the victim slips away, until once more they meet,

> And all began. The stealthy paw
> Slashed out and in. Could nothing save
> These rags and tatters from the claw?
> Nothing. And yet I never saw
> A beast so helpless and so brave.
>
> And now, while the trees stand watching, still
> The unequal battle rages there.
> The killing beast that cannot kill
> Swells and swells in his fury till
> You'd almost think it was despair.

It seems an impertinence to extract significances beyond those given by the poem itself, and they are the more compelling for growing not out of causes but out of being. There is no at-

tributed motive for either beast, they simply act out their natures. While the context of Calvinist predestination is suggested by Muir's *Autobiography*, in his book *The Labyrinth* this poem is closely followed by one called "The Interrogation." There, at the border of a country (it is surely Czechoslovakia after the Communist *coup d'état)*, when "We could have crossed the road but hesitated, / And then came the patrol". . . .

> We have stood and answered through the standing day
> And watched across the road beyond the hedge
> The careless lovers in pairs go by,
> Hand linked in hand, wandering another star,
> So near we could shout to them. We cannot choose
> Answer or action here,
> Though still the careless lovers saunter by
> And the thoughtless field is near.
> We are on the very edge,
> Endurance almost done,
> And still the interrogation is going on.

Between the "careless lovers" in "the thoughtless field" and the unwitting victims of suspicion and hatred there is no speech. Muir's compassion is moved by impersonal vengefulness menacing the dignity of the individual, whether its source be an authoritarian religion or a police state. Man's individuality is precious to Muir, for it is as individuals, if only as victims, that we can retrace the outlines of the Fable, and so be delivered from chaos and suffering into the knowledge of grace.

A second early ballad is among his most successful poems. The origin of his "Ballad of Hector in Hades" was the memory of a childhood fight with another boy. In a momentary period of childish aggressiveness, Muir had had an earlier fight with Freddie Sinclair over possession of a knife, which he had won. But their second encounter was a debacle.

> What I was so afraid of I did not know; it was not Freddie, but something else; yet I could no more have turned and faced him than I could have stopped the sun revolving. As I ran I was conscious only of a few huge things, monstrously simplified and enlarged: Wyre, which I felt under my feet, the other islands lying round, the sun in the sky, and the

sky itself, which was quite empty. For almost thirty years afterwards I was so ashamed of this moment of panic that I did not dare to speak of it to anyone, and drove it out of my mind. I was seven at the time and in the middle of my guilty fears. On that summer afternoon they took the shape of Freddie Sinclair, and turned him into a terrifying figure of vengeance.

Muir exorcised that fear thirty years later "in a poem describing Achilles chasing Hector round Troy," where Hector returns "after his death to run the deadly race over again." Their encounter is described with that scrupulous attention to the minutest tactile details ("The grasses puff a little dust / Where my footsteps fall") that obsess the combatants in the tales of Stephen Crane and Hemingway, or in Robert Graves's *Goodbye to All That*. At the re-enactment of the fatal blow,

> The sky with all its clustered eyes
> Grows still with watching me,
> The flowers, the mounds, the flaunting weeds
> Wheel slowly round to see.
>
> Two shadows racing on the grass,
> Silent and so near,
> Until his shadow falls on mine.
> And I am rid of fear.
>
> The race is ended. Far away
> I hang and do not care,
> While round bright Troy Achilles whirls
> A corpse with streaming hair.

"I could at last see the incident whole by seeing it as happening, on a great and tragic scale, to someone else." This is the transforming and therapeutic power of the imagination, dependent upon unconscious "solutions of the past projected into the present, deliberately announced as if they were a sibylline declaration that life has a meaning . . . depending on a different system of connected relations from that by which we live." Not that Muir accepts the proposition Mr. Graves was expounding at about the time this poem was written, that such therapeutic power is the purpose of poetry for both poet and reader. Yet this curative imaginative power to come to terms with fears and

repossess the wholeness of life by a transcendent conception of destiny is, for Muir, the most precious material from which poetry may be made. When, as in this ballad, the material and the means of its expression coalesce, he writes his most valuable poems.

"Ballad of Hector in Hades" is the earliest use Muir makes of the Matter of Troy. His use of this Homeric material is markedly different from Yeats's. The conception of Helen by Jove upon Leda does not, in Muir's mind, mark the supersession of an epoch; nor is he drawn to Helen as an heraldic representation of mortal beauty in immortal dress. It is the destruction of Troy and the return of Odysseus to the faithful Penelope which fascinate Muir, the themes of mortal defeat and predestined journey. Neither does Muir think of himself as a modern Homer, as did Yeats. A modest poet, as he was a modest man, Muir aims only to capture or recapture intimations of life's meaning from what "sibylline declarations" come to him. Although his imagination is seemingly passive, awaiting the revelation of its materials, he is in fact boldly synoptic in the expression of his themes once they announce themselves.

In his scrupulous study of Muir, R. P. Blackmur has likened the poet to Virgil. The analogy, though at first surprising, bears out well our perception that Muir is among the last—indeed perhaps *the* last—of poets who can conceive of history as a continuous reiteration of human destiny. The Rome of which Muir is chronicler is not an empire but a faith. I do not mean the Roman Church, but faith in the continuity of Christendom as a mode of feeling, as a civilization. Blackmur takes courage for his thesis from Muir's assertion, at the end of the *Autobiography,* that he "discovered in Italy that Christ had walked on earth, and also that things truly made preserve themselves through time in the first freshness of their nature. So the northern child of Calvinism was in middle age awakened to a sensuous as well as a spiritual perception of what the Mediterranean world might take for granted."

But I would modify our view of Muir as Virgil's heir by acknowledging his sympathy, or his bias, in using the Tale of

Troy. It is true that Aeneas was a Trojan, but the *Aeneid* is of course more concerned with the hero's triumphs in Latium than with the destruction of his first homeland. Blackmur, commenting on the "Ballad of Hector in Hades," observes that "within our psyches we all run in great heat around that wall, and it makes little difference whether the other fellow is Hector or Achilles." Yet Muir distinctly sees himself not as Achilles. As the now-vanquished former champion he is Hector, and in other poems he is a Trojan slave serving the victorious Greeks, or a mad old man left behind by the conquering Argives to live in the sewers of ruined Ilium until tortured to death by wandering brigands. I think that as a Scotsman Muir found his sympathy not with the triumphant imperialist Greeks who dominated the ancient world, but with the futile heroism of the defeated people. Allowing for stylistic alternation in these two passages between the Eliotic and rhetorical, a tone of lamentation such as informs the first appears again in the second:

> The rat-hordes,
> Moving, were grey dust shifting in grey dust.
> Proud history has such sackends.
>
> Such wasted bravery idle as a song,
> Such hard-won ill might prove Time's verdict wrong,
> And melt to pity the annalist's iron tongue.

The first is from "Troy," the second from "Scotland 1941." As Muir interpreted her fate, Troy offered images of a fallen city, a society destroyed despite its valor as much by its own natural flaws as by the power of its enemies. His sense of Scotland's history as well as his own experiences made Muir acutely aware of social inequities and of individual responsibility for them. His *Scottish Journey,* a book describing Scotland in the depression, should rank with Orwell's chronicles of that decade. Like attitudes toward society and history inform Muir's poems on Troy. The soliloquist of "A Trojan Slave" tells us that history itself is a reduplication of fate, just as Hector relives his dying. The speaker, now enslaved to Greeks, was formerly enslaved by the Trojans who may well have fallen because "they would not arm us, and preferred / Troy's ruin lest a slave should snatch a

sword." This poem (published in 1937) clearly speaks with the same sense of injustice that runs through *Scottish Journey* and the early chapters of Muir's *Autobiography*. In his imagination Scotland's fate has been endured before, on the Trojan plains.

In Muir's thought both the Matter of Scotland and the Matter of Troy are subordinated to his most insistent theme, the Matter of the Fable, which indeed the lesser themes exemplify. In poems in which he tried to discover the Fable independently of the concrete situations these lesser themes provided, however, Muir often wrote gropingly or abstractly. He felt early the compulsion toward an intuitive understanding of destiny, but what full course of action the Fable required was not revealed to him until the end of his life. Thus its first treatment, in the early "Ballad of the Soul," is, as Kathleen Raine observes,

> halting and obscure; the archetypal images come so thick and fast that they fail by reason of their too great purity, their insufficiently incarnated quality. Yet few poets can ever have started to write from an inspiration more authentically imaginative.

In this early ballad Muir imagines the world's destruction by fire and flood, then in journeys reminiscent of "The Ancient Mariner" he sees or takes part in apocalyptic struggles (similar to that later in "The Combat"). The phantasmagoria dissolves in a promised rebirth, but when the protagonist questions its meaning "then the fading dream/Had nothing more to say."

Life itself is the journey Muir's imagination records, and its destination is hidden in winding corridors and narrow places, though hinted at in recurrent glimpses of a perfection and a peace independent of the changes wrought by time. The pilgrimage is rendered larger than reality in "The Mythical Journey" (1937); now the episodes, though as "archetypal" as any in "Ballad of the Soul," are more effective because drawn from recognizable mythologies rather than the private symbolism of dreams.

"The Mythical Journey" takes mankind from its origin "First in the North," amidst malevolent nature and bitter spirits—"Tall women against the sky with heads covered,/The witch's house. . . ." Escaping from "The twice-dead castle on the

swamp-green mound," we enter a natural world of plenitude and freedom.

> But the ship hastened on and brought him to
> The towering walls of life and the great kingdom
> Where he wandered seeking that which sought him. . . .

Now we seem poised for the revelation of Who it is we seek. Once that were known, man's intellect could come into conscious activity and construct a philosophy of life and a theology of supernatural reality which could be transmitted from one to another generation. Without such certainty we are each individual seekers, retracing in our aloneness the archetypal processes that can only be intuitively apprehended but not consciously understood. The one who is both sought and seeker, this poem tells us, remains

> Beyond all knowledge. Only the little hills
> Head-high, and the winding valleys,
> Turning, returning, till there grew a pattern,
> And it was held. And there stood both their stations
> With the hills between them. And that was the meaning.

As a poetry of revelation these lines are sadly wanting in intensity; the abstractness of the situation makes nearly impossible the expression of the thought in images of tactile reality, and the verse rhythms are accordingly slack. Introduction of the traditional image of the Tree of Knowledge in an unexpected way makes for a livelier if inconclusive ending:

> That which he had sought, that which had sought him,
> Glittered in death. And all the dead scattered
> Like fallen stars, clustered like leaves hanging
> From the sad boughs of the mountainous tree of Adam
> Planted far down in Eden. And on the hills
> The gods reclined and conversed with each other
> From summit to summit.
>
> Conclusion
>
> Without fulfilment. . . .
> Beneath its branches
> He builds in faith and doubt his shaking house.

"The Mythical Journey" begins before legend and concludes "Without fulfilment" before history has begun. What made

possible Muir's success in his later poems was the slowly-nurtured encompassing of actuality by his imagination so fully committed to the archetypal rather than to the accidental. The poems in *One Foot in Eden* accept reality—"This is a difficult country and our home." The title poem of that book welcomes it, for "Strange blessings never in Paradise/Fall from these beclouded skies." The Fortunate Fall places man in the grip of time, of history, of change, but also makes possible "hope and faith and pity and love." Muir's gift is for seeing life as unified and history as continuous in the great clarification of the journey of the soul. We each fall anew from Eden and retrace the long voyage through the narrow place and the perilous place in search of the sufficient place. The journey may be through the life-long labyrinth, or through the adventurous seas which detained Odysseus on his homeward way; when all is done and sung we return to the sacred place from which our life began. These themes, frequently reiterated, are not however in themselves the guarantees of successful poems, whatever their validity psychologically. For the Fable needs at every point the Story, to dramatize its incarnation and make its action relevant to human life. The Story must redeem the Fable from abstraction. When there is no historical reality in which the Fable is both concealed and revealed, no tactile world, no solid landscape, no living characters nor believable chimaeras, in short no story, there is only the Fable. And as the fate of the word itself suggests, fables are illusory and not to be believed but for the sake of the moral—which is to say, we have an inferior imaginative action to the incarnation of truth in life. But when Muir fuses his Fable with his stories, whether of his own remembered childhood on the farm above the bay, or stories of Hector and Priam and the crazed survivor of the fallen city, or of Odysseus reentering the hall where time has been woven and unwound, or the stories of Old Testament patriarchs or the dreamed combat of beasts, the shape of life and the meaning become clear together.

Muir's Fable resembles the Christian story—without the Redeemer. Perhaps it is his unexorcised Calvinism (as well as Romantic longing) which makes the Fall, rather than Christ's rising, the moment of greatest psychological power in the pat-

tern. But if Muir is a recusant Calvinist he is so in his own fashion; he cannot believe in a redemption through another's sacrifice—it must be won by his own sufferings, whose meaning he must seek himself. Each man is his own Adam, and Second Adam. In Muir we find religious feeling, religious conviction unsupported by religious dogma. Repelled by the inexorable and unforgiving logic of Calvinism, and distrusting equally the facile emotionalism of evangelical Christianity, Muir, with the aid of psychoanalysis, discovered a secular myth of divine things. This he held with piety and hope, evoked by painful processes of self-knowledge and patient receptivity to transcendent truths which come not from the exercise of will or reason but from the submerged treasuries of mankind's common dream.

Though indeed a gentle and forgiving man, Muir is neither a theological thinker nor a programmatic ethical poet. He tells us neither what we should believe nor how we should behave. His poetry has no intellectual platform, his myth requires no revision of history, as do those of Yeats and Graves. It is partly a matter of temperament; Muir is a patient extractor of meaning from event, not an imposer of willed unity upon experienced chaos. If his result is seemingly more tenuous than Yeats's intellectual suit of mail or than Graves's all-absorbing psychomachia, Muir does not require of us such self-surrender, such undeviating acquiescence to his own particular view of reality. He tells us his Fable and his Story, and when in his poems the two coalesce

> you shall know
> Before you Troy goes up in fire,
> And you shall walk the Trojan streets
> When home are sailed the murdering fleets,
> Priam shall be a little boy,
> Time shall cancel time's deceits,
> And you shall weep for grief and joy
> To see the whole world perishing
> Into everlasting spring.

He compels our assent not by the force of an argument but by the clarity with which he has illuminated a part of the deepest truth our culture can give us.

NEW BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE AMERICAN WAY IN HIGHER EDUCATION

HIGHER EDUCATION IN TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICA, *by* WILLIAM CLYDE DEVANE, *Library of Congress Series in American Civilization, Harvard University Press.*

EVERY reviewer faces the temptation of allowing the book under review to serve as a springboard for a leap into a more or less related essay of his own choosing, and if the book is a history of what he has personally and professionally lived through, the temptation may become almost irresistible. In this case, however, the thoughtful, perceptive, humorous author must be allowed to chronicle his own story, for few could do it with so much understanding or charity as the late Dean of Yale College.

Dean DeVane first sets out some basic characteristics of American higher education in this century which must be taken as given by all who seek to understand it. These include: a bewildering heterogeneity with no strong organizing plan or machinery at the center; the enormous increase in size (between 1900 and 1964 the percentage of the 18-21 age group in college rose from 4 percent to almost 35 percent) as access to higher education for all has become a goal for American democracy by the middle of our century; a steady pressure on our universities to make their studies immediately useful to region or nation; the continuing problem of obtaining "cohesiveness and discrimination" for the modern curriculum under the impact of the growth of science and the social sciences. The Dean is quick to admit the virtues of diversity, vigor, freedom, and growth but wishes "we were more aware of our direction and more certain of how to proceed."

In the chapters that follow the years between the First and Second World Wars are seen as a watershed. Both the undergraduate college and graduate and professional studies are surveyed in the period before 1919, the interwar years, and, in the Second World War and after, especially under the growing influence of the federal government. The survey is followed by a shrewd look at higher education today and a challenging hope for the future. At the beginning of the century the problem was to adapt the German or Continental university to American egalitarian and utilitarian demands, while somehow helping the colleges to recover from "the inadequacies

of the old curriculum and the chaos of the elective system." This recovery included new programs of study, new methods of instruction, a broader range of cultural interests, and an appreciable elevation of the tone of student life which even the feverish excitement of the Prohibition era could not prevent. Although nothing like the monolithic unity of the old classical curriculum has as yet emerged, the notions of breadth and depth have given some sense of order to the disorder of free election, and the increased emphasis on excellence through honors programs has underlined quality as a goal.

The Dean does not hesitate to point out that this raising of academic standards was accompanied by increased specialization and the apparently inevitable proliferation of departments among the faculty, with a consequent narrowing of horizons and decline in statesmanlike self-government in the liberal arts college. While agreeing that today's colleges must continue to change, to seek "to make their education relevant while keeping it liberal," the Dean rightly sees the colleges faced with a crisis of survival and identity. Current improvements in secondary education and the strong trend toward early specialization in pre-professional courses are combining to erode the traditional four liberal arts years from both ends and threaten the collegiate way of life, which was not without its maturing value for college students despite its well-known excesses.

The growth of the American university in the twentieth century is more straightforward and thus more successful than the college. Advancement of knowledge and professional training were soon firmly harnessed to public service, and the Second World War served to combine the federal government and the universities into a partnership whose possibilities, for gain as well as loss for both parties, are even now only dimly being perceived. But the Dean, well aware that these institutions exist for the preservation, spread, and increase of the separate disciplines, bravely surveys these studies at mid-century. Although any specialist might wish to amend the emphasis in his own specialty, this chapter remains a remarkable *tour de force,* clearly ordered and argued to show America's coming of age intellectually, the enormous increases in knowledge which inevitably produced the excessive specialization, and the degree to which "science pervades and dominates all thought."

Having chronicled both the incredible growth of higher education in twentieth-century America and something of the confusion

over direction and method for this growth, Dean DeVane concludes with a stimulating essay on the critical relevance of a nation's higher education, and especially the intellectual perspective and sense of direction which inform it, for the strength and even survival of any nation. This "dilemma of national greatness," as the Dean calls it, is rooted in his reading "the character, quality, vigor, and intelligence of a nation most clearly in the education it provides for its people." "The culture of a nation creates its education; in turn, the education of a nation enters into the creation of the ever renewed culture." As a nation we can afford neither a system of higher education that concentrates on the lucky few whom birth and fortune combine to present at the college door nor a system in which the sciences fatally overshadow the humanities. Our problem viewed historically is still to fuse successfully in the service of a democratic society the aristocratic, humanist tradition of our English inheritance with the scientific, technological, and professional tradition of the German university. Both the crispness of his judgments and the kindliness of his criticism make us realize what a loss the nation and its education have suffered in the death of Dean DeVane.

THOMAS C. MENDENHALL

COMPARATIVE LITERATURE

THE SPIRIT OF THE LETTER: ESSAYS IN EUROPEAN LITERATURE, *by* RENATO POGGIOLI, *Harvard University Press.*

THE composer Virgil Thomson in a recent review recommending a book on Bizet and his world calls it "one for Comparative Literature students. And what is Comparative Literature anyway but nineteenth-century France?" There is a kernel of truth in this facetious remark. The clearer term, "littérature comparée," arose in France in imitation of "anatomie comparée" around 1815, and as an academic subject "comparative literature" has flourished mostly in France, at least until our time. It has been defined, in the official French handbook, as "the history of international literary relations" and its practitioners have concentrated on the influence of the great French writers abroad and the importation of foreign writers into France. Titles such as "Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the Origins of Literary Cosmopolitanism: A Study of Literary Relations of France and England in the Eighteenth Century," "Goethe in France," "French Literature in the Work of Alexander Pope"

are representative. Investigations of the "foreign trade" of French literature led, however, to a system of cultural bookkeeping (not only in France, of course), to an accumulation of credits for one's own nation by proving as many influences as possible on other nations, or, more subtly, by proving that one's own nation has "understood" a foreign master more fully than any other. Paradoxically, comparative literature, which had reacted against romantic nationalism and the isolation of individual literatures, became a tool in the ideological warfare of our time.

In recent decades much dissatisfaction with traditional comparative literature has been voiced. Comparative literature lacks, it has been argued, a unified subject matter, its concern with sources and influences excludes the study of an individual work of art in its uniqueness, and the preoccupation with causal explanation remains external and uncritical. But the argument in favor of comparative literature has also become stronger. International literary relations have multiplied and the consciousness of interdependence among all literatures has become more and more obvious. The old compartmentalizations are everywhere breaking down. Thus a radical redefinition of comparative literature became necessary. A broadening view which simply defines it as the study of all literature from an international perspective has, particularly in this country, achieved a revitalization of the subject which had been withering for decades. What matters, however, is not so much the exact scope of a branch of knowledge but the spirit in which it is studied. It must be done with the total literary tradition in the back of one's mind, with "a feeling for the whole of the literature of Europe" from Homer to our time, as T. S. Eliot phrased it memorably in his demands for the poet which apply even more strongly to the student of literature.

There are now such students of international literature and Renato Poggioli was one of the most eminent. He was originally an Italian Slavicist who had done much translating of Russian poetry into Italian verse and had written essays on Russian literature before he emigrated to this country in disgust with Fascism. At Brown University and soon after at Harvard, where he became Professor of Slavic and Comparative Literature, he established himself as a superb teacher. While keeping up his writing in Italian he began slowly to publish also in English: his first book, *The Phoenix and the Spider* (1957), a collection of essays on Russian writers, was

followed by *The Poets of Russia, 1890-1930* (1960), a survey of Russian poetry since Pushkin with emphasis on the symbolists. But the two books on Russian subjects give little indication of the range of Poggioli's work which was cruelly interrupted by his death in a car accident in 1963 at the age of 56.

The volume under review collects scattered papers and gives thus, in book-form, the first full view of Poggioli's extraordinary powers of correlation and combination, his sensitivity to literary values, his international outlook and his humanity. The essays range from a careful descriptive account of the Russian twelfth-century "Igor Tale" to an article on "The Poetry of St. John Perse" who received the Nobel Prize in 1960. They not only cover a wide span of time and place; they also vary in their methods from the "close reading" of the 5th canto of Dante's *Inferno,* the Paolo and Francesca episode, which Poggioli examines almost line by line, to abstract reflections on the relations between poetics and metrics or the position of the artist in the modern world. They vary in the intensity of their focus from the minute listing of color and sound effects in the "Igor Tale" or the analysis of minor characters in a play by Leo Ferrero to a sweeping survey of the whole history of poetry since the Greeks in relation to genre concepts and metrical form or to speculations about the reasons for the death of tragedy in our age, overwhelmed by the violence and terror of actual events. Poggioli can be critical, in the sense of judicial weighing, and discriminating when he analyzes the work of Luigi Pirandello, greatly preferring his narrative prose to his overrated plays. He can give acute psychological diagnoses when discussing Italo Svevo, Kafka, or Tolstoy, or he can be content with retelling the long prose poems of St. John Perse. Poggioli can open wide perspectives into the history of ideas when he attempts to assimilate Pascal to his rationalistic conception of classicism, or he can give free rein to his admiration for a person and writer when he tells of Trotsky's "Diary in Exile," while he can also, somewhat scholastically and ploddingly, argue that the categories "residuum" and "derivative" of the Italian sociologist Vilfredo Pareto may serve in a sociology of literature. In a few brilliant pages he can sketch the fortunes of Italian literature abroad, account for its long neglect and its sudden success after the Second World War and he can again eloquently celebrate the translator as "an added artificer." Poggioli's Italian translations show that there was a strong vein of the

artist in him: the term "added artificer" obviously fits him also as scholar and critic. He has the empathy, the *disponibilité*, the power of metamorphosis which he asks of a translator also in his criticism. The multiplicity of methods, the variety of topics, the range of tones make him sometimes appear a virtuoso, but such an impression is refuted by the toughness of his intellectual fibre and the clarity of his moral decisions.

The volume is edited with meticulous care and justified piety. But the piety, on occasion, seems to go too far when an obvious slip of memory in quoting Dante is religiously preserved though Poggioli or any author would have corrected it if he had known about it. Some of the translations from Italian might have been revised: e.g. the essay on Kafka is marred by several glaring errors. Harry Levin has written a preface in memory of his friend and colleague which says the right things graciously and tells the good news that *The Spirit of the Letter* is not a collection of last words or gleanings but rather a prelude of things to come. Three volumes on unified topics are announced: "The Oaten Flute," a book on pastoral poetry and the pastoral dream of which fragments have appeared in periodicals; a book on the idea of decadence, "The Autumn of Ideas," from which two chapters have been printed; and *The Theory of Avant-Garde Art* which appeared in Italian in 1962. Poggioli's six books in English, four of them, alas, posthumous, will not only preserve the memory of a great scholar and teacher but will represent a panorama of world literature illuminated from many specific angles by the mind of a man who, as few before him, has understood and surveyed the totality of Western literature.

RENÉ WELLEK

OPEN THINKING

PHILOSOPHY IN PROCESS, VOL. I: 1955-1960, *by* PAUL WEISS, *Southern Illinois University Press.*

SINCE the publication of *Modes of Being* (1958), Paul Weiss has been recognized as America's foremost speculative philosopher. In the age of the "semantic ascent," however, this recognition is considered a dubious honor. Weiss himself, in *Philosophy in Process* describes the philosopher as "an individual in his errors and a *Weltgeist* in his truth. If successful he has presented a myth; if not he has ventured outside the ordinary reaches and ended with some

thing close to a wrong-headed perverse doctrine." While most American thinkers, to escape "wrong-headed perverse doctrine," have retreated to the secure though barren ground of philosophical analysis, Weiss has proposed a new system of philosophy unstintingly metaphysical. His performance refutes the commonplace that in the realm of creative intellect no American dares more than to imitate European models.

Weiss's ambition is undeniable: the construction of a great system of philosophy, without equal since the days of Hegel. His achievement, however, is uncertain. Weiss is a difficult author, his style a tangle of abstractions and dialectical convolutions. True, this style matches the complexity and originality of the thought it expresses, but it has disheartened many of his readers. Indeed, most academic philosophers in America, who tend nowadays to follow the British, display little interest in systematic philosophy, and even less in metaphysics proper. For those who willingly sacrifice ideas to spurious clarity, Weiss's style furnishes the excuse to evade the labors of thought. At best, then, Weiss has won the attention of a small circle of young philosophers whose devotion perhaps compensates for their fewness.

Thus any work which sheds light on Paul Weiss's thought processes is of value. *Philosophy in Process* is such a work. In 1955 Weiss apparently began the practice of typing his thoughts for an hour or so immediately after his morning walk. Since he is able to type as rapidly as he thinks, his notes record his ideas just as they passed in his mind. The composition of the notes has, of course, been irregular and intermittent. Not only do they vary in length from a paragraph of a few lines to essays of thousands of words; but also Weiss has skipped days, weeks, and even months. When, for example, he was developing his talents as a painter, he was, according to his own admission, unable to write; and the paucity of notes for that period reflects the stoppage of the flow of words. Since 1963 Weiss's notes, with minor alterations for punctuation and grammar, have appeared quarterly in published fascicles of approximately sixty to seventy pages. To date eight fascicles have been published. From its first entry, dated June 24, 1955, to its last entry of December 25, 1960, *Philosophy in Process* republishes in handsomely bound hard cover the contents of the eight fascicles, and adds another 250 pages as well as comprehensive, detailed indices of proper names and of subjects. The whole totals 792 pages,

Weiss's thickest volume yet. Further, it is numbered Vol. I, so that we may anticipate more.

Philosophy in Process is a singular work. To my knowledge it is unique, wholly without precedent in the history of philosophical publication. It is not a book in the proper sense of the term; it lacks structure and organization. Nor is it a diary or journal; the entries do not pretend to relate the author's thoughts or experiences for the entire day. But expressing what Weiss was thinking as he typed, these notes capture the flow of thought, the moving interior dialogue. They expose the character of his mind, his ideal aims and root concepts, his doubts and hesitations, his inconsistencies and clarifications, his evasions and self-corrections.

The most striking trait of these notes is Weiss's preoccupation, almost obsession, with the set of categories, the four-fold universe of Actuality, Ideality, Existence, and God, most systematically presented in *Modes of Being*. Page after page the notes are filled with schematic juxtapositions and interrelations of these categories. Indeed, these categories, abbreviated by their first letters as A I E G, furnish Weiss the means to foray into all the specific subject matters or areas of experience—art, politics, religion. This does not mean that Weiss's mind is immutably fixed once and for all. Throughout *Philosophy in Process* he returns to his categorial scheme, examining the togetherness of his basic modes, questioning their interconnections, viewing each from the standpoints of the others, and exploring an unmeasured range of topics from the multiple perspectives they afford. In fact, every objection which the critics have raised against Weiss's metaphysical system has at one time or other received his consideration, and this has taken place not because of the critics' promptings but because of the internal momentum of thought toward coherence and truth. That it is worthwhile to attempt to seek a systematic understanding of the world and all its contents, that there are ultimate principles of being and knowing to be discovered and formulated, that, in other words, metaphysics is a valid human enterprise, Weiss himself does not doubt. In a pithy note he compares those "modern philosophers who have eschewed metaphysics" to "men practicing to sit in the air. . . . But for the rest of us, a chair is what we want. It does not demand of us that we learn odd ways of manipulating our bodies, but it does demand that we know what is at our rear."

Although *Philosophy in Process* consists almost wholly of Weiss's

meditations on philosophical topics, it does contain a few nuggets of autobiography. At the beginning of his intellectual career, Weiss confesses, he felt the need to express himself. "I did not have ideas clearly in mind, but still there was something I wanted to say. Perhaps, more accurately, I had a multiplicity of fragmentary ideas swirling around, cutting into one another, and not forming a significant whole." After much writing and rewriting he completed *Reality* (1938), and then following a long period of further intellectual struggles, during which he published miscellaneous articles and two books, *Nature and Man* (1947) and *Man's Freedom* (1950), "the time came for a refining and restructuring, a solidifying and a completing, and this I think was accomplished in the *Modes.*" Afterwards, Weiss concerned himself primarily "with finding things out. . . . Before I became clearer as to just what it was I was trying to say, I learned something about the world in the course of trying to bring some kind of civilized order out of the wilderness of ideas which sprung up in myself from around 20 to 35." Finally, Weiss admits that when he began working on art he "seemed to have started only with a suggestion of an idea derived from the *Modes;* this, when faced with actual works of art, with writings on art, with reflections on the nature of beauty, etc., became something I never had even surmised."

Philosophy in Process covers the years when Weiss published *Modes of Being* and *Our Public Life* (1959), when he became an artist and produced paintings that won national notice, when he completed *The World of Art* (1961) and *Nine Basic Arts* (1961), and when he finished drafts of *History: Written and Lived* (1962) and *The God We Seek* (1964). *Philosophy in Process* furnishes insights into the ideas and the kinds of thinking that occupied him during these fruitful years; it contains, besides the ideas that went into his books, countless others either discarded or yet to be used. Henceforth every student of philosophy, scholar, or critic who investigates Weiss's views on being or art or God or any other philosophical topic is obliged to take account of what is written in *Philosophy in Process.* While readers may, no doubt, find easier access to Weiss's settled philosophy through those works which bear directly on their own interests: metaphysics, politics and law, art, history, religion, they should also turn to *Philosophy in Process* as "an exhibition of an effort at 'open thinking.' "

ANDREW J. RECK

IDEAS AND POLITICS

THE BRADLAUGH CASE: A STUDY IN LATE VICTORIAN OPINION AND POLITICS, *by* WALTER L. ARNSTEIN, *Oxford University Press.*
INTELLECTUALS IN POLITICS: JOHN STUART MILL AND THE PHILOSOPHIC RADICALS, *by* JOSEPH HAMBURGER, *Yale University Press.*

IN the first chapter of his *Autobiography* John Stuart Mill notes that his father was a complete agnostic and that he himself was "one of the very few examples, in this country, of one who has, not thrown off religious belief, but never had it." He goes on to say that "in giving me an opinion contrary to that of the world, my father thought it necessary to give it as one which could not prudently be avowed to the world," but he adds that he doubts whether his father would today have advised such concealment "unless in the cases, becoming fewer every day, in which frankness on these subjects would either risk the loss of means of subsistence, or would amount to exclusion from some sphere of usefulness peculiarly suitable to the capacities of the individual." In the last clause Mill probably had reference to Charles Bradlaugh, the famous atheist M. P. who was excluded from his seat in the House of Commons, for in the final pages of the *Autobiography* he records how he himself had sent a subscription to the election expenses of Bradlaugh and lost his own seat at Westminster in consequence. It is a fitting commentary on the relation of these two books that the chief figure of one should have offered money and a counsel of moderation to the chief figure of the other.

Let us begin with Mill and the Philosophic Radicals, who have been made the subject of a book by Joseph Hamburger, associate professor of political science at Yale. The Philosophic Radicals were a group of intellectuals in the 1820's and 1830's who attempted to engage in political action on the basis of a philosophy. There were about twenty of them, including George Grote, John A. Roebuck, Charles Buller, Joseph Hume, and Sir William Molesworth. Bentham was the ultimate source of their thought, but, as he was eighty years old when the group was formed, they actually grew up under the domination of James Mill, and John Stuart Mill was their friend and associate. Thus, three generations were involved, and Mr. Hamburger is concerned with the way in which Bentham's thought was narrowed and, to some extent, vulgarized by James Mill and his younger adherents.

The main point is that Bentham's concept of self-interest as the general basis for action is narrowed by James Mill into the purely political concept of a "sinister" interest, and the aristocracy is

identified as the only important example of such an interest. Then, the people, which existed in Bentham simply as a numerous body, is reified into a particular social group, including both the middle classes and the working classes, which is supposed to be a solidary body with an interest identical with the interest of the whole. The Philosophic Radicals, who, says Mr. Hamburger, do not themselves represent any social class but only the abstract idea of their own philosophy, think of themselves as the representatives of the People in that sense. The Whigs and the Tories, on the other hand, are both aristocratic parties, differing only in that one is in and the other out of power, and that one is willing to make small compromises for the sake of avoiding large ones, whereas the other is not. The initial theory of the Philosophic Radicals was that the Whigs would disappear as a party and leave the two philosophically consistent groups, the Tories and the Radicals, confronting one another. When this failed to happen, they were in the painful dilemma of having to decide whether to cooperate with the Whigs for the sake of minor substantive reforms or to hold out for the "organic" reform of annual parliaments, the ballot, and universal suffrage. By the time they had made up their minds they had so isolated themselves, both in the House and the country, that they were not returned in the elections of 1837 and 1841. By the latter date they were pretty well dispersed as a party.

Mr. Hamburger's book is a meticulous piece of research, based upon extensive investigation in public and private archives and in the periodical press. His main contribution is probably the precision with which he has charted the evolution of Philosophic Radical doctrine and the various phases of their parliamentary existence. He has also carefully analyzed the way in which their doctrine gave them a false image of the political situation and so contributed to their downfall.

Charles Bradlaugh is of special interest at this moment because he presents a close parallel to Julian Bond, the Negro who was elected to the Georgia state legislature but was not seated because of his unpopular opinions on the Vietnam war. Similarly, Bradlaugh, who was the founder of the National Secular Society, made himself odious to many of his contemporaries by espousing the causes of radicalism, atheism, and birth-control (which was thought by the Victorians to involve "free love"). The controversy surrounding him arose when he was returned to Parliament in 1880 from

Northampton and was not allowed to take his seat on the grounds that the oath, which contained the words "So help me God," would not be binding upon the conscience of an atheist. It was in vain that Bradlaugh declared that it would be binding, in vain that he petitioned to be allowed to affirm. A little group of Tory bigots, headed by Lord Randolph Churchill, saw in the case an opportunity to embarrass the Liberal administration, and with the help of the Tory leadership, the Irish Nationalists, Cardinal Manning, the conservative religious elements in the country, and too little energy on the part of Gladstone and the Liberals, they were able to keep Bradlaugh from his seat for six years. On the other hand, in Bradlaugh they had a formidable and resourceful antagonist, and the story of his six years' battle, as told by Walter L. Arnstein, is one of the most fascinating and moving tales in Victorian politics. Five separate times Bradlaugh presented himself for election, and five times he was returned. In the courts, though he was a self-trained lawyer, he won almost every case against him, and the judges complimented him on his skill at the same time that they could not admit him to the House. Once, while the attention of the House was diverted, he slipped down to the Speaker's table and administered the oath to himself, but this schoolboy maneuver, which ordinarily would have delighted the members, utterly enraged them, and they voted that he be expelled. His great resource was the people, and by stumping the country, speaking to monster meetings and gathering thousands of signatures, he managed to keep his case alive. In 1881 he spoke to 15,000 people in Trafalgar Square and then, passing down Whitehall with the crowd at his heels, he attempted to push his way into Commons by physical force. He was dragged back by ten policemen, and there is no question that if he had raised his hand, the crowd, which was being held in check by Annie Besant, would have swept him into the chamber. He was too good an Englishman for that, however, and ultimately it was by the English sense of fair-play coming to the fore that he was finally allowed, when a new Parliament was elected in 1885, to take the oath and be seated. Three years later an Affirmation Bill was passed which secured for others the right which he had requested in vain.

Walter L. Arnstein, professor of history at Roosevelt University, has told this story with such consummate art that it is surely a little classic in its kind. If it were to be mistaken, by its title, for a mur-

der mystery or international spy thriller, I should not be disturbed, for it is far more exciting than *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold.* Beyond that, it is a model historical investigation. Every facet of the case is clearly and absorbingly explained. The role of every element in the controversy is carefully analyzed, and the whole is meticulously documented. The book sheds a flood of light on that perplexing little chamber in that perplexing little island in the decade of the 1880's.

A. Dwight Culler

THOMAS AND LOWELL

The Life of Dylan Thomas, *by* Constantine Fitzgibbon, *Little, Brown & Co.*
The Poetic Themes of Robert Lowell, *by* Jerome Mazzaro, *University of Michigan Press.*

Poets, like poems, are unparaphrasable. Both poets and poems have a "content" amenable to handbook summary, but those Hymarx outlines of life and letters are grotesque. It is a cliché to wince at their badness, but we still want biographies and we still stumble over poetic difficulties, and so the summaries are printed, since in their half-hearted way they do, however bluntly, get us over the rough ground. They clear the way for the next wave of critics, who can take the biographical facts or the annotations for granted, and can get on to other questions.

Mr. Constantine Fitzgibbon's new biography of Dylan Thomas is a summary: that is to say that it narrates what is visible to the naked eye or the camera, and it stops short before the hidden. If we believe this account, Dylan Thomas had no private life except the time he spent in writing the poems and stories which alone justify the biography. The rest of the time he spent in company of one sort or another, and it is this social and marital life that the book chronicles, after it gets underway. The trouble is, as people remarked about earlier memoirs of Thomas, that it gets boring to read about the fiftieth party or the hundredth pub-crawl. The wistful insistence on Thomas' charm by his biographers (all of whom seem bent on fondly calling him "Dylan" through their books) isn't backed up by sufficient human instances. At least Boswell quoted more. And surely that is what Thomas deserved—someone who remembered more of those apparently buoyant and comic and captivating monologues of his.

Mr. Fitzgibbon's book is most interesting in telling about

Thomas' family background and early life; it is entertaining in its vignettes of London literary life, too, and nobody who remembers Thomas will regret having excerpts from letters published, or recollections set down. But still, Thomas seems to have passed through the bookshops and the bars and the crowds of "friends" relatively unaffected by it all (his imaginative life clearly remained rooted to the Wales of his first twenty years), and so these tales don't renew our interest in the poems or enlighten us concerning them. Nevertheless, it is hard to know what else Thomas' biographer might have done. There is plenty of material in the poems and stories for a rich psychoanalytic study of Thomas, and for a poet so inward that might be the only true "biography." Mr. Fitzgibbon ventures a few indisputable psychological generalizations, but they don't add much to John Brinnin's observations on Thomas' tendency to become babyish (Mr. Fitzgibbon says "regressive") when he was drunk or under a strain. Both biographers hedge on making connections from the moral delinquency they both remark, and the childishness they both sigh over, to the poems, especially the poems of the later years. Thomas certainly declined poetically after the war (and before the war practically everything was quarried, though massively rewritten, from the notebooks of the 'thirties), and that poetic collapse into sentimentality, religiosity of metaphor, and wishful thinking must have issued from the same source as the irresponsibility his biographers so relentlessly chronicle. The hapless discomfort of Thomas' friends, forced to endure his intolerable demands and yet believing he was not really at fault, hamstrings the biographies that have appeared so far. They veer from hurt indictment (unanswered letters, petty thefts, vandalized furniture) to hopeless excuse ("driven by compulsion," Thomas is said to have indulged in "obsessive behavior"), and they pose for all of us the double standard of injury and excuse with which we confront human action. It is the excuses which damage Mr. Fitzgibbon's biography, since they find a scapegoat in American audiences, and make accusations quite beyond belief: the enthusiastic crowds become responsible for Thomas' behavior ("increasingly, they wanted him drunk," says Mr. Fitzgibbon, a paranoid assertion if there ever was one). As far as I recall, there was nobody in the audience who wanted Thomas drunk, and neither did the polite but helpless hosts at parties. Like all celebrities, Thomas chose his role, or was driven to it.

But all of these quarrels with Mr. Fitzgibbon's account come from the wretched position of being placed in human judgment (in such matters as stolen shirts, missed engagements, and marital delinquencies) on a man whose compensatory virtues, though mentioned, cannot apparently be brought vividly to life. In the midst of his worst excesses, after all, Thomas was writing the charming and moving *Under Milk Wood*—that is, he was thinking, feeling, and working, in a part of his life as real as the beers and the violence. But *Under Milk Wood* vanishes in a biography like this, which, in a totally misplaced modesty, refuses to incorporate the writing. If Mr. Fitzgibbon had taken on the poems and stories and plays, we might have had a passage telling us the drift of *Under Milk Wood,* demonstrating *its* regressiveness, which is so savingly balanced by its humor, showing us its indulgence of the naïve along with its gentle irony of affection. Something, in short, to prove that the man was not only a loony, for whatever Mr. Fitzgibbon's friendship, the poet emerges chiefly as madman.

Given the moral view of things, Caitlin Thomas' accusations of corruption become quite true: she saw her talented boy becoming weak and pitiful, and the literary critic will have a parallel observation to make about a decline in grip and substance in the late poetry. The acting talent, of course, did not falter, and Thomas' readings (now sometimes embarrassing on records without the force of his physical presence) masked the thinness of some of the most popular poems. Thomas, like Chatterton, was a marvelous boy, and his adolescent notebooks are fertile beyond belief, full of exuberance and feeling, formally inventive, daring, and moving, as he luxuriated in language and mastered it at the same time. He revised and revised (sometimes for the worse as he got older, as the letters to Vernon Watkins show in the case of "Unluckily for a Death"), and he worked with the discipline of a fetishist in words. Those obsessions and compulsions which so disastrously beset him elsewhere possessed him to good end in the immense work of writing, as anyone familiar with the worksheets of the long poems can tell. It takes time to create, but that time, unhappily, is undramatic and unrecorded in biographies of this limited sort. Paying attention only to the recordable man, when the subject is as outrageous as Thomas, leads to an unconscious patronizing by the respectable biographer (in complicity with the respectable reader) who has never beaten his wife or vomited in public. Readers of Thomas'

verse will find Mr. Fitzgibbon's biography oddly unconnected with the mind and sensibility between the covers of the *Collected Poems*, somewhat more connected with the comic hyperboles of the prose, and most connected with the vast mythology of the social legend.

Living poets may flinch to imagine that soon their indiscretions will be catalogued, their mistresses interviewed, their actions brought to a tribunal. Robert Lowell has almost brought this normally posthumous process into being by his confessional verse, and the public record is used for strange critical processes. The part of the public record that absorbs Mr. Mazzaro in *The Poetic Themes of Robert Lowell* is Lowell's "Catholicism," a bizarre enough Catholicism even when it was professed, and surely a matter of wresting the Catholic Church to Lowell's temperament, rather than a "conversion" in the other direction. To explain Lowell in Catholic terms and in a Catholic frame of reference leads to astonishing misrepresentations of the poetry. We are told, for instance, that the elegy for Santayana "recognizes in the image of Ser Brunetto, who smiles as if he had won, the probable damnation of Santayana," when it is clear that Lowell intends homage to Santayana, not speculation on his "probable damnation." Similarly, Mr. Mazzaro criticizes *For the Union Dead* for its "picture of man as an amorphous, elusive 'receiving device'" and continues, "This is partly the fault of the derangement of values which results from a loss of grace." Dante knew better, commending Brunetto Latini's poetry even though its author was consigned to the *Inferno*. The "view [Lowell] holds as poet and as Catholic," according to this book, "derives from such sources as James Joyce, Gerard Manley Hopkins, T. S. Eliot, St. Ignatius, Dante, and St. Bernard of Clairvaux," a group I can hardly imagine having "a" view spring from. The logical place to approach Lowell from is of course not the *Spiritual Exercises* but Jonathan Edwards, not Joyce but Browning, but Mr. Mazzaro never deals in manner, only in "matter," and the reduction of Lowell to his "themes" (which Mr. Mazzaro confuses with images or intellectual content) leaves out the immediately recognizable Sisyphus-like progress of Lowell's verse, his true stylistic theme of obstacle, blockage, impenetrability, whether in the earlier or later volumes. The Virgin Mary, the Holy Ghost, the Massacre of the Innocents—these are common images, but Lowell's use of them is both enormously idiosyncratic and impossibly strained (in this, but not in sensibility, he does resemble Hopkins, a point Mr. Mazzaro

does not make). Mr. Mazzaro passes Lowell's appalling conceits without a flicker of literary offense, not only the notorious reference to Mary's "scorched, blue thunderbreasts of love" pouring "buckets of blessings," but even worse, he confronts with utmost blandness the incredible passage from the poem "On the Eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1942," in which Lowell, "aware . . . of the effects of this lost Christian fellowship . . . entreats Mary again to appeal to these soldiers to reconsider their position:

> Oh, if soldiers mind you well
> They shall find you are their belle
> And belly too;
> Christ's bread and beauty came by you.

But all is not bleak," continues Mr. Mazzaro, "this poem, too, closes on an image of hope, for . . . the world of peace is revealed as another Israel, where the Mother of God, like the Biblical hunter Nimrod, dances on Mars-turned-Satan's head." The grotesque pun on belle and belly, the monstrous emblem of Mary dancing on Mars-Satan's head, the forced assimilation of the traditional to the modern implied in Mary-as-belle—none of these practices are remarked on as conditioning the "theme" of the poem: the content is retailed as if imaginative failure had nothing to do with meaning. Mr. Mazzaro realizes that such poems are "stiff, didactic, and uncompromising," but the recognition of the source of such bizarre gestures would invalidate the general "Lowell as Catholic" theme of his book.

In fact, Mr. Mazzaro's book is unnecessary. There are better discussions by far of most of the poems in Hugh Staples' recent book on Lowell, and although Mr. Staples is sometimes thin, he is not likely, as Mr. Mazzaro is, to "go through" a poem line by line, not to speak of "going through" a volume poem by poem. This principle of universal inclusion harms any critical book, and makes the reader suspect that he is reading a handbook, which in this case he is. Handbooks, for a poet as obscure in reference as Lowell, are handy things, and both Mr. Staples and Mr. Mazzaro have resurrected many of the passages Lowell alludes to, but where Mr. Staples uses the references to make a critical remark, Mr. Mazzaro leaves them rather diffidently alone, though he quotes them at more length. When a critical remark is in order, he is nervous, and relies on someone else—anyone else—to supply it for him: Conrad Aiken,

T. S. Eliot, R. P. Blackmur, Stephen Spender, Elizabeth Bishop—all the vigorous and interesting comments come from them. On *Life Studies,* Mr. Mazzaro is grudging: "In an age which likes to separate its religion from art, the technical accomplishments of *Life Studies* may far outweigh the loss of the Christian experience." But wary of leaving the last word to himself, he continues, "Most reviewers thought so when the book appeared." (On the contrary most reviewers did not express their judgment in terms of technique versus loss of Christianity, but Mr. Mazzaro is possessed by his thesis.) And then he adds an instance: "Elizabeth Bishop, an important American poet, wrote of its accomplishments: 'Somehow or other, by fair means or foul, and in the middle of our worst century so far, we have produced a magnificent poet.'" This is critical hedging on Mr. Mazzaro's part: if he thinks Lowell has gone down hill, he needn't produce evidence to the contrary. And the odd explanatory identification of Elizabeth Bishop indicates Mr Mazzaro's unsure sense of his audience, as he sometimes explains too much, sometimes too little: he assumes a knowledge of the *Spiritual Exercises,* but none of contemporary poetry, on the part of his readers. A full and convincing critical description of Lowell is still the far-off promise of a time to be, but at least the next critic will be spared the laborious annotation that has so far seemed to preoccupy Lowell's commentators.

HELEN HENNESSY VENDLER

ACCOMMODATION AND PROTEST

IN THE WORLD, *by* GEORGE P. ELLIOTT, *Viking Press.*
AN OBSERVER, *by* JOHN ESPEY, *Harcourt, Brace & World.*
AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF THE LORD, *by* PETER MATTHIESSEN, *Random House.*
THE RED AND THE GREEN, *by* IRIS MURDOCH, *Viking Press.*
THE NIGHTCLERK, *by* STEPHEN SCHNECK, *Grove Press.*

PARALLELING the running dispute between form and content, which as Susan Sontag recently observed, continues in fact if it has long been settled in theory, the question of formal approach to the novel continues between selection and saturation. Announced by Henry James and H. G. Wells, the controversy was echoed by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Thomas Wolfe, and, more recently, anticipated by Nathalie Sarraute's suspicion of factual invention, re-echoed in Saul Bellow's protest against documentation, even as Henderson admits that "The world of facts is real, all right, and not to be altered." Yet resisting the momentum generated by the

concern for selective form, at least one fictional strain has resisted as well an exclusively factual alternative. Instead it has attempted to absorb into the Jamesian novel of personal sensibility, Wells' regard for journalism, has attempted to equate the picture with the frame. Currently evident in the novels of John O'Hara, James Gould Cozzens, John Updike, R. V. Cassill, this novel extracts its personal morality in terms of social accommodation, though the society and its values are not necessarily contemporary with the hero's experience. Its mode is to hold out against the current resurgence of intuitive knowledge (when knowledge is at all held possible) in favor of the determinism characteristic of the turn-of-the-century novel. Unlike the naturalistic novel of Crane, Norris, or Dreiser, the novel of accommodation accepts rather than protests the human condition of helplessness. It is, then, a novel of limitation, and it is in this conservative tradition that George Elliott's *In the World* becomes most meaningful.

Emerging in a context of political, economic, and social relations, the center of interest is the struggle of lawyer-professor Alfred Royce to find a place in the world for his rationalistic idealism. The gathering metaphor for this struggle is Alfred's dilemma whether to expand a useful but limited book on labor law into a speculative investigation on the foundations of law in general. The gamble on perfectibility is evident in the various crises of his life: his separation from his wife, who, he discovers, has been using him to help her become independent of her past; his involvement with his students and his children, all of whom look to him for a continuing source of order; his choice of a career, which poses the problem of the ideal vs. the practical in an offer to leave teaching for an appointment to the federal bench.

The basis for action is explained to Alfred by a retired Supreme Court Justice, for whom he had once clerked and to whom he continues to look for a principle of stability. "Foundations—you're always putting 'foundations' in your titles. Get away from foundations, man. There isn't anything under them any more. No rock." Alfred's foundation is that of liberal reason, and his discovery is that it unfits him to deal with the often irrational demands of reality. "I live in the world as you do," Alfred finally affirms, explaining this stance as the acceptance of injustice and violence and the attempt not to have bad dreams about it. Unwilling, however, to settle for mediocrity, which he sees as the corruption by material-

ism of the American dream, Alfred does recognize the necessity for modifications of the secular community—so long as they are nebulous, so long as they are not the basis for protest. Rebellion is a resource only for the anarchist or the religious fanatic.

The result is that neither committed for or against society, Alfred betrays as irrelevant the moral dilemmas that prompt his initial discomfort. The compromise he makes betrays as well the uncertainty of the author. Balanced between the idea of society as a coercive force and society as a positive metaphor for human limitation, Elliott leans the larger social context of the novel (race relations, labor negotiations, judicial qualification, corporate manipulation) too heavily on Alfred's response to them. These contexts are never presented, only spoken about or alluded to. In so insubstantial a fictional environment, action cannot stand by itself and requires the intermittent comment by the author in his own voice, while characters lose individuality and become exclusively allegorical—alternatives of conduct in a world ultimately reduced to theory.

In *An Observer,* John Espey examines Southern California society as it existed in the late spring of 1948 and the efforts of some of its members to get beyond their inherited innocence. The focus of the observer-narrator, Rick Bledsoe, however, is exclusively on manners, commenting only in passing on the events that make up the greater world of his times. Since Rick is a professor of English, there is a suggestion here as well of the academic novel, which is to say a concern for the relevance of formal education; but characteristic of this genre from *Fanshawe* to *Drive, He Said,* the academy proves an ineffectual agent for resolving the dilemmas of experience. The real problem for Espey as much as for Rick is that few real difficulties are acknowledged. There is little conflict in the accretion of events and no meaningfully altered view of them. The established matriarchal order provides a tradition to which all problems can be related and thus, one way or another, disposed. In a society in which a vote for FDR is sufficient to keep a man out of the Club, liberalism overtakes Rick in the form of an interfaith elopement and the sale of his solid Plymouth for a sporty convertible. These actions, he is convinced, by cutting his tie to the past make him ready to discover the pattern of his life, symbolically identified as rushing toward and away from him on a high-speed highway. Although Rick regards himself as capable of irony, there

is no suggestion that this vision is to be taken ironically, and by allowing Rick's experience to mean as much to him as it does to the reader, Espey limits his novel to observation rather than, even as Rick demands, provides a view of what is observed. Excluding as it does so much of human experience, the novel of manners is valuable chiefly for the moral evaluations it makes about choices of conduct. In offering moral displacement for moral discrimination, Espey neglects these choices and in so doing arrives only at a fond, subdued reminiscence.

In *At Play in the Fields of the Lord,* Peter Matthiessen invokes the romantic tradition of primitive nobility corrupted by civilization. It is a view that goes back in American fiction at least as far as *Typee,* but where Melville recognized the necessity of leaving paradise, Matthiessen feels the need only for a deeper, more individual Eden. His spokesman for this return in time is Lewis Moon, part white, part Cheyenne, an outlaw from both cultures, who is inducted into the savage Niaruna tribe as a semi-divinity when he parachutes into the Amazon jungle. Moon's identification with the Niaruna is opposed by the evangelist Martin Quarrier, who couples the desire to love with an obligation to proselytize, but who sacrifices both his son's life and his wife's sanity to his conviction. Resulting from a limited vision of possibility, the sacrifice proves futile as well as obsessive. Unaware, as is the more sophisticated Dominican Father Xantes, that true conversion must be preceded by total disorientation, Quarrier is equally unable to recognize the dignity and beauty which the ecological balance sustains.

Even Moon, however, fails to find in the savage culture more than a provisional identity. "We are naked and have nothing," he is told by one of the fiercest of the tribesmen, "Therefore we must decorate ourselves, for if we did not, how are we to be told from the animals." Like the white man's religion, the savages' paint constitutes a separation from nature beyond which Moon must pass. Unlike the contemporary hero, Moon is not puzzled by a problematic universe; his search is merely for his place in an archetypally established order. As he discovers more about his true situation, however, this quest broadens from a social to a teleological one. Eventually beyond ideology, it leads to a desire for unity with God. Only when Moon passes through his real initiation of exposure, submitting himself directly to elemental hazards, does he find his true inheri-

tance as a human, thereby reestablishing the continuity of individua vision with a sense of a continuing past. As such the resolution o the novel avoids the tentative accommodation of Elliott and Espey but in doing so Matthiessen exceeds the value judgment whict Moon can justifiably sustain by attributing his superiority to hi independence. This superiority establishes an artificial conflict witl humanity which must then, either by force or by love, subdue hin and thereby vindicate its own dependence. This judgment, remi niscent of the appraisal of the ultra right-wing Hollingsworth ir *Barbary Shore* is, however, not as in Mailer's novel, that of a nym pholeptic madwoman. It is uttered here by the wise fool and vali dated by the sensitive ingenue; thus presumably it is the judgmen of the novel. Like Hollingsworth's, however, Moon's independence is, in fact, illusory. Depending on his rejection of any environment it is exposed by his frantic search for a congenial one. Moon's re birth, finally, like that of Mailer's Mike Lovett, is to a new freedon which celebrates itself without comprehension and consequentl conviction of its own worth.

In *The Red and the Green,* Irish Murdoch has a deeper insigh into the attraction fanatic independence holds out as well as int the compulsive necessity from which it issues. "You want to humili ate yourself," explains Lady Millicent Kinnard to an Irish revolu tionary whose Anglophobia barely conceals his latent homosexu ality, "You want your will to drive you like a screaming animal int some dark place where you will be crushed utterly. You want t test yourself to the point where you can will the death of all tha you are and stand aside coolly and watch it die. Come to me then I will be your slave and your executioner." Yet the intensity of he invitation is undercut by the slapstick events of its acceptance Even as the prospective lover finally approaches, he discovers h has been preceded in the lady's bed by a matter of hours, and, rush ing from the house, stumbles into yet another of the lady's admirers the whole spied upon by still a fourth. This bedroom farce i characteristic of the personal relationships throughout the novel each of which seems intricately wound to operate mechanically, ye each, unaccountably, heading in a direction other than the one ir which it was pointed.

Equally ludicrous is the treatment of the events leading up t the 1916 Easter Rising in Dublin, which serve as the basis fo the narrative. Here again both cause and effect are seen as onl

arbitrarily determining one another. Operating from the belief that form proceeds from the creation of character, Miss Murdoch attempts to reconcile a neo-Kantian (or symbolist) concern for formal clarity with a Sartrian (or existential) regard for contingent freedom. Her admitted fictional problem is to create in a social framework persons other than the author, while maintaining the eccentric being of the whole individual. However, in risking the contingent, she has here let go of the controlling myth, so that the characters are independent not only of the author but as well of the narrative, which is to say the coherent sequence of action. Rather than focusing theme, then, the events point only to their lack of causal relation to one another, a condition caught perceptively by Ellen Raskin's jacket design of a jigsaw city from which key sections are missing. The resulting arbitrariness is reflected in the fluidity of the color symbolism: green alternately suggesting the Irish, life (grass, a rose), and the sinister, still, and decadent Georgian architecture; red, the English, blood, and a mended swing of childhood innocence. For Faulkner or Joyce, for whom discontinuity is also a dominant factor of experience, the novelistic form is so structured to make sense by perceiving the order within apparent fragmentation. In *The Red and the Green,* Miss Murdoch views experience as arbitrary, resisting with farce our furious efforts to make sense of it. This attitude, ordinarily the comic stance, is pushed so relentlessly that it invalidates the conventions of its own form.

The dominant fictional environment of Stephen Schneck's *The Nightclerk* is hallucinatory—the erotic daydreams of bald, obese J. Spenser Blight, whose reality consists of practicing petty sadism on the "cafeteria creatures" who consummate their illicit affairs in the Traveler's Hotel and in cutting pin-ups out of sleazy magazines. Blight's fantasy life transforms these small corruptions into a phantasmagoria of auto-eroticism signalled by a self-service elevator in which a guest must "press his own button" to ascend, by an umbrella stand in which umbrellas go up in five fingers of imaginative smoke, by plugging himself into the office switchboard, and by soiling himself with food.

The whole of this dream life is related with comic-strip exaggeration by means of various type faces and typographic oddities such as line drawing illustrations or text arranged in newspaper columns and by fragmenting the narrative into the artificially maintained

suspense of interrupted strip sections. Thus Schneck is ridiculing not so much the content of the fantasy as those for whom it sustains an imaginative reality—the real guests of the hotel. The result, however, is not so much a parody of a hypocritical conventional morality as mimicry of it. The give-away lies in the elaboration devoted to the dreams themselves. Constituting the bulk of the novel, they exist, at length, for their own sake, the black humor thin justification for the detail. Equally revealing is the voice of the omniscient author, which underlines the mockery with the heavy-handed exaggeration of a speech balloon. Emerging as much in the repetition posing as variety of perversity as in the inflated vocabulary, the puns on familiar homilies, the mockery is directed against a social order which never appears within the fictional geography. As such it is as mechanical as the images it evokes, anticipating the final masochism of the reader who delights in finding himself the butt of a snide remark. The capricious spelling, the sentences arrested by ellipses of portentous meaning, the abrupt scenic shifts are thus seen to be artificial, imposed not by the formal necessities of the novel but by the expectation of the reader. Like *The Red and the Green, The Nightclerk* ridicules its own satire, thus complementing with it the protest of the anti-novel.

STANLEY TRACHTENBERG

ON AMERICAN CULTURE

BEYOND CULTURE: ESSAYS ON LITERATURE AND LEARNING, *by* LIONEL TRILLING, *Viking Press.*

TRIALS OF THE WORD: ESSAYS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE AND THE HUMANISTIC TRADITION, *by* R. W. B. LEWIS, *Yale University Press.*

IN its abstract argument and confessional tone, *Beyond Culture* reminds me a great deal of *After the Fall.* And Professor Trilling has recently been recipient of what you might call the "Arthur Miller treatment"—whereby one's every move is measured against the time when one's opinions meshed more precisely with historical circumstance. "You are in your prime," the reviewers' refrain goes, "so where is the synthesis?"

On this basis, it would be easy—no one I have read has resisted it —to dismiss these essays as poorly integrated and unspecific in their indictment. On the other hand, it would be easy to praise his discussion of specific authors. When he is talking about Isaac Babel or Jane Austen, Lionel Trilling is unfailingly lucid and graceful. When he is talking about himself, however, or in terms of a broader

cultural analysis, he is more worrisome. The hardest thing to do—and Trilling makes it very hard indeed—is to try and reconstruct his view of modern culture, to be faithful to both his intention and his failings. What follows, I hope, captures the implicit structure of his book, if not the ambience of the argument.

In Trilling's view, contemporary culture must be seen as a dialectic between two cultures. Culture may be defined inclusively as "a people's technology, its manners and customs, religious beliefs and organization," etc., or more exclusively as that "complex of activities which involve the practice of the arts and certain intellectual disciplines." We are allowed to guess that this includes literary criticism.

More to the point, however, are the pejorative connotations of "culture"; that is, bourgeois culture with its notorious absence of esthetic and moral authority, i.e. the American Way of Life, as distinguished from high culture, which includes artistic enterprise as well as the critical endeavor which distinguishes or destroys art in our day, i.e. the American Intellectual Way of Life.

Politics for the first group is simply a mechanism for distributing affluence, for the second, a mechanism for disseminating a critique of the entire culture. American education blurs whatever confrontation remains, as the university professes both intellectual ideals and bourgeois aspirations, giving succor to both the "adversary" culture and "majority" opinion.

So far, this sounds like an oversimplification of Dwight MacDonald. But as MacDonald locates himself within high culture to defend it from bourgeois intrusion, Trilling locates himself, autonomously, "beyond" high culture, in order to question the tactics of bourgeois conversion.

In any case, an American of mid-century has the choice of belonging to the majority culture or the minority "adversary" culture. The problem is that the "adversary program," as the only alternative, and as it offers certain prestigious advantages, is now attracting an increasingly large number of people who uncritically mouth its pieties. This is most prevalent in the university where the bourgeois are introduced, despite the misgivings of their professors, to modern literature in all its terror and force, and we have the paradox of the bourgeois absorbing and regurgitating those descriptions of the human condition which were, in fact, written to destroy or at least to enlighten them. They accept the "ideological status of sex, vio-

lence, madness and art itself" without paying its price, as it were. What was meant to encourage self-interrogation has only resulted in insuring status.

Intellectuals are themselves to blame for this, for in the normal course of perpetuating themselves as a class, they have tended to standardize and package the modern temper for mass consumption. The process of making or destroying what passes for art, is more powerful, rapid, and clannish than ever before. Instead of asking with Goethe, Freud, "Is it true for me?", our intellectuals have increasingly tended to ask, "Is it true for us?" As a result, the theory of literary education as first formulated "supposed that literature would carry the self beyond culture . . . and . . . its idols . . . but we must now ask whether the old intention has not been inverted, and whether literature does not, in fact, set up the old idols in new forms of its own contrivance."

There is nothing specious in this, as far as it goes. The problem is that much of what Trilling discusses deserves elaboration which he does not provide. He is quite to the point, for example, when he says that the contemporary moral temper is expressed not in "doctrine, systems, ethics, creeds, but in manner and style. We know whether or not a person is in touch with the forces of life not by what he says, by its doctrinal correctness, but by the way he says it." Yet he never examines such intriguing generalizations, and this is odd since what galls him most about the contemporary mind is its "happy vagueness . . . its joyous sense of power in the use of . . . receivable generalizations."

Trilling is concerned here with the same high culture and its self-assumptions to which he addressed himself in *The Liberal Imagination*. His intent remains to resist the "organizational impulse" of the liberal mind, to be always faithful to the variousness and complexity of our "sole intellectual tradition." Certainly he is correct in his thesis that modern ideas often degenerate into unexamined sentiment. But the modern mind is not unique in this. Indeed, the major impact of what he is saying is unspoken. For what is implicit here, I believe, is that the thesis of *The Liberal Imagination* is no longer operative; that the intimate connection between literature and politics, between rational discourse about art and art itself, is harder to maintain than ever. I raise up *The Liberal Imagination,* not to complain that Trilling has not been true to it, but simply to point out that he raises similar questions here, but from a more cranky and diffuse perspective.

Finally, it seems to me that while Trilling may be beyond the adversary culture, he may well be behind the bourgeois. For the central theme of this book remains his paternalistic concern for those good burghers among his undergraduates, who so affably acknowledge God's death, vote Democratic, and prefer Kafka to Wouk.

The point is, precisely, that the bourgeois *have* absorbed the modern, that the modern in Trilling's terms is now a period of history suited to codification and academic debate, that the force and terror of Yeats, Gide, and Joyce are now as much a part of the educated middle-class baggage as the other violences of this century. The distance between awe and respect is simply a generation. Disenchantment, the sense of the self apart from culture, once won at so great a cost, is by now practically a birthright. It is by this time the starting point of contemporary inquiry, and he should not be surprised that his undergraduates do not treat this as a matter of personal concern, but as a working hypothesis. The adversary culture may have in fact been unionized, but it is not yet a closed shop.

"Be a little tentative" is R. W. B. Lewis's motto, but the implication is that he has passions to control, whereas with Trilling, we sense only anxieties to be verbalized. Lewis's orientation is as steadily American as Trilling's is European, his preoccupation that literature in which "religious considerations are overtly or secretively paramount." His final, lengthy essay, "Days of Wrath and Laughter," is a stunning *tour de force,* and since it strikes me as one of the most important essays of the last decade, and conveniently states what Trilling leaves unsaid as well, I will cheerfully ignore his other contributions, substantial as they are.

To recapitulate, Trilling asserts that "nothing is more characteristic of modern literature than its discovery and canonization of the primal, nonethical energies"—in a word, its "spirituality." He is, of course, to the point, if we accept his definition of "modern" as unitary, European, and pre-World War II. But if I read Professor Lewis correctly, the best of contemporary American literature is apocalyptic in mood, and as such, is truly beyond culture as well as beyond the modern. He illustrates this through talents as various as Robert Lowell, Ralph Ellison, John Barth, Joseph Heller, and Joseph Pynchon. But he does not treat the local talent in a historical vacuum; indeed, he very specifically traces the tradition of apocalyptic literature in America from its Biblical references in Puritan theology, through the nineteenth century, up to the most

contemporary exemplars. He demonstrates that contemporary literary strategy is apocalyptic in its imagery, frequently religious in rhetoric and structure, and in its furious attack upon the moral duplicity of contemporary life, is also essentially ethical.

Much of the same could be said of Yeats, Gide, and Joyce, of course, with one crucial exception. For while we have been accustomed to the wrath of modern art for some time, what separates the contemporary from the modern is the element of laughter. What has been added to the apocalypse in recent years is the sense of the ridiculous, the preposterous—"a *dies irae* converted into a *dies irae risusque.*" It is, in a sense, a parody of the modern temper, a puckering of the fatalistic smile into a savagely comical leer. As one of the proponents of the new "Psychedelic Drama" recently remarked, "Our position is no longer absurd; it's simply ridiculous." I would add for what it's worth that this seems a peculiarly American phenomenon; Trilling's thesis applies more aptly to postwar European literature (drama is an exception) where the ritualistic homage to the absurd continues without the perspective of comic relief.

I do not intend to make Lewis responsible for my reading of Trilling, nor do I want to suggest that he accepts such contemporary writing uncritically. Indeed, he shows specifically when the catastrophic-comic mode becomes overworked—in *Catch 22* and *Dr. Strangelove,* for example—likewise he shows what happens to the catastrophic mode when it is unleavened with comedy, as in the most recent work of James Baldwin. Further, he shares Trilling's impatience with those who would make the Apocalypse a palatable abstraction. Both, in fact, quote Saul Bellow in his opposition to fashionable alienation.

But implications about the fate of the middle class—as an enemy and an accomplice—derive from Lewis's analysis as they cannot from Trilling's. For the Apocalypse is a classless—one might even say "cultureless"—phenomenon. Post-modern authors are in fact at pains to make their indictments as universal as possible. And perhaps this is what Trilling is getting at—that we ought to return to a fictional world where there are *levels* of damnation—if not salvation, at least a precise attribution of guilt. Lewis in one sense responds to this, for he implies that the motivation of these authors by linking the catastrophic with the comic, is to "help avert the worst possibilities of the former," and if this is true, certainly there

is a moral impulse, even a rather Puritanical one, at the root of their insults.

I cannot go the whole way with Lewis here, for I cannot see in contemporary writing the humanism which he generously attributes to it, although I cannot deny it as politely as does Trilling. If it does contain a humanistic impulse, it is even more traditional than rational discourse, than ethical concern; simply the feeling that we can only deal with experience by giving it an imaginative form—by telling our story, regardless of the consequences.

The laughter of contemporary writing, bitter and florid as it is, is at once a remove from, as well as a response to the disease of modern culture. One might say that the levity is overdone, imitative, rococo perhaps, and that as such it signifies the end of something. But it is also a beginning. I can only enforce this speculation by an appeal to common experience. Go to what passes for a "truly modern movie," a documentary of concentration camps, say. Allow the director to play the part of the Intellectual Adversary and the audience the Bourgeois. The audience will endure the horror in solemn respect to a point. But as their incredulity mounts they will begin to giggle nervously. It is a way of abstracting themselves from their own perception, something very close to tears.

But if one man should begin to guffaw mercilessly, in the manner of these contemporary writers, we might understand it as something more than a breach of decorum. For a philosophical acceptance of catastrophe can only be pushed so far, and given the laughter's style, its context, is not this an impulse, even a judgment, which is truly beyond culture? We must understand this attitude, no matter how it strikes us, if we are to understand contemporary writing, for the suspicion is that the laughing man is involved with the sources of life, while those about him on the verge of weeping, are merely respectable.

CHARLES NEWMAN

BLACK, WHITE; RIGHT, WRONG

HATEFUL CONTRARIES: STUDIES IN LITERATURE AND CRITICISM, *by* W. K. WIMSATT, *University of Kentucky Press.*

MR. WIMSATT's new volume contains some essays that are already well known, such as "The Augustan Mode in English Poetry" and "The Concept of Meter," and at least one essay that is notorious: his

indictment in "The Horses of Wrath" of a "Promethean" school of critics. All the essays but one have been published before, but it is good to have them together in a revised form. They reveal the meticulous honesty we have come to expect of our distinguished "grammarian," though there is no essay here which is quite as fresh or original as "The Concrete Universal" or "The Structure of Romantic Nature Imagery" from *The Verbal Icon* (1954). The unity of the collection, I am tempted to say, is therefore in its tone and character; which suggests that even the most methodical scholarly criticism remains a self-expressive act; and in reading Mr. Wimsatt's book one thinks constantly of the personality, or representative personality, of the author.

Mr. Wimsatt is, of course, an unusually committed person and an expert polemicist. He is concerned above all with deviations from right reason in criticism. Thus the title of his volume, adapted from Milton's description of Satan in *Paradise Lost* (Book IX, line 121), characterizes the *wrong* attitude toward artistic unity. Though he accepts the idea that this unity is based on a reconciliation of opposites—an idea central to English literary theory since Coleridge, and, via Hegel and similar dialectical systems, to Continental thought—his "hateful contraries" refer to a recent and objectionable version of the doctrine. According to Mr. Wimsatt it is possible to distinguish "an inevitable and proper literary interest in the contraries from certain extreme gestures of the current Prometheans" (Northrop Frye, Murray Krieger, Harold Bloom, and others). The heretical theory is said to insist naïvely on "self-administered doses of division," on rebellion for its own sake, on the intrinsic fruitfulness of the contraries. The true theory is much less aggressive, though what it is other than what it is not, is not clearly defined.

Even if the difference between the two theories could be nicely stated, a doubt would remain as to the usefulness for criticism of such a distinction. We know from theology and ethics how difficult it is to apply theoretical distinctions to the judgment of particular cases. An ideal discrimination, however interesting in itself, is sterile without precise rules for applying it. Criticism is casuistry in the older and neutral sense of the word—the application of hermeneutic rules or experience to particular cases, which are the poems under discussion; and on that level Mr. Wimsatt's condemnation of one kind of dialectic, and championing of another, does not afford much

help. How are we to tell benevolent from malevolent, or Christian from Manichean dualism, in any one poem? The best we can do is to extrapolate a poetics from one poet or group of poets and set it against the poetics of a different sort—in the way Blake confronts Milton or the Bible and seeks to correct their imaginative errors.

Not that Mr. Wimsatt is a pure theorist with oversubtle distinctions. On the contrary, his unique position among contemporary scholars is that he combines theoretical vigor with case studies. He is one of our few authentic casuists; and his work is even directly concerned with the problem of the relation of "general" to "particular." Yet when we consider his practice, we find that the accusation he levels at the Blakean or Promethean theory of "irreconciliation," at the "fiery didactics" of some of his contemporaries, might be turned against him. His essay on "The Augustan Mode" is, for example, so good because it shows that Augustanism is not "the direct incorporation of ideal reality, of reason and light," but offers a subversive pattern of its own. Pope's *Peri Bathous*, and the burlesque or satirical method as a whole, exploit an "anti-natural" way of thinking. Mr. Wimsatt would probably retort that the modern critics he condemns are, unlike the Augustans, too happy in their unhappiness, that they exalt the anti-natural way of thinking for its own sake, and not in order to affirm by a vision of the contrary the natural order of things. Yet his definition of the Augustans as "laughing poets of a heightened unreality" effectively characterizes a protest against "divine stupidity" as subversive of Urizenic concepts of order as that of Blake or any systematic anti-naturalist.

Mr. Wimsatt, however, though a Christian realist, has contributed importantly to the definition of modern poetry. In such essays as "The Substantive Level" *(The Verbal Icon)* or "Two Meanings of Symbolism" and "*Prufock* and *Maud:* From Plot to Symbol" *(Hateful Contraries)*, his animus against the shiftier symbolism of the Moderns terminates in a concordat rather than in a hateful antithesis. As a realist he shows a methodical respect for developments in history, however adverse they may be, so that he accepts the Modern as a distinctive mode of thinking and writing, and is not misled by the latest *ignis fatuus* of literary history: the idea of a dissociation of sensibility from thought between the Middle Ages and our time. "I have seen it brilliantly suggested that the breakdown of respect for substantive quiddity which occurred in the late Renaissance was

accompanied by a decline in the performance of poets. But this has by no means been demonstrated. Something almost like the opposite seems to me the truth." Yet he also refuses to argue from the acknowledged vigor of modern poetry to its spiritual worth. He evades, in fact, the issue of whether there is not a radical conflict between poetry and orthodoxy. This is the very issue that Promethean critics have sought to force by claiming that what is great in religion is its poetry and that what is best in poetry is its autonomy.

Except for this one evasion, Mr. Wimsatt's book is expressive of a subdued prophetic wrath. Is that wrath much different from Blake's? "The Tygers of Wrath are Wiser than the Horses of Instruction," says Blake, wittily setting prophet against centaur, and Hebrew culture against Greek. The title of Mr. Wimsatt's leading essay, "The Horses of Wrath," suggests that the modern critic wavers uneasily between two functions. Is he a pedagogue or a prophet? But surely since the Renaissance, since Erasmus, we are all "Horses of Wrath," subduing vision to instruction and divine anger to the shackles of demotic communication. The schoolmaster-visionary is our only viable prophet. Mr. Wimsatt and Mr. Frye are chafing at the same bit; nor do I see a difference of kind between Mr. Wimsatt and the angry young men whom he chastises. The greatest service done by any critic is the prophetic one of finding ideas ominous and interpretations liable. To enjoy Mr. Wimsatt's essays we must therefore be prepared to *worry* a theory or a detail as if it meant a difference in the survival of truth.

GEOFFREY HARTMAN

RECENT POETRY: LOOKING FOR A HOME

CORSONS INLET, *by* A. R. AMMONS, *Cornell University Press.*
QUESTIONS OF TRAVEL, *by* ELIZABETH BISHOP, *Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*
DEATH OF THE KAPOWSIN TAVERN, *by* RICHARD F. HUGO, *Harcourt, Brace & World.*
RIVERS INTO ISLANDS, *by* JOHN KNOEPFLE, *University of Chicago Press.*
THE CARNIVORE, *by* DAVID R. SLAVITT, *University of North Carolina Press.*
VIEWS FROM A FERRIS WHEEL, *by* ROBERT WALLACE, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

IT has been twenty years since the appearance of Elizabeth Bishop's first volume, *North & South,* which a number of reviewers (including one in this journal) treated as the sign of a singular new talent, possessing craft and subtlety that gave those early poems a promise of lasting value. Some of them, such as "The Imaginary Iceberg," "The Man-Moth," and "Roosters," have meanwhile won a firm place in current anthologies. A small additional group of poems appeared in her collected volume of 1955, which won the Pulitzer

Prize; and now we have *Questions of Travel*, a generously, handsomely designed volume that in fact contains fewer poems than her first book, since a third of the pages are given over to a prose story. Most of the poems here deal with Brazil, where Miss Bishop has resided for some years. The "Questions of Travel" unfolded in the title-poem are indeed acutely relevant for the reader of this book, for they suggest an insecurity in Miss Bishop's later writing that affects her poetical achievement. Uneasy under the pressure of her semi-tropical landscape, she asks:

> Should we have stayed at home and thought of here?
> Where should we be today?
> Is it right to be watching strangers in a play
> in this strangest of theatres?
> What childishness is it that while there's a breath of life
> in our bodies, we are determined to rush
> to see the sun the other way around?

"But surely," she replies, "it would have been a pity/not to have seen the trees along this road,"

> —Not to have had to stop for gas and heard
> the sad, two-noted, wooden tune
> of disparate wooden clogs
> carelessly clacking over
> a grease-stained filling-station floor.
> (In another country the clogs would all be tested.
> Each pair there would have identical pitch.)
> —a pity not to have heard
> the other, less primitive music of the fat brown bird
> who sings above the broken gasoline pump
> in a bamboo church of Jesuit baroque:
> three towers, five silver crosses.

This vignette, as an answer, is not quite convincing. Its appliquéd design plays an appropriate part within an effective poem of questioning, and yet the passage suggests a weakness that runs throughout most of these Brazilian pieces: the presence of a stagy, factitious quality as of some "quaint" souvenirs carefully arranged upon a mantelpiece. These poems about the peasants and their children, this legend of the Amazon, taken from a book, this naïve ballad about the simple burglar from Rio—these poems fall with an effect of jarring contrivance upon the ear that remembers her

earlier firm and evocative lines. Take, for example, the ending of "Manuelzinho," where a "friend of the writer is speaking":

> You helpless, foolish man,
> I love you all I can,
> I think. Or do I?
> I take off my hat, unpainted
> and figurative, to you.
> Again I promise to try.

Or these lines from the ballad that forms the weakest piece in the book:

> The rich with their binoculars
> Were back again, and many
> Were standing on the rooftops,
> Among TV antennae.
>
> It was early, eight or eight-thirty.
> He saw a soldier climb,
> Looking right at him. He fired,
> And missed for the last time.

An excessively studied naïveté is causing trouble here.

When we turn to "Elsewhere," the second half of the volume, we enter at once a more substantial world that builds itself upon the very fine prose story that tells (in the manner of a memoir) an experience of a childhood in Nova Scotia. The technique of this part of the volume reminds one of Robert Lowell's *Life Studies* (one of the better poems in the Brazilian part, "The Armadillo," is dedicated to Lowell), where the prose memoir explains the situation underlying the poems that follow. Miss Bishop's poems in this part are more satisfying; seen through the blended vision of childhood and maturity, "Manners (For a Child of 1918)," "Sestina," and especially "First Death in Nova Scotia" seem entirely successful. "Sandpiper" (not specifically Nova Scotian) recovers the imagistic grip of her best poems, while "Visits to St. Elizabeths" (a poem of 1951) creates a magical ballad of incremental repetition, suggesting the plight "of the poet, the man/that lies in the house of Bedlam." But the nagging question of travel remains: *"Should we have stayed at home,/wherever that may be?"*

The new volume by A. R. Ammons is at once the most distinguished and the most experimental of these books. "Corsons Inlet"

is not so much a place as an inlet of the mind, where this fine poe in his third volume, delineates his esthetic discoveries:

I allow myself eddies of meaning:
yield to a direction of significance
running
like a stream through the geography of my work:
you can find
in my sayings
swerves of action
like the inlet's cutting edge:
there are dunes of motion,
organizations of grass, white sandy paths of remembrance
in the overall wandering of mirroring mind:

but Overall is beyond me: is the sum of these events
I cannot draw, the ledger I cannot keep, the accounting
beyond the account:

The art of Ammons is found in this perilous shifting from concret to abstract, with just enough imagery to hold the senses in tow while abstraction reaches out toward the accordances of being. On cannot say that the reaching is always successful; sometimes the ab straction is too insistent. Yet at his best Ammons has certainly cre ated an idiom of his own, deriving in part perhaps from the late work of Wallace Stevens, but absorbing also the linear spacing and emphases of Cummings and Williams. Thus "Configurations, a set of fourteen poems on a theme, is bound to suggest Wallac Stevens' "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird," but the basi techniques are not those of Stevens:

when November stripped
the shrub,
what stood
out
in revealed space was
a nest
hung
in essential limbs

As Ammons says in another poem, "the rhythm is/diffusion an concentration," the constantly shifting line and image by whicl this writer conveys his sense of a world in continuous movement

the breaker
  hurling into reach for shape, crashing
    out of order, the inner hollow sizzling flat:
the longnecked, uteral gourd, bass line
  continuous in curve,
    melodic line filling and thinning:
concentrations,
  whirling masses,
    thin leaders, disordered ends and risks:
explosions of clusters, expansions from the
  full radial sphere, return's longest chance:
    lines exploring, intersecting, paralleling, twisting,
noding: deranging, clustering.

For a brief, microcosmic view of this action, we may read the unassuming poem "Dunes," where Ammons explains his methods of construction, while the distribution of words and images presents the technique in an elementary form:

Taking root in windy sand
  is not an easy
way
to go about
  finding a place to stay.

A ditchbank or wood's edge
    has firmer ground.

In a loose world though
  something can be started—
a root touch water,
    a tip break sand—

Mounds from that can rise
  on held mounds,
a gesture of building, keeping,
    a trapping
into shape.

Firm ground is not available ground.

This is exhilarating stuff: a new poetic world in the making.

The "new world" that Robert Wallace speaks of in this first volume of his poetry is not as fresh as that suggested by Ammons, for

we have seen a good deal of it before in Frost and Williams. It is seldom, though, that we find nowadays the Frostian voice so flexibly absorbed, transmuted into something beyond a folksy echo. "The Noise That Woke Me Strangely," a poem dealing with the incident of "my neighbor chopping wood at midnight," holds the Frostian manner within the control of Wallace's own acute observation:

> Nothing showed
> what anger or despair burned in his blood,
> and put his hands like prayer upon the axe handle;
> later, he never said it. But by morning,
> whatever it was had left the little oak
> in a thousand pieces, a stack of wood to burn
> his voiceless rage into the winter nights—
> smoke, drifting, and the faraway stars. His labor
> was dark light. He flailed away. Whenever
> it was, no one was watching when he stopped.
> As always, in the morning, he waved cheerily
> from his leafed garden as I drove, waving, past.

Elsewhere, in such poems as "The Double Play" or "Noon Photographs," Wallace carries out the lessons of Williams, using the triple measure of Williams along with his principle of finding "no ideas but in things":

> The eye
> accepts
> a green backdrop of oaks
>
> and locusts, in whose shade
> dappled
> with light, sheets
>
> and towels and shirts
> hang
> like the stilled
>
> banners
> of a strange and distant
> morning.

Beyond these overt imitations, however, Wallace shows a fine variety, trying many measures and dealing with topics that range from nuns swimming in the sea to the sad loser of a tennis match. His

broad spectrum of appeal is indicated by the fact that these seventy-odd poems have appeared over the past ten years in magazines that range from *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The New Yorker* to *The Massachusetts Review* and *Botteghe Oscure.* Frequently, like Frost, Wallace pays the price of his availability by obvious tricks (Odysseus returning in parallel with a freight train) and clichés:

> over the
>   green country creek,
>   which
>
> has no nymph
>   in
>   misted chronicle,
>
> but has a boy
>   appearing
>   and disappearing
>
> in the green
>   deep
>   water in the sunlight.

But for the most part these poems have a crisp and pungent excellence that keeps us reading along happily.

Another first volume, *Rivers into Islands,* by John Knoepfle ("pronounced *No-ful,*" the jacket tells us) presents a leaner and more taciturn muse writing in the tradition of Masters, Sandburg, and Williams. Knoepfle is trying to do for St. Louis, or for the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, what Williams has done for Paterson and the Passaic: gather its folklore, record its language, honor its decayings, and find what sustenance remains in the world of "Sparrows" and "Street sounds," Diesel engines and "Pensioners in a park." In "Country sweat" he recalls in local language the superstitions of a flu epidemic:

> Lily Falmouth said it was
> mirrors that gathered in germs
> from miles around and she took
> her looking glass in the dark
> for fear of sunrise and drowned
> her image in the river,
> but death came swimming careful,
> taking a shrewd look at her.

Or he tells an eerie legend of the coal miners about

> a white mule one spent crew forgot
> on a bad day for the mines. They tell
> they have known it under the earth,
> heard the hoof beats ranging the pits,
> then the lamps of the miners waver,
> the men grow still, walled in their shadows.

In "Harpe's head" he tells a ghoulish anecdote of rivermen in their own harsh language, and "At Marietta, Ohio" recalls:

> I knew a tough old man near there
> remembered he pumped off bilges from
> his father's flatboats. He said they sold
> for boards to house the south—after
> Vicksburg. His father sternwheeled back.
>
> The old man clenched a hand to bring
> him home.

These memories are mingled with modern observations where "georgian apartments are leveled," "The mill seethes/when the shift breaks," and "On the levee the Saarinen Arch/petitions luck for St. Louis." This is quiet, understated writing, with the dignity and grace of honest apprehension; it may not lead far, but it has its roots firmly growing in the American grain:

> The train goes its way,
> the long lights
> go out. I pour myself
> a careful beer, tilting
> a cold glass above
> the Mississippi. It is
> a lost river roiling
> underneath the bridge. It came
> from a deep cave on this
> June night. And still it is
> the one river Clemens
> gave his own true Huck,
> head buried in the black
> knees of Jim, and the same
> winds howl down streaks
> of our summer storms.

David Slavitt's world, in his second book of poems, is often New York City and its area, though shrewdly and sardonically interspersed with glimpses of cruelty and folly in the ancient world. The point of this intermingling, I suppose, is indicated at the close of the first poem here:

> The impulse is with us always. Gestures survive:
> testing has ruined the sea turtles' sense of direction,
> and after they come ashore to lay their eggs
> they continue forward, crawling away from the water
> to die of exhaustion in the inland grasses.
> Their brains roasted by sun, in the final moments
> their flippers resume that sweep in the dry sand
> of swimming, of riding the currents of the lost sea.

Along with a glittering wit, some fearful puns, amusing poems for and about children, and vigorous scenes in Central Park or 47th Street, there is in this volume a somber undercurrent that may at first suggest a stoical resignation, but is actually closer to a grim resentment toward death. This is clear in the final poem, "Elegy for Walter Stone," which draws the volume together with, of all things, a witty, slangy memorial that ends with the bleak resolution:

> Never mind how,
> and never mind even when. All death is nature's,
> whether by germ in the blood or idea in the head,
> or sudden mischance in the wasteful order of things.
> Gaze fixedly at it, and the distinctions
> disappear.
> An unintellectual sadness
> and a dumb calm is all I can summon up
> for Walter Stone, for Wheelock, for myself,
> for the act of imagination in Finkel's Fuji—
> for all these sparks struck off by the turning world.

Thinking back through the whole book, one can feel the tug of this grim undertow, in the swagger of the satirical epigrams (reminiscent of Pound or of Dudley Fitts translating Martial) that deal with the decline of ancient empires:

> The Emperor Galba was bald as a bowling ball,
> and thus the soldier carried the hacked head,
> a thumb in the mouth of the ruler of seven months,
> to Otho of ninety-five days.

> There are some that say
> the death of Galba was noble, some say not.
> He was the first outside of the Julian line
> to wear the imperial purple. He was the first
> to assume the purple elsewhere than in Rome.
> Some blame him for the one thing, some the other,
> or both, or neither.
> But everyone agrees
> Galba was stingy. Who then can criticize
> the perhaps inelegant style of the soldier's strike?

One becomes aware, gradually, of how many of these poems deal with deaths and endings: of lemmings in the sea, of aging movie heroes in decaying Westerns, of Leonardo's last years, of a hated mouse killed in the kitchen, of the end of the School of Athens, of wreckers smashing gables, of fishing with grenades, of the great Theodoric's abandoned ashes, of Eskimos floating away on ice floes, even of the fake ruin built into modern antiques:

> The slow regression to junk
> satisfies us who know, now, that ruin lurked
> in the wood from the start, and who no more declare
> the immortality of any form but grief.

This volume is well entitled, for "The Carnivore" is a symbol of the endless cycle of creatures whose function is to become food for other creatures:

> And therefore am I vineyards, orange groves,
> broad wheat fields and the depths of moving oceans
> where I have raced in terror of my nets,
> have preyed upon myself and died, eating
> animal and herb with the dull love
> the rat, the buzzard, and the worm bear me.

Thus Slavitt carries on the elegiac wit of Pound and Eliot with a brilliance that may lead us to give his poetry the accolade of one of his own endings: "One does develop a taste for this grinding down."

Finally, it seems right to conclude with a volume concerned as much with renewals as with endings: Richard Hugo's second book of poetry, *Death of the Kapowsin Tavern*. The title-poem here develops the image of a burned lakeside tavern that comes to repre-

sent the threatened loss of an older way of life, an ancient natural freedom:

> A damn shame. Now, when the night chill
> of the lake gets in a troller's bones
> where can the troller go for bad wine
> washed down frantically with beer?
> And when wise men are in style again
> will one recount the two-mile glide of cranes
> from dead pines or the nameless yellow
> flowers thriving in the useless logs,
> or dots of light all night about the far end
> of the lake, the dawn arrival of the idiot
> with catfish—

But the tone here is far from despairing, and we can tell from many other poems, such as "Plunking the Skagit," that the fisherman's skill and love of nature will continue:

> It's mystery, not wind, the men
> endure. Steelhead drew them here
> where tons of winter drive above
> them north and fires start the day
> along the bar. A hundred feet
> of nylon settles on the river
> and the wait begins. Each line slants
> tight from an upright rod to water
> and underwater to the pencil lead.
> A flat south: wind will hammer
> water from their eyes, wind and water motion
> faking knocks of steelhead in the bells.

The steelhead—the northwestern trout—is a fish that asks the best of man and of himself:

> He comes to mate, not die
> on some forgotten sand like salmon.
> He rides the river out in spring
> planning then his drive for next
> December, when big rains bring him
> roaring from the sea with fins on fire.

This interplay of man and nature, intelligence and skill of man working upon and within the play of natural forces, this is the basic theme of Hugo, as his imagination lives amid the natural grandeurs of his native region, the Pacific Northwest. (An important longer

poem, "Mission to Linz," deals in a similar way with a bombing mission, creating the sense of danger, challenge, and control; but nearly all his other poems cling to the Northwestern setting.) Steelhead, grebe—such local terms mingle with the place-names—Duwamish, Tahola—and with a blunt colloquial idiom to create the thrust and drive of Hugo's terse, dramatic stanzas:

> Where sea breaks inland, claiming the Quinalt
> in a half saltwater lake, canoes turn gray
> waiting for the runs. The store makes money
> but the two cafés, not open, rot in spray.
> Baskets you can buy are rumored Cherokee. . . .
>
> Whites pay well to motor up the river,
> harvest blackmouth, humpbacks, silvers,
> jacks and sea run cuts. Where rain assaults
> the virgin timber and the fishpools boil,
> the whites pry stories from the guide
> with bourbon. . . .
>
> When whites drive off and the money's gone
> a hundred mongrels bark. Indians
> should mend the tribal nets in moonlight,
> not drink more and hum a white man's tune
> they heard upstream. What about the words?
> Something about war, translated by the sea
> and wind into a song a doll sang
> long ago, riding a crude wave in.

Ammons, Hugo, and Knoepfle, then, have this in common: they have found a way of living in a poetic world that is their home, a world not necessarily limited to any particular region of the earth, but one that exists securely within the rivers and the inlets of the mind.

LOUIS L. MARTZ

NEW RECORDS IN REVIEW

OF the Beethoven performances with which Artur Schnabel produced the effect of revelation and definition in the early 'thirties, *the one that seemed at the time his greatest and most impressive* achievement was that of the very last sonata, Op. 111. And this is the impression it makes today, even with the insufficient brightness and clarity (requiring stepping up of treble and bass) with which it

is reproduced by Angel COLH-63 (mono only). The magnitude of the statement of the first movement is not lessened by the inexact execution of a few finger-twisting passages of rapid figuration; and in the second movement nothing flaws the unique progression, with sustained continuity and tension, from the spaciously meditative theme at the beginning to the superearthly coda at the end.

The performance of Op. 111 was only the most impressive of Schnabel's definitive statements of the last five sonatas; and the reverse side of COLH-63 has his clear and beautiful shaping and articulation of the opening movement of Op. 110, his eloquently expressive realization of the arioso that alternates with the concluding fugue. This work was within the range of his technical capacities; and so was Op. 109, of which COLH-62 gives us another clearly and beautifully shaped and articulated opening movement, and a concluding variation movement similar to that of Op. 111 in the sustained continuity and tension of the progression from the sublime theme to the final variation, with its tremendous crescendo to the trills that subside into the affecting concluding restatement of the theme. The reverse side has the performance of Op. 101, with still another clearly and beautifully shaped and articulated opening movement, but with a finale in too fast a tempo for his fingers to execute the awkward writing clearly. Nor can they, on COLH-61, manage the formidable opening movement of Op. 106 *(Hammerklavier)* in the tempo set by Beethoven's metronome marking, which is too fast not only for Schnabel's fingers but for the proper articulation and expressive effect of the music. But his powers in sustained melodic statement, in the building of large structure, in the enlargement of expressive meaning, produce a realization of the tremendous slow movement that towers above any other I have heard.

It is, for example, miles above what the musically intelligent playing of Charles Rosen achieves, in his performance of the sonata on Epic LC-3900 (mono). And at the same time as he demonstrates that his fingers can execute the difficult writing of the first movement in the fast tempo set by Beethoven's metronome marking, he confirms my opinion that the tempo is too fast; for it produces a frenetic rush in which neither the vehement nor the quiet writing has the effect it would have if played a little more slowly and spaciously. The record also has a performance of the Sonata Op. 110 which, again, is intelligent but without the expressive power of Schnabel's.

Schubert is another composer whose music Schnabel played with

insight and effectiveness not approximated by any other playing I have heard. This is true of his performance of the great posthumous Sonata in B-flat, which Angel issued here; and it is equally true of the one of the posthumous Sonata in A, which has not been issued here but is available on an imported record, Pathé COLH-84 (mono only). This work doesn't offer the sublimities of the first two movements of the B-flat; but it has the marvels and the astoundingly original things Schubert was capable of—e.g. the marvelous details in the development of the first movement, the astoundingly original declamatory crescendo in the middle of the second.

Though Schnabel played Schubert's posthumous Sonata in C minor he didn't record it. The catalogue still lists a powerfully detailed performance by Webster Aitken which revealed an awareness of more in the work than Gary Graffman is aware of in his intelligent performance on Columbia ML-6135 (mono). He is more successful with the less interesting *Wanderer Fantasy* on the reverse side.

Graffman also plays effectively with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, on Columbia ML-6155 and MS-6755, in Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 2, a seldom-heard work with pages of superb writing that make it far superior to the ubiquitous No. 1. The records also offer the fine single completed movement of the Concerto No. 3, which I have never heard in the concert hall at all.

My first experience of the remarkable playing—beautifully sensitive, but capable of hair-raising power—of the young Russian pianist Ashkenazy has been provided by London CM-9422 (mono), with his performances of Chopin's four Ballades and his *Trois Nouvelles Etudes.*

Beautifully sensitive playing is done by Rubinstein in the quiet sections of Chopin's Polonaises, on RCA Victor LM-7037 and LSC-7037; but the forceful sections are blown up almost to the point of caricature of their heroic and grand character. The four Impromptus, which don't tempt him to such excesses, are played admirably.

And except for the staccato treatment that seems to me incorrect for the piano's meditative opening statement, Rubinstein's playing in Beethoven's Concerto No. 4 with the Boston Symphony under Leinsdorf, on Victor LM-2848 and LSC-2848, has not only the continuence but the rightness of style that was an agreeable surprise in the Concerto No. 5 a year ago. The mono version has less than the stereo of the excessive resonance in which the performance is heard.

As for string-players, Grumiaux offers his excellent playing of

the violin and of music in Bach's Concertos in A minor and E with the English Chamber Orchestra under Raymond Leppard on Philips 500-075 and 900-075. The deficiency of bass is greater in the stereo sound than in the mono.

The beautiful playing of the cellist Starker is heard, with the rather pedestrian playing of the pianist Gyorgy Sebök, in Beethoven's five cello sonatas on Musical Heritage 596/7 (mono).

And the cellist Fournier has recorded again, this time with Festival Strings Lucerne under Baumgartner on Deutsche Grammophon 18-986 and 138-986, his excellent performances of two fine works: Couperin's *Pièces en Concert,* and Vivaldi's Sonata No. 5 with the realization of its figured bass arranged for strings under the title of Concerto in E minor. The Suite Italienne that Stravinsky made for cello and piano out of a few pieces from *Pulcinella* is also on the records.

A charming work of Rameau, his *Concerts en Sextuor,* originally for harpsichord, flute, and viola da gamba, is performed well in the better-known arrangement for strings by the Paillard Chamber Orchestra on Musical Heritage 567 (I prefer the sound of the mono version).

The extraordinary Fantasia *Upon One Note* is one of several fine Purcell fantasias for four and five strings on Angel 36270 (mono), with three of Purcell's trio sonatas and a pavane, all performed well by Menuhin and members of the Bath Festival Orchestra.

The Concerti Grossi Op. 3 of Handel have much characteristically engaging writing for winds and strings; and the performances by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields under Neville Marriner on Argo RG-400 (mono) are excellent.

And the two Haydn Quartets Op. 77 on Deutsche Grammophon 18-940 and 138-940 are incandescent examples of the Haydn operation in the genre, played very well by the Amadeus Quartet. But even better for the effect of that operation is the more dynamically rhythmed and phrased playing of the Schneider Quartet on Haydn Society 9095.

Stravinsky's *Apollo,* one of the beautifully made works that resulted from the play of his mind with the substance and styles of other men's music, is on Columbia ML-6046 and MS-6646, fascinating to hear in the amazingly clear and powerful performance that Stravinsky is still able to produce with the assembled string group. On the reverse sides he conducts the Chicago Symphony in a similarly effective performance of *Orpheus,* which also has beautiful

and moving pages, together with some that are no more interesting alone than with the ballet movements. I prefer the mono version, with its greater solidity down below and stronger bass line.

Of the Symphonies Nos. 1 and 2 of Tchaikovsky that are Stravinsky's favorites, the less familiar No. 1, like the No. 3 issued last year, amazes one with occasional writing that could be some of the superb orchestral invention of Tchaikovsky's later years. My ear asks for nothing better than the performances by Maazel and the Vienna Philharmonic of No. 1 on London CM-9426 and CS-6426 and No. 2 on CM-9427 and CS-6427. And again I prefer the mono versions for their more compact and cleanly defined sound.

Among opera recordings a great event is the new performance, on Deutsche Grammophon 18-991/2 and 138-991/2, of Alban Berg's *Wozzeck,* whose distorted vocal declamation and dissonant orchestral comment intensifying the expressive force of the nightmarish play make it one of this century's few real and distinguished achievements in the genre. It is a performance made notable by the expressive singing of Fischer-Dieskau in the title role, the contributions of Evelyn Lear and the other excellent singers, the playing of the orchestra of the Berlin Opera, and the conducting of Böhm.

An opportunity to hear more of Verdi's seldom-performed early opera, *Luisa Miller,* than the fine overture and tenor aria *"Quando le sere placido"* is provided by the performance on Victor LM-6168 and LSC-6168. And one finds that it begins with the very competent conventional writing of Verdi's early years, but that the last act has more powerfully expressive writing in a freer style in which his individuality asserts itself. The experience is made enjoyable by the good performance with Moffo, Bergonzi, Verrett, MacNeil, Tozzi, Flagello, and the RCA Italiana Chorus and Orchestra under the direction of Cleva.

Though the Rosina of Berganza, the Basilio of Ghiaurov, and the Bartolo of Corena are important strengths in the *Barber of Seville* conducted by Varviso on London A-4381 and OSA-1381, the undistinguished Figaro of Ausensi and poor Almaviva of Benelli are important weaknesses that make me prefer the performance on Angel 3638 with de los Angeles, Bruscantini, and Alva.

Grace Bumbry's mezzo-soprano voice lacks warmth and has a strong vibrato; but its extraordinary range, its power, and the expressive intensity with which she uses it produce eloquent and impressive performances of the Verdi arias on Deutsche Grammophon 18-987 and 138-987—Azucena's two arias from *Il Trovatore,*

"Ritorna vincitor" from *Aida*, *"Tu che le vanità"* from *Don Carlo*, and the three arias from *Macbeth*.

And Telefunken HT-24 (mono only) adds to some previously reissued recordings of the early 'thirties by the great tenor Roswaenge—of arias from *L'Africaine, I Vespri Siciliani,* and *Die Meistersinger,* among others—a few not previously reissued, including the quartet from *Rigoletto* and Quintet from *Die Meistersinger*. The German words in which the Italian and French pieces are sung, and the echoing added resonance in which the performances are heard, are disturbing.

The voice with which George London sings Musorgsky's *Songs and Dances of Death* on Columbia ML-6134 (mono) has lost some of the beauty it had when he recorded it before; but it is still one with which he is able to achieve an expressive and moving performance. With it he sings Brahms's Four Serious Songs.

Fischer-Dieskau's voice is, in his new recording of Schumann's *Liederkreis* cycle on Angel 36266 (mono), still the marvelously beautiful instrument of his earlier one; and the changes in his interpretive use of it show a maturing of his mastery. But in the case of the most considerable and striking change—from the entirely *sotto voce* delivery of *Auf einer Burg* on the earlier record, to the inflection of a more robust tone in this song on the new one—I find the earlier statement more impressive.

Elena Gerhardt, on the other hand, was almost fifty when she recorded the famous Hugo Wolf Society Volume 1, which was reissued on a Rococo LP a couple of years ago, and is now reissued on Angel COLH-142; and this can be heard in the constricted and tremulous voice of a few of the songs. But in these it is the marvels of her phrasing that one has ears for; and in most of the songs those marvels are achieved with a voice that is steady and beautiful. Unlike the Rococo transfer, the Angel cuts out the original shellac surface noise, and with almost no loss in the musical sound.

To those who love Elizabethan music, Deutsche Grammophon Archive 3209 (mono) offers a number of Morley's vocal and instrumental pieces—the first sung beautifully by Denis Stevens's Ambrosian Singers, the second played on a delicate-sounding harpsichord by Valda Aveling.

And the tenor Peter Pears, on Victor LM-2819 and LSC-2819, sings songs of Dowland to the lute accompaniments of Julian Bream, who in addition plays instrumental pieces by Dowland and Byrd.

B. H. HAGGIN

NEW FILMS IN REVIEW

CHRISTMAS comes once a year, though exhibitors might wish otherwise. Like so many gifts (in this case, gifts for which the recipient not the giver, must pay both money and time), the packages come adorned with tinsel and ornaments most persons don't trouble to remove. They want to be taken in, to be dazzled by superficialities or mammoth budgets (as apparently was the case with the New York film critics, who chose *Darling* and *Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines* as two of the top films for 1965 over several worthier candidates), to relax, to escape, to be "entertained." As Denys Thompson points out in *Discrimination and Popular Culture,* most consumers are only "half-educated" and lack the knowledge needed to choose wisely. Thus, producers continue to give the public "what it wants" ("The masses do not want to learn they want only to be entertained," notes Thompson); "Jungle Sam" Katzman, the master of trash, goes over to M-G-M and a bigger budget than he's ever known, needed, or deserved, and films are thus largely degraded from the art or at least solid craftsmanship they can be to "entertainment," whatever that word now means.

This, then, is the era of industry in which the arts are prostituted to commercialism and the factory-produced, conveyer-belt, "sure-thing" movie is ground out like so much hamburger meat. It's a time from which we'll be very lucky if much that is lasting emerges.

It is an age of unreason, of sex without love, of increasing isolationism and provincialism wherein, despite all the Catholic and Protestant "reform" movements, "active concern," in Erich Fromm's classic definition of love, is smothered—even subversive.

There's a line in Jean-Luc Godard's *The Married Woman* that, like the film, typifies the age: "Ah, love," whimpers the simple-minded heroine's vulgar maid, "the only joy in the world! The only release, the only truth!" But she's not talking about love, she's talking about sex, and, so, there we are, right back in the *Playboy* philosophy.

Our generation has seen the death of emotion and the birth of servitude. Personalities are hidden behind sun glasses, and conversation, even thought, comes in disconnected, abstract fragments, rife with frustration, studded with an inner loneliness that can't be relieved because everybody's afflicted. As the Negro sang near

the end of *Citizen Kane* more than twenty years ago, "It can't be love, 'cause there is no true love. . . ."

Somehow, this loveless atmosphere has made us think, ironically, that we are more "adult." But we aren't. (And if *The Sandpiper* is the "adult love story" its advertisements claim, I'll take that "greasy kid stuff.")

In films, despite infrequent victories of men like Stanley Kubrick, who, like Griffith, Chaplin, and Keaton of old, are somehow both creative and popular, most directors operate, indeed survive, on orders from the top. In contradiction to Dwight Macdonald, Hollywood movies *are* as terrible as they once were, and then some. The big studios have altered somewhat (Kubrick is working for Louis B. Mayer's old studio), but producers largely maintain an aversion to originality because there's no "market." Thus, we get primitive ideas given big budgets and treated like new. Into this category fall most of the "all-time boxoffice champions," newest and biggest of which are *Mary Poppins, Cleopatra, How the West Was Won, The Sound of Music* and, worst of all, *Thunderball,* all disastrously popular ("disastrously" because now there will be more of the same), and that refreshing dud, *The Greatest Story Ever Told.*

The Bond films, as Stanley Kauffmann has noted, are "old fashioned adventure . . . laid on as ridiculously as in E. Phillips Oppenheim," not to mention a considerable debt to early Hitchcock like *Foreign Correspondent.* (It's interesting to note the phenomenal success of the Bond movies has sent Hitchcock fleeing back to the genre he so long ago forsook; *Thunderball,* the latest, seems to have set its cap to break the all-time ticket-sales records of *The Birth of a Nation* and *Gone With the Wind;* it is expected to take in some $93 million by year's end; accordingly, Hitchcock's new film will be a spy thriller, *Torn Curtain,* with Paul Newman.)

Initially, the Bond films seemed new because their kind had been away from the scene for so long. Soon, what little there was that was original became a trend and, worse, a mannerism. The series is now a formula; little wonder *Thunderball* is a bore.

The considerable genius of the real star of these insipid things, Ken Adam, the production designer, is quickly being sapped in true Hollywood fashion from overuse. The SPECTRE headquarters in *Thunderball* is a replica of the war room Adam designed for Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove.* The trouble stems from director

Terence Young's overriding desire, not to hide the resemblance, but to show the producers just where their money went. For all the "unbroken vulgar opulence" Brendan Gill writes about, as well as unending saloon brawls (good guys in white scuba tanks against bad guys in black ones) and love-making underwater, *Thunderball* boils down to a two-hour-plus, Technicolor-Panavision expense account.

Mention should be made, before dispensing with the biggest Bond bomb of all, of the curious right-wing philosophy on which the whole series is founded: Evil is all around and one must stay constantly on the alert. And all the world's evil can be traced to one, spectral (if you'll pardon me) source. A Bond emulation, Sidney J. Furie's *The Ipcress File,* is a relatively modest enterprise, thus less boring than *Thunderball.* But boring, nevertheless.

Often a film's title can be a giveaway: The real *Time of Indifference* is while watching this atavistic Italian pasta-iche with its Antonioni-esque characters ("I can't feel anything, I have no emotions") wandering about baroque-decadent Visconti-Monicelli *mise-en-scène* shot in that kind of crystal clear black-and-white peculiar to Monicelli and Fellini. The story, from early Moravia, is a confusing, mordant bore with only the oh-so-carefully worked out compositions and Rod Steiger's perfunctory brilliance to (partly) redeem it.

That "brilliance" was other than "perfunctory" in one of the past year's best films, Sidney Lumet's *The Pawnbroker,* a splendid social tract which prompted me to wonder whether the "little old ladies" at *Films in Review* realize what they're doing by consistently condemning Lumet's work. He seems more than any other American director now active to have taken on the lonely yoke of social responsibility, the lack of which in others' films Henry Hart and crew just as consistently deplore. *The Pawnbroker*—which, after Martin Ritt's *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold,* was the best American film I saw last year—and Lumet's *The Hill* are, to varying degrees, ardent, well stated pleas for understanding of minority groups. (In Lumet's first film nine years ago, the *12 Angry Men* in the jury room were stuck for a verdict in a murder case involving a slum-bunny defendant.)

In my opinion, you have to go back to Emil Jannings in *The Last Laugh* to find a performance comparable to Steiger's here. Lee Marvin in *Cat Ballou* aside, this was the performance of the year. It's so good it's painful to watch. *The Pawnbroker* is, for this and

other reasons, not so much "powerful" as "grueling" or "harrowing." The scene (an expendable one, I think) in which Steiger impales his hand in a final act of self-punishment is difficult for the viewer: the hand isn't shown impaled, but Steiger's expression is enough to make his silent agony contagious. I squirmed in my seat. This would seem an ultimate in acting. "Great" is a word monstrously overapplied; yet, there's no more fit term in this case.

The film itself is flawed by visible mechanics. One definition of a work of art is something that defies analysis, like Renoirs's *Rules of the Game*. *The Pawnbroker* can be seen through too easily. Also, Lumet and Steiger create a human being, but he is engulfed in such a clutter of messages and loose ends (we never understand the integral relationship between Steiger's pawnbroker and Brock Peters' Negro hood) that Steiger's performance becomes a diamond in the rough: it's a gem, but you have to dig for it.

The Hill, though less of a clutter, goes haywire near the end. The film begins beautifully with a microscopic dissection of close-order military "life" superbly acted by all hands, including, believe it or not, Sean Connery. Then liberal clichés take over and a potentially good film fags out.

High Infidelity is one of the best of the Italian anthology features, graced as it is by the presences of director Mario Monicelli and actor Nino Manfredi. The same writers were responsible for each of the film's four episodes, giving it an overall unity other such presentations lack. Monicelli, one of four directors employed, is, not surprisingly, responsible for the best of the episodes. He shares Kubrick's facility for taking the standard elements of a genre, in this case Italian neo-realism, and turning them inside out to lay emphasis on the humanity astride the dirty pavements. Manfredi's episode, *The Scandal,* directed by Franco Rossi, contains another of his wonderfully Keaton-esque performances and the biggest comedy-surprise climax in recent film history. The audience at the showing I attended, in a manner of speaking, "came unglued."

I haven't read *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold;* it looked too much like Ian Fleming, in print. The wonder of Martin Ritt's movie, then, is its unmistakable location within the real world. It's a godless one bereft of phony glamor and Superman heroics and full of bitterness, indignation, and resignation. Richard Burton's splendid Ashenden-like spy is possessed by his cloak-and-dagger work, but he is not "happy" in it. "We have to live without sym-

pathy, don't we?" remarks his superior at one point; but Burton can't. This portrait of a secret agent as a middle-aged human being whose feelings too often get in the way of his duties is set in a world where "isms" are only words mouthed by persons still existing on sentiment. In short, it's the world we live in.

The movie's cynical, humanistic, ultimately Victorian morality I found invigorating amid the Cold War wheeling and dealing which pervades the Bond films and, on certain political levels, this life. Much has been made of director Ritt's "debt" to early Hitchcock and Carol Reed, but I think that's giving him less credit than due. *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* is a marvelous achievement, considering its source, and I am happy to be free from considerations regarding its faithfulness to the original. It has the look, unlike *Thunderball*, of a well executed budget. In every department, it is a solid success, a remarkably intelligent and mature Hollywood-financed film. And what a rarity such things are becoming.

Latest doings of the man Pauline Kael has called "the champion of the English speaking theater" are on view in Otto Preminger's *Bunny Lake Is Missing*, wherein Sir Laurence Olivier follows up acclaimed performances as Shakespeare's *Othello* and in Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya* with a token one (he lends his presence, little more) in Preminger's threadbare try at regaining the success of his 1944 *Laura*. Olivier's is a magnificent presence; he seems to define the adjective. But the film is expendable despite him, though one or two lines bear repeating: "Ever heard him read poetry?" Olivier's character asks at one point about a has-been portrayed by Noel Coward. "It's like a Welsh parson gargling in molasses."

None of last year's American entries approached, as usual, the foreign contingent and, in that category, one film led the field: Words can't convey my respect for Jean-Luc Godard's courage in making *The Married Woman*. Everything I said earlier in this piece about the *Playboy* generation and its frustrations is in this film, one way or another. Notably, its best and most beautiful scenes are in what Shakespeare termed "lewd love-beds." The credo of our time seems, "When all is lost, get back in bed and have at it!" At the climax of *Dr. Strangelove*, which is to this time and place what René Clair's *The Italian Straw Hat* and Renoir's *Rules of the Game* were to theirs ("Successful satire," Roger Manvell once wrote, "is usually the mark of maturity in an artist, since he has to keep

his sense of humor alive at the very moment when his desire to attack the evils of society is at its strongest"), the only thing the American general and Russian ambassador can agree on is how many women should be allotted each "Superman" in the earth-dwelling society immediately before them.

The Married Woman is too close for audience comfort; it's not for Friday night escapists ready for magnificent men in flying machines, great races, and the like. At times, Godard tries the patience; but he minces neither words nor images. This, I think, is called "guts."

"You can lose yourself in love," says the heroine. "I never know where I'm going," remarks her husband. "How can I tell reality from what I want it to be?" To which she replies, "Every day has great moments."

Set in an era of inhuman electronic gadgetry designed to "preserve" "existence," the film's dialogue is ripe with wisdom: "Love must be lived," states the naïve heroine in a rare moment of intelligence. Later, during a visit to her doctor, she is told, "While we're sending rockets to the moon, we're still conceiving on earth just as they did in the stone age."

How ironic that, in this jet-age wherein death in a plane crash is viewed as "modern" in that "you're not alone and it's quick," there should be persons who can honestly say, as does the heroine's lover in this great film, "I don't know who I am deep down."

There is also much in the film revealing Godard's view of his craft: "Films are a mystery to me," says the husband. The lover, who is an actor by trade, defines himself as "a man who goes on stage—who plays a part—who tries to interpret something, who tries to define, to create a character, to exteriorize feelings, thoughts."

The movie's credits (what there are) include an in-joke stating the film to be "IN BLACK . . . AND WHITE," a respectful stab at Antonioni's exquisitely Technicolored *The Red Desert,* a film Godard actually much admires. The two are companion films, both rejected by popular audiences because, I suspect, they reflect too well the antiseptic, emotionless age wherein bachelors' walls are decorated with retouched, nude, magazine foldouts.

In the end, man, like the spy, can't come in from the cold. It's everywhere.

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